THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded A° D[illegible] by Benj. Franklin

JUNE 8, 1912 — 5cts. THE COPY

Leslie Thrasher -11-

MORE THAN A MILLION AND THREE-QUARTERS CIRCULATION WEEKLY

Quality

Gold Dust

All you have to do is to aid Gold Dust—it does the real, hard, muscle part of the task itself—you merely assist it.

It matters not what cleaning work you have before you, Gold Dust is the one great aid. It does more work, more kinds of work, and better, quicker work than other cleansers. Gold Dust was the original cleanser. It still stands at the head, and its sales are yearly increasing.

Cut your household labors to a minimum by the use of Gold Dust—the greatest cleaning agent the world has ever produced.

℄ Use **Gold Dust** for washing dishes, scrubbing floors, cleaning pots and pans, woodwork, bathtubs and fixtures, sinks, refrigerators, etc., softening hard water, washing clothes and making the finest soft soap.

"Let the Gold Dust Twins do your work"

Fairy Soap

You may think the toilet and bath soap you use is the best, simply because you have used it for years and have become accustomed to it. If you are open to conviction, however, we can truthfully state that, unless it is Fairy Soap, it isn't the best.

Fairy is a cake of floating purity—made from edible products that cost more than the ingredients used in other white soaps.

Its oval shape is a decided advantage over other soaps. **5c** is its price.

℄ We could charge you five times the five cents asked for **Fairy Soap,** but we could add nothing to the quality. In most higher priced soaps you are paying for fancy wrappers and expensive perfume.

"Have you a little 'Fairy' in your home?"

Sunny Monday
Laundry Soap

Sunny Monday Laundry Soap contains a marvelous **dirt-starting** ingredient which drives out the dirt in an all but magical way—saves most of the rubbing, saves your time, saves your clothes.

Sunny Monday is a white soap made from high-grade materials—choice fats and vegetable oils. It costs more to make than ordinary yellow laundry soaps, but does better work, spares your clothes, and is, therefore, the most economical in the end.

Try Sunny Monday next wash day.

℄ Because of its purity and whiteness and because it starts the dirt so quickly, one bar of **Sunny Monday Soap** will go as far and do as much work as two bars of ordinary yellow laundry soap.

"Sunny Monday Bubbles will wash away your troubles"

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY—MAKERS—CHICAGO

Coolness in midsummer, a refreshing breeze to sweep away the heat of sweltering, hard-worked days, to cool hot pillows and bring restful sleep o'nights—that is worth many times the trifling cost of running a

GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

G-E Electric Fan

The G-E 8 inch oscillating type (the smallest oscillating fan made) runs for

Four Hours at a Cost of One Cent

while the larger oscillating fans average but little more. The 8 inch type is just right for homes and small offices, and like the other G-E Fans may be attached to any light socket.

Put a G-E Fan wherever you want the cool freshness of a sweeping air current to drive out close air or odors and to draw in out-door purity—to blow away flies, who cannot abide its breeze—to change any room from a place of stifling heat to one that is cool and refreshing for work, for play, for rest, for sleep.

All this a G-E Fan does for you at a cost less than that of burning an ordinary 16 candle-power light. G-E Fans are sturdily made and scientifically balanced in every part, making them unusually quiet and smooth-running for a long life-time of service. The running parts are self-oiling and enclosed so that no dirty parts are exposed. Fixed or oscillating types in many styles and sizes so that you can get a G-E Fan for your particular need, whatever it is.

In store, in office, in restaurant, G-E Fans, both fixed and oscillating, and of wall, desk, ceiling or upright types, spread their comfort all through the sultry summer. In homes the smaller oscillators bring pleasant days and restful nights to weary men and women and to little children wilting in the breathless heat. But insist that your selection bears the G-E trade mark, then you are sure of absolute reliability.

Electric shops, stores carrying electrical goods or any lighting company can supply you.

"The Twitch of a Switch"

illustrates many new and inexpensive ways by which electricity saves housework and servant trouble. Write for it today.

GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

The World's Largest Electrical Manufacturer

(Dept. 33-C) Schenectady, New York

The Guarantee of Excellence on Goods Electrical

This trade mark insures reliability in anything that generates, transmits or utilizes electricity. It protects you on house-wiring materials, it is on all Edison lamps, and it identifies the most highly perfected electric flatirons, fans, cooking devices, small and large motors and apparatus.

3623

Ivory Soap in the Laundry—the Washing of Colored Clothes

TO wash your colored clothes clean without having the colors run or fade, first of all you should bear in mind the things that cause the trouble; then adopt methods which eliminate or offset these things and, at the same time, have the necessary cleansing power.

The things which harm colors are: 1st. Boiling the clothes. 2nd. Exposure to sunlight. 3rd. Hard rubbing. 4th. Strong soaps. 5th. Water itself, in the case of very delicate colors.

The effect of water can be offset, as you know, by setting the colors before washing. We give some good directions below.

When you are sure that water itself will not harm the colors in a garment, the way to wash it thoroughly and safely is to use Ivory Soap as suggested in the following paragraphs. Ivory Soap is pure. It contains no "free" (uncombined) alkali. It will not harm anything that water itself will not harm.

The Procter & Gamble Co.

Ordinary Colored Clothes

Fast Color—Make a warm suds of Ivory Soap. Quickly wash, rinse and hang out to dry one garment at a time. If the water is colored by the goods take fresh water for the next garment.

Never rub soap on the goods; nor the goods on the washboard—except wristbands, neckbands and the edges of hems if badly soiled.

When dry, turn garment wrong side out and starch in thin starch. Shake into shape and hang in shade.

When dry, dampen and roll up garment a short time before ironing.

Whenever possible, iron muslins, prints and ginghams on the wrong side.

When the Color is Not Fast—Set it before washing by soaking for a half hour in a solution made by dissolving in water, salt, white vinegar, or alum, one level tablespoonful to a gallon.

Another way to hold the color without setting it is to wash as follows: Shave a small cake of Ivory Soap in a pint of water. Add a large tablespoonful of salt. Boil slowly a half hour. When cold, it will be like jelly.

Wash the garment in cold water using this jelly freely. If badly soiled, wet the garment, rub with the jelly and lay aside for a few minutes before washing. Rinse thoroughly and dry in the shade.

Delicate-Hued Muslins, Cambrics, Prints, Etc.

Soak for ten minutes in salt water, a half cupful of common salt to two gallons of cold water. Wring out and wash quickly in Ivory Soap suds. Rinse in blueing water. Starch in boiled starch. Hang in shade.

Lawns, Organdies, Batistes, Etc.

Wash in warm, weak Ivory Soap suds with salt in suds. Rinse twice in hard water with some salt added. Make smooth, thin starch and put this in last rinse water with a pinch of powdered alum.

Silk Muslins

Wash with tepid water and Ivory Soap. Rinse. Blue if necessary. Use thin, cool starch and hang indoors in dark place.

Brown Linens

Pour boiling water over a quarter pound of cheap coffee. Strain through cheesecloth into two tubs, one for washing, the other for rinsing. Wash with Ivory Soap. Rinse and hang in shade to dry. Iron first on wrong side and then on the right. Do not use blueing.

Black Goods—Cotton or Silk

Dissolve in a pint of soft water a small cake of Ivory Soap shaved fine. Add

½ oz. ether ½ oz. spirits of wine
½ oz. glycerine 1½ oz. ammonia

Put in a bottle and cork tightly. When needed, shake well. Add a teacupful of above cream to two gallons of water. Use plenty of Ivory Soap and wash the same as other goods. Rinse well in clear water. Iron silk goods on the wrong side, while wet. Dry cotton goods, then dampen.

Towels with Colored Borders

Do not let them become badly soiled. Rub gently with Ivory Soap. Rinse in warm water and then in cold water. Wash quickly. Do not soak or boil.

TO SET COLORS

Black and White Mixtures and Grey—Before washing, soak for an hour in salt water, a tablespoonful of salt to a quart of water.

Green—Soak for ten minutes in a solution of alum, one ounce to a gallon of water.

Light Yellow, Light Blue, Pink and Red—Add one tablespoonful of salt to every quart of rinse water.

Lavender, Purple and Heliotrope—Use vinegar in rinse water, one tablespoonful to every quart. The vinegar will restore sun-faded lilac and lavender.

Blue—Soak for several hours (over night if possible) in solution of sugar of lead, one ounce to a gallon of water.

HINTS

If a garment dries unevenly, roll up in an old sheet with the sheet between each turn.

Mixed plaids should be washed a piece at a time.

Do not use blueing with pink dresses. Run them through two clear waters.

At first washing, dry colored ginghams and wash goods before starching.

Dainty lawns, etc., to have body, must be removed from the line as soon as dry or the wind will make them limp.

Never let the sun shine on a wet, colored fabric or let it lie in folds.

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company
Independence Square
Philadelphia

London: 5, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W.C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A° D° 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1912,
by The Curtis Publishing Company in
the United States and Great Britain

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office
as Second-Class Matter

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the
Post-Office Department
Ottawa, Canada

Volume 184 *PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 8, 1912* *Number 50*

THE EIGHTEENTH GIORGIONE

By EDWIN LEFÈVRE

ILLUSTRATED BY F. VAUX WILSON

"It's a Bad Copy of That Same Early Titian"

W. H. GARRETTSON, prince of promoters and patron of painters, sat before a table in his private drawing room in the Hungaria Hotel, Budapest. He was a tall, burly man, ruddy-complexioned, grim-mouthed and fierce-eyed. He had a chest like a prize-fighter, the paunch of a *bon vivant* and the head of a philosopher. He had half a billion dollars, but the prize of his possessions was his art collection.

He was intently studying a photograph. Presently he rang the bell. Three seconds later, without raising his head to see if the servant had answered, he growled:

"Mr. Willett!"

He always assumed that he was obeyed; therefore he was obeyed. He continued to look at the photograph. Twenty-five seconds later, again without raising his head, he said:

"Willett, it's a Giorgione!"

There was a finality to his voice that came from his habit of deciding a thousand matters a day rather than from unshakable belief in his artistic infallibility.

"What is?" Willett was Garrettson's most intimate friend—a slender little man with snow-white hair and mustache, an astonishingly youthful face, alert eyes and a wiry figure.

"The documents that confirm the authenticity of the picture are satisfactory, but the picture itself is the best corroboration. It isn't Giorgionesque; it's Giorgione himself."

"But you haven't seen the picture," protested Willett.

"No; but this photograph was taken by a man who knows his business. See how the values are brought out and the sharpness of the detail! See there! Telegraph to Eavenson at Florence to come at once."

"Why don't you get Phillip Claudius?"

"He is too easy in his attributions."

"No amiable man ever conveyed an impression of infallibility; but the fellow who sneers and says 'Prove it!' is taken at his own valuation." Willet was intentionally controversial. Otherwise he would bore his friend.

"We'll see it tomorrow. We'll go on the 8:40 A. M. train."

"How much does the count ask for it?" asked Willett with an eye to its money value.

"Oh, I think he said a million kronen," replied Garrettson absently, his eyes still on the photograph. "It's a genuine Giorgione, I tell you."

Willett looked skeptical in advance and said:

"You think so?"

"Yes." Garrettson handed the photograph to Willett, who in turn studied it absorbingly, fixing his gaze upon it as if he were trying by a terrific mental effort to see the original itself. In point of fact, he was trying to compose a speech that should stimulate a wholesome interest in opposition without arousing anger; for, though Garrettson despised sycophantic acquiescence, he violently hated contradiction. Also he was sanguine-complexioned and his neck was short. So Willett, who had temperament, began:

"It looks to me ——" and paused.

"Well? Well?" impatiently urged Garrettson, for Willett was really an extremely good judge of paintings.

"Of course I may be mistaken," slowly went on Willett with the counterfeit humility of the expert who is infallible and knows it. "I may be mistaken," he repeated incredulously, "but ——" Willett paused again. Suddenly he raised his head, glared defiantly at Garrettson and said:

"But I think it is an old copy of an early Titian!"

"Tut! Tut!" snapped Garrettson.

"More," pursued Willett relentlessly as though he had been angered into telling the whole truth—"it's a bad copy of that same early Titian."

"Ech-h-h-h!" It was a sound indicative either of contempt or the desire to expectorate. Willett gravely asked:

"Is that Magyar for bronchitis?"

"Giorgione, sure as fate!" declared Garrettson.

"Look here, Bill, Eavenson says there are only seventeen undoubted Giorgiones in existence."

"This is the eighteenth," interrupted Garrettson.

"Now Morelli said nineteen. Herbert Cook says there are about fifty. I myself, after careful study ——"

"Telegraph Eavenson to meet us here. I'll see the picture myself first of all and then Eavenson can examine it alone. You can get tickets for Nagy-Becskerek."

"For whom?"

"The name of the place where the count's castle is."

"I thought it was a ballet-dancer," murmured Willett.

Garrettson shook his head as a mastiff does on coming out of the water and went on:

"First train. Arrange for the Donatello to be shipped to London. I'm going to see the Benvenuto Cellini reliquary that Herr ——"

"Did you pay the price they asked for the Donatello?" interrupted Willett. It is true that the financier at times spoke to him as though to a valet. On the other hand, Harry Willett was the only living man who could interrupt, contradict or ridicule William H. Garrettson to his face and continue living.

"Yes."

"I told you not to pay more than a third of the asking price. Hang it, they offered me a fifty per cent commission!"

"You should have taken it," smiled Garrettson.

"I will the next time. To ask two hundred and fifty thousand kronen for what's worth ——"

"I wanted it," said Garrettson very simply.

"You make yourself the laughing-stock of Europe."

"Well," laughed Garrettson, "that Giorgione will hang in the library as a pendant to the Luini ——"

"There's a million as good as dumped into the Danube," groaned Willett. "I can't stand your feminine recklessness this morning. Goodby!"

"Don't forget the name of the station—Nagy-Becskerek!" Garrettson yelled after him.

On the next morning W. H. Garrettson, accompanied by his friend, Harry Willett, his valet, James Crompton, and his courier, Egon Vaczony, drove to the railroad station. The courier had reserved an entire first-class compartment for Garrettson and Willett, and the courier and the valet would go second-class in the adjoining carriage. The valet carried with him his master's evening clothes in a leather case, but three small valises were carefully placed by the courier himself on the rack over Mr. Garrettson's head.

Willett sat down opposite Garrettson, yawned accusingly and growled:

"To make a man wake up at five, breakfast at six and then go a couple of hundred miles to see a bum copy ——"

"Excuse me, Mr. Garrettson." The courier, his hat in his hand, his face depicting mortification, regret and indignation, stood at the door of the compartment.

Finally a Slenderly Built Man Catapulted Into the Compartment

Garrettson merely looked at him coldly. Willett spoke compassionately:

"What is it, Vaczony?"

"There seems to be some trouble, I am sorry to announce"—the courier spoke with the precision of a man who has learned English in books—"with the small trunk of black leather. The officials have requested me to tell you ——"

"I'll go," put in Willett hastily. It was not meet that the great Garrettson should go anywhere at any one's bidding. With an income of a million dollars a month a man may well be deaf to ninety-nine per cent of humanity.

"Why," asked Garrettson, fixing the courier with a look that burned as liquid air burns, from extreme cold, "should there be any trouble about that trunk?"

"Sir, when I was having it weighed, an old man—Hungarian, of education, well dressed—positively identified it as his. I caused his absurd contention to be ignored. I am now informed, however, that the chief of station himself wishes to see the two claimants ——"

"The two ——" began Garrettson, with a frown.

"The owner and the other man. You know, sir," the courier apologized humbly, "your luggage has no letters, labels, paintbands or any distinguishing marks whatsoever; and as you had the keys ——"

"I'll go," again said Willett, and hopped down to the platform.

"Vaczony!" said Garrettson.

"Yes, sir." The courier looked pale and uneasy.

Garrettson gazed steadily at him. Whatever it was that he saw on the Hungarian's anguished face did not make him change his tone of voice as he went on evenly:

"Just hand me that small brown suitcase."

The courier took the little leather case from the rack, most respectfully placed it on the seat beside Mr. Garrettson and followed Mr. Willett to the baggage room.

Garrettson opened the valise, took from it a curious contrivance of blue steel, shaped like a small sardine tin, with a round hole about five-eighths of an inch in diameter at one end; two small vials, one containing at least one hundred white pellets and the other half a dozen large, dark-yellow capsules; a small rubberized-silk spongebag and within it a sponge that seemed to be saturated with some viscid stuff; and, last of all, a gold cigar case with an elaborate monogram in very small but very bright and very white rose diamonds. He placed the blue-steel contrivance in his right-hand coat pocket, the vials in his waistcoat pockets, the spongebag in his left-hand coat pocket and the cigar case in his breast pocket, in the methodical way of an experienced traveler preparing for a long voyage. Having prepared himself for any contingency in the way of attacks from fellowmen, he leaned back in his seat. His piercing blue-gray eyes were fidgeting—skipping from Willett's hand luggage on the opposite rack to the advertising photographs below it, to the ventilator, to the tassel on the cloth windowshade, to the unlighted lamp, to the people outside—everywhere. He gave, for all the immobility of his great body, an impression of subtle restlessness; you might say it was as though his soul were a squirrel. His astonishingly rapid mental gait made people who knew what he did but not how he did it call him a human dynamo.

He pulled out a Russia-leather cigar case and took from it one of his famous long black cigars. They were made for him especially and exclusively; and, though some connoisseurs said they were not quite the finest in the world, they certainly were the most expensive cigars habitually smoked by any human being. He lit it with one long pull.

He had not taken three puffs when the conductor's little toy tin horn blew its pipelike note, the signal for the engineer to start.

Willett had not returned!

Garrettson frowned. A subtle observer might have detected in his eyes the crystallization of a suspicion into a conviction.

The train started. It was characteristic of Garrettson that he did not even put his head out of the window to see if Willett were not at that very moment sprinting toward the train.

Suddenly a crutch was flung into the carriage. A small hamper followed, then a valise. Finally a slenderly built man catapulted into the compartment and fell sprawling on the floor. Sounds of words, angrily spoken, came to Garrettson; but there was, among all the imprecations, not one satisfying "Damn!" from Willett. The compartment door was slammed shut and the train pulled out of the station.

At the violent and unexpected entrance of the stranger, Garrettson quietly but very quickly put his right hand into

"Willett, it's a Giorgione!"

his coat pocket. When he pulled it out he had in it the little blue-steel contrivance. It rested on his lap and his hand hid it from view. His thumb lay softly on the tiny knoblike button that was meant to be pressed—in case of need.

The sprawling stranger picked himself up awkwardly, sat down, breathed hard and glared at the American. He was a man between thirty and thirty-five, with long black hair, a long pale face, clean-shaven, and dark, deep eyes full of the professional melancholy of Italian poets or Polish pianists when they play Chopin. He wore a dark blouselike coat buttoned up to the neck, and a big, soft bow necktie, such as American art students affect during their first six months in the Latin Quarter.

The stranger pointed to the open window by Garrettson and said something in Hungarian in a voice that betrayed anger. His lips lifted at the corners in a snarl and his manner was peremptory. He repeated his words and frowned fiercely as he looked at Garrettson.

The financier stared back fixedly, intently, with an effect as of paralyzed eyelids. Whereupon the man rose, limped to the other end of the compartment and closed the window there angrily. That done, he came back until he was nearly opposite Garrettson, leaned back and continued to frown. He stared at the lamp overhead and bit his lips. From time to time he shook his head. It was quite easy to see that he was thinking.

Presently he spoke again to Garrettson in Hungarian. In reply the American looked at him with blue-gray eyes that took on an unpleasant, menacing coldness. Wall Street said that Garrettson's eyes were psychic corkscrews, useful for forcibly pulling secrets out of non-communicative souls. That is the way they looked now at the frowning and fidgeting stranger, whose own deep and dreamy eyes seemed gradually to lose both their depth and their dreaminess and become cold and shrewd and cruel until—as if made suddenly aware of the betraying change—the long-haired man turned away his head with a petulant gesture and coughed as if at acrid smoke.

Whereupon W. H. Garrettson, who by nature was neither considerate nor polite, promptly threw away the cigar he had begun to smoke. He had not taken half a dozen puffs at it. It was one of his world-famous cigars, that burned with a very blue smoke, had a dark, brittle ash and cost two dollars and seventeen cents each in Havana.

The stranger shook his head ungraciously and growled something in his native tongue.

Garrettson, who did not know that the Hungarian had told him not to throw away his cigar, said in German:

"This is my compartment. I bought all the places. It was reserved for me."

The man shrugged his shoulders disdainfully. It was difficult to gather his meaning—whether it was indifference to Garrettson's rights or ignorance of German.

"Did you understand me?" pursued Garrettson.

"Ugh!" It was a peculiarly irritating cross between a snarl and a grunt.

"*Parlez-vous Français?*" asked Garrettson.

His companion merely frowned.

"Do you speak English?"

The man muttered something to the air.

"*Parlate Italiano?*"

The stranger waved his long, slim hand silencingly. It was not usual for any one to behave that way before the great Garrettson, for those who knew him deferred to his five hundred million dollars, and those who did not know about the many millions were impressed by his imposing physique and masterful manner. Now, instead of resenting the surly stranger's rudeness, Garrettson looked at his companion meditatively. The stranger sneeringly bore his scrutiny for a full minute, then turned his back on the American and his appraising eyes, opened the hamper, took out sundry comestibles and proceeded to eat. He bolted the food ravenously, disgustingly, and scattered the remains—bones of a fowl, breadcrumbs, slices of hamfat and shells of hard-boiled eggs—all over the floor of the compartment. From time to time he wiped his greasy hands upon the upholstered seat. Also he coughed and spat upon the floor.

Garrettson, whose temper was notoriously short, at first flushed dangerously. Perceiving it, the long-haired stranger indulged in still more irritating maneuvers; but Garrettson intercepted a furtive glance and the frown left the financier's face as by magic. There came into Garrettson's eyes a look of understanding. He took out of his pocket not the Russia-leather but the gold cigar case with the elaborate monogram in very white diamonds, extracted a cigar from it, looked at the lighting end carefully, bit it very deliberately and lit it. It was a perfecto, neither so long nor so black as the famous two-dollar-and-seventeen-cent kind.

He smoked on comfortably, painstakingly, as a man smokes whose doctor has limited the number of cigars per day and, of course, tries to make each last as long as possible. When it was half smoked he carefully drew out of the gold case another perfecto and lit it from a match, holding meanwhile the half-smoked cigar in one hand. From that time on he smoked both cigars. To every two puffs of the old he took one pull at the fresh one.

The long-haired man, who had finished his meal, looked at him with irrepressible astonishment and then, with an expression which said, "If you are going to play the lunatic so can I," began to whistle shrilly. He kept up the stream of unspeakably discordant noise for fully five minutes. Then he coughed, cleared his throat and expectorated fluently and recklessly in all directions. He narrowly missed Garrettson's left foot. After which he resumed his whistle, keeping time with the crutch.

Garrettson continued to smoke as though he considered smoking both a pleasure and a religious duty, inhaling slowly and exhaling languidly. He seemed unaware of the other's presence—utterly oblivious of his disgusting practices.

When the cigar he had lighted first was finished he threw it out of the window and smoked the second. Ten minutes later, the second being half smoked, he lit a third. He kept on with his duplicated and deliberate smoking, his glances never once straying toward his fellow passenger, who had made the floor of the railroad carriage look like a picnic-ground summer house and had continued his nerve-shattering whistling.

They had been on the train perhaps an hour and a half when suddenly the man sat up straight, looked steadily at W. H. Garrettson and said in German, with the Viennese intonation:

"This is, I believe, Herr Garrettson, the famous financier and art collector of America? The very great Herr Garrettson?"

Before answering, Garrettson threw the freshly lighted cigar out of the window, put the half-smoked one in his mouth and inserted his right hand in his coat pocket, where the little blue-steel contrivance was. He took a long puff at his cigar, held it gingerly in his left hand, looked his companion full in the eye and said coldly:

"How much?" He spoke German exceedingly well, having spent three years at Heidelberg after leaving college.

The long-haired man with the poet's eyes stood up and bowed profoundly. In a voice ringing with admiration he answered:

"Not to the millionaire, but to the man of talent I thus bow! One hundred thousand kronen."

"You think I should pay?" Garrettson asked it very politely.

"I am sure not only that you should, but that you will."

"You are mistaken."

"It is not probable."

"If I refuse to pay ——"

"Sir," interrupted the man, "I pray that you will not shatter this the most beautiful of my dreams." His dark eyes looked pleadingly at the American, but in their depths there was a suggestion of mockery.

"Stop thou this folly," said Garrettson sternly.

"Banker, be not familiar with your betters," the stranger spoke rebukingly, as if he resented the use of the "thou" by the American. "One hundred thousand crowns here

and now, with a pleasant smile to show that your heart is full of charity and your head full of intelligence!"

"Chapter II?" asked Garrettson a trifle impatiently.

The man sighed, then he looked exaggeratedly resigned.

"First," he said thoughtfully, "the prologue. You use three kinds of checks—one with the check number in purple. That kind is never honored. It is your precaution against extortion, blackmail and such other contingencies as abound in the life of a man with your mouth-watering income. Then the checks of special yellow paper that have an elaborate stub to make your bookkeeping easy—an ingenious but most excellent American device worthy of a rich and generous people!

"These yellow checks you use to pay for your hotel bills, your purchases of works of art and all legitimate and nearly legitimate expenses. The third kind is the small white-paper check with the London dateline, for use in paying for your personal whims. These checks are instantly and unquestioningly paid at any of the branches of W. H. Garrettson & Company, even when made payable to bearer and unindorsed. I assume that you make use of these checks to conceal your charities. Modest benefactor! That is the kind of check I will accept. Let me see—I think I said one hundred thousand kronen. Yes! Thank you!" He looked at the American, his poet's eyes full of a mocking gratitude.

"Chapter II!" persisted Garrettson calmly. He pulled at his cigar slowly, blew out a cloud of smoke and looked at his companion with what would have been called an alert curiosity.

"So? Then let us, after the fashion of maidens and also of female cooks, skip a few pages. I see the great Herr Garrettson giving the same hundred thousand to the same deserving person who now has the honor to address you—the same hundred thousand, but, alas, through an intermediary instead of directly and expeditiously, thus depriving a good deed of the beautiful spontaneity of real philanthropy. Not to be charitable is expensive. Thus the last paragraph of the last page of the last chapter shows the Great You paying to the Greater Me the one hundred thousand kronen and the Great You paying lawyers' fees and physicians' bills, and honoring the requests of blackmailing journalists—and always paying! Also you will have been disfigured for life and your reputation made evil for all eternity. So the hundred thousand now! Wisdom is a very great luxury; but, after all, you are very rich."

"Chapter II!" repeated Garrettson imperturbably.

The stranger looked at him fixedly, then glanced away and said in a musing voice:

"Is it the thirst for knowledge of an active mind or the idle curiosity of an unimaginative bourgeois?"

"Neither," said Garrettson shortly.

"Neither!" echoed the stranger. "Then what can it be? For you must know I am sure of my ground." His eyes expressed a sort of puzzled surprise.

"American. Business. I always buy experience—price immaterial. However, I never pay twice for the same thing. What is it I am asked to purchase?"

"Oh! Well, nobody will make the same demand upon you again. By chapters: The first tells why I asked for the hundred thousand kronen."

"Interesting, but not important," interjected the financier.

"And Chapter II tells what will happen if you don't and why. Listen! Intelligent people, aware of your fabulous wealth, decided that some of the vast multitude of coins must be loosely attached to you. In order that we might detach same, we studied you. We learned about your habits in the matter of checks, art purchases, travel and other things. We learned also that attempts to blackmail you by the usual methods always failed. You have a devilish cleverness in not falling into traps."

"Experience—no more," interjected Garrettson, almost deprecatingly. His companion smiled appreciatively and went on:

"Therefore I myself have undertaken this affair."

"It is an honor," said Garrettson gravely.

"It is," acquiesced the bestower of the honor in a matter-of-fact tone. "It takes talent to solve a simple problem simply. Thus: You are a man of great wealth—also of vivid imagination and alert intelligence. Your brains, backed by your untold millions, obtain for you anything, anywhere, at any time. Your will becomes irresistible; your whims take on the importance of natural forces. You subconsciously apotheosize yourself. It makes you suffer from the peculiar malady of the great kings of the earth and the great killers of men; also of those great assassins of souls, the modern capitalists. It is this: you never hear the whole truth and you always have your own way. Humanity, thrall to hunger, slave of its vanity, is smothered by your gold and made helpless—and helplessness is the passive obedience of the multitude. You therefore inevitably become short of temper, overselfish, brutal-mouthed, irascible, inconsiderate. In America, where they know you; in England, where they understand you; in France, where they make allowances, or in Germany, where the kaiser honors plebeian purses—you are almost above the law. In Hungary, however, where people are so busy with their political dreams that they are provincial and therefore money-honest, you are as vulnerable as if you were not one of the richest men in the world. So we thought you would be worth while operating on and safe to do so. The first thing we did, even before we decided on the precise nature of this financial bloodletting, was to write articles about you. I myself wrote most of them with my own hand."

"I am twice honored."

"I created! You, W. H. Garrettson, of New York, live now, but some day you will vanish from the recollection of men. Not so the Garrettson I have created. He is literature and he will never die! I have done what your millions cannot do. I have made Garrettson immortal."

"You are then as powerful as ——"

"Be not blasphemous! All artists have something divine in their souls. My Garrettson is the man I have said you had become. In my articles you are more arrogant than a mountain of gold, more hateful than avarice, more detestable than cowardice. You are today, in Hungary, probably the most dislikable and disliked foreigner that ever visited this fair land. I have given innumerable anecdotes to show your irascibility; I have maimed scores of your servants; I have had you beat out the brains of a faithful family servitor who sought to dissuade you from the commission of a dastardly crime. I have had you shoot through the heart a business competitor in America, go to a judge and give him a million dollars, and then seek the widow of your victim and say: 'I have killed your husband. I will buy his bank. Here is fifty thousand cents. If you don't take it I'll have you put in jail!' And when the widow, an invalid lady, ordered you from her house I have made you put her in jail on flimsy charges, having bought the law courts. You are the blackest devil ever evolved by a great artist! It is what the average Hungarian thinks of when he thinks of you. It was a wise first step—was it not?"

"It showed," said Garrettson very politely, "how much time you had to waste."

"Of course, after you came we had you under vigilant observation. When I learned of your projected visit to Count Czenyimak I acted. You must admit the way I succeeded in sharing this compartment with you shows keen psychological insight and accurate knowledge of your habits and of your friends' mental attitude toward you."

"I congratulate you."

"Thank you. I made myself a cripple three weeks ago. A cripple is always sure of sympathy—and a brutal millionaire of dislike; part of the program. Well, once alone with you in this compartment, the first step ——"

"I know. You tried to make me lose my temper. My friend, I perceived the suit for damages and was—you must admit—angelic." From the way the financier spoke, it was easy to see he had resolved to fight the enemy with the enemy's own weapons. Of all his friends, Willett alone suspected Garrettson's versatility.

"Well, I have been carefully instructed by a very skillful surgeon, and I know how to break my forearm and otherwise injure myself most plausibly. My left ear has been cut, and when I pull off this strip of courtplaster the unhealed wound will bleed profusely. I have a little tool with which I shall break off two teeth. My lips will be bruised. In short, I shall look like the victim of a most cowardly and outrageous attack at the hands of a brutal American built like a Hercules and richer than Cresus, whose reputation the newspaper readers of Hungary know through articles whose authorship cannot possibly be traced to me. I have already the black-and-blue bruises, done by a suction pump. I think you had better give me the money now."

"Why now?"

"Because we are approaching Szatymaz, a town which I recently visited—on crutches—and where by a judicious distribution of kronen and compliments I made myself well liked and established my reputation as a cripple incapable of harming a fly, cheerful of disposition in the face of my sad infirmity, witty and altogether most lovable."

"And modest," said Garrettson with a polite nod of affirmation.

"Yes. When this train passes a certain signal, placed there for my guidance by good friends who will wait for me at the station, I shall know everything is ready. The train will stop at Szatymaz, though it is an express. When people rush hither I shall whisper faintly that you attacked me because I was in this compartment and you wished to be alone, emperorlike, and because I answered you as a Hungarian gentleman answers an American boor. You used feet and hands—and even my own crutch. Me, a cripple, known and liked in Szatymaz! Give me the one hundred thousand kronen. Make haste! We are not far from the place of the signal!"

"I will give you ten thousand kronen if you will tell me who told you I used three kinds of checks," said Garrettson quietly.

"I would not tell you for twice a hundred thousand! Even if I did it would not help you."

"Let me judge."

"It came from an American whom I suspect of being a member of the syndicate now operating in New York against all enemies of society. The hundred thousand, please!" And he held out his hand.

"No!" said Garrettson. He looked out of the window, from time to time taking a leisurely puff at his cigar. He might have been sitting in his own study in New York enjoying an after-dinner cigar, for all the interest he took in his companion.

"Herr Garrettson," presently broke in the stranger, his voice cold and peremptory, "give me the check! Every precaution has been taken and no detail omitted. Success is assured. I am neither an obscure adventurer nor a criminal with a record, but really famous as a poet. I need the money very much, but my need and the reasons for it are not known to any one else. All my friends, who will defend me and fight for me, are men and women above suspicion in their respective circles. Think of the effect of this story on your reputation at home and abroad!"

"Nobody will believe you," said Garrettson indifferently.

"The newspaper articles describing the incidents of this regrettable affair are written, ready to be printed. There remain only certain details of the cowardly assault to check. Also there are articles to show that you have boasted of your influence at Vienna and of

(Continued on Page 36)

"Halt!"

Spellbinding in the Women's Clubs

By Rheta Childe Dorr

ILLUSTRATED BY Z. P. NIKOLAKI

"There Now, You'll Be All Right Presently. Just Lie Perfectly Still and Don't Worry"

MY ELDERLY friend was discoursing on the departed glories of the lecture platform of the sixties and seventies. "Anna Dickinson!" he exclaimed. "Ah, there was a piece of eloquence! And what a frail little body to carry it! Anna had great, dark, appealing eyes, and short brown hair that curled round her neck like a child's. Her voice had a 'cello quality that charmed you, no matter what she talked about. She had a way of pronouncing the word 'sublime' that was wonderful. Sublime! Yes, it was wonderful. Then there was Henry Ward Beecher; Joseph Cook, of Boston; even John B. Gough, the temperance orator, though his propaganda never interested me. They were really great speakers—all. I have heard also most of the famous woman suffragists—Lucy Stone, Lydia Maria Child, Susan B. Anthony, Mrs. Stanton. Nothing like them nowadays. My daughter took me to a suffrage meeting last week—and I'm blessed if I knew where I was! Nobody said a word about the inherent rights of women or of taxation without representation, which of course is the keynote of the women's cause. A fashionably dressed young person stood up and rattled off a lot of stuff about defeating at the primaries certain assemblymen who had done something—I couldn't make out what it was—to a legislative measure. The crowd applauded like mad and passed a resolution of some sort; but the day of the orator has gone. We are too busy in these days to listen to lectures."

"The orator may be somewhat in eclipse," I agreed, "but you are mistaken about the decline of the lecture. There are more lectures given in a week nowadays than were formerly delivered in the course of a season. Where are they being given? In the women's clubs."

My elderly friend looked blank. In common with the world of men his knowledge of women's clubs is vague, his interest faint—which is not to be wondered at, considering that the woman's club is an original feminine expression with no exact counterpart in masculine experience. The average man cannot be expected to understand the woman's club. He has not noticed it much. He knows that it is something to which at intervals his wife hurries off, becomingly attired and in a state of pleased anticipation. He reckons it among her social diversions. He concludes, after the manner of the small boy's composition: "That's all I know about women's clubs."

There is nothing mysterious or esoteric about the woman's club; but, for certain reasons which will develop, I think one feature of it deserves publicity. It certainly deserves an introduction to that public which deplores the decline of the lecture platform.

A Twentieth-Century Product

THERE is this distinct difference between a man's and a woman's conception of a club—that, whereas a man resorts to the club to forget his troubles, a woman goes there to review hers. The woman's club developed out of her most immediate trouble—lack of a liberal education. The woman's club and the woman's college sprang from the same root. Both rose to meet genuine and widespread intellectual hunger on the part of women. Very few of those who yearned for knowledge could afford to go to college and fewer still were free to do so. It was not difficult to organize study clubs; and, after Sorosis had paved the way and survived the first bricks, women all over the country began to get together for intellectual uplift.

Stood Up and Rattled Off a Lot of Stuff

It is the easiest thing in the world to make fun of those first efforts at culture. All of the women being sadly in need of education, they quite naturally thought they might somehow educate one another through mild little essays and book reviews. The adoption of this frugal plan is another illustration of the old proverb—The style is the man. Women were frugal-minded because they had never had any money of their own. It is not too much to say that one of the greatest things the woman's club has accomplished has been to give women a sense of economic independence. The first money they ever possessed, in the sense that they didn't have to spend it on others than themselves, was the money in the club treasury. As soon as the women discovered this money, realized its presence and its possibilities, they ceased to study encyclopedias for essay material. They branched out ambitiously and began to call on professionals to lecture to them on art, literature and the drama. Most of the stuff was pretty sentimental and thin, but it served excellently as an appetizer for the real feast that followed; for, with the advent of the paid lecturer, the woman's club was, so to speak, fairly off. The habit once established, the women embarked on a perfect orgy of lectures, an uninterrupted spree which has lasted a dozen years, is going well at the present time and promises to continue indefinitely.

This wholesale indulgence in lectures began with literary subjects, because very few of the women knew that there were any other subjects. Mostly they were densely, darkly ignorant of the world of big things. All the life they knew was the life of their own homes and of other homes exactly like them. The nineteenth-century woman had not then discovered the East Side. The only labor question she knew anything about was the problem of getting a good cook. The only conservation problem her mind struggled with was keeping the gasbill down. Of things and conditions extra-domestic the nineteenth-century woman knew just about as much as an East Side child knows about Nature.

"Now, children," said a new teacher in a Grand Street kindergarten, "how many seasons are there in the year?"

And the cheerful chorus replied: "Two seasons—busy and slack."

With equal faith the average woman, if asked about seasons in the garment trades, would have answered: "Spring, summer, autumn and winter, of course. What a question!"

The nineteenth century! How ancient and far-removed it seems after the lapse of a dozen years! Before any women sat on a jury or recalled a mayor! Before Mary Garden arrived or an aviatrix ran away from a sheriff in her own monoplane! Before Madame Curie discovered radium! Even before any British statesman, to enjoy his golf, had to assume goggles and a false beard! It does seem like a long-departed epoch!

The early or cultural season in the women's clubs waxed to its apogee in the last years of the dead century; and then it waned rapidly, like a spring moon. The lectures became more popular than ever, but their character suffered a radical change. The women had, in short, discovered America. After that the lecture courses became so diverse that the clubs split up into departments, each one in charge of a chairman whose responsibility it is to provide a never-failing supply of spellbinders. Thus, when your wife hurries off to her club on the first Monday of the month, it is likely that she is the guest of the chairman of the Public Health Department, who will introduce a national authority on Prevention of Tuberculosis.

When the third Monday rolls round—most of the clubs meet twice a month—she may hear a lecture, under the auspices of the Civics Department, on the Commission Form of Government. The next time she may absorb a lecture on Minimum Wage Boards in New Zealand, furnished by the chairman of the Department of Social and Industrial Conditions. And you thought she was at the club enjoying herself!

Some one once asked a clubwoman of prominence if the club did not teach women to stay away from home. She replied: "Women stay away from home anyway. The club has taught them to stay away intelligently."

Cleaning Up the Home Town

PERHAPS she was right. Perhaps it is better for the women to listen to lectures than to play bridge or even to sew for the missionary box. There is just one danger, and that is the one pointed out so often during the antifoot-binding campaign in China. The conservatives were afraid that if the women's feet were unbound they would stay away from home; and if they stayed away long enough they might learn something that a perfect lady ought not to know. There is the danger that if the clubwomen hear enough lectures they may learn something that will shake them out of their age-long conservatism and timidity.

It is altogether possible. Some clubwomen in one of the states of the Middle West, after a course of lectures on civil-service reform, sent a committee of women to inspect a state home for wayward girls in the neighborhood. The committee was refused admittance, whereupon they wrote for advice to Sarah Platt Decker, of Denver, who was then president of the General Federation. Mrs. Decker replied: "Go again; but this time take your husbands along. There are some public institutions which open only to voters." The women took their husbands and they got in. They found that in this "home," where erring girls were supposed to be given a chance to grow up into decent women, there was not a single woman officer. All the men in charge were political appointees of the type that never has any other kind of job. Well, those women were horrified! They told about it all over the state, worried the legislature half to death and gave the boss a lot of trouble—and a number of perfectly good voters lost their soft job of "reforming" the wayward girls. There is a woman suffrage campaign on in that state this year, and the way the clubwomen are working is something wonderful.

Women have a way of wanting to put their theories into practice. This is sometimes expensive for the men. For example, the Civics Department of a club in a Michigan city got enthusiastic about municipal housecleaning. They went sleuthing all over town, locating every bad alleyway and mussed-up back yard. The real-estate owners were besieged with letters from the women—polite enough letters, if you don't mind strange women inviting you to clean up your own premises. Mostly the real-estate owners paid no attention to the letters. Then those women hired a photographer and took pictures of all the mussed-up back yards; and they posted the same, with the owners' names attached, in all sorts of public places. It was rude work, but it was effective. Whether the poor real-estate owners could afford it or not, they had to clean up.

That was hard on the individuals, but sometimes the women make a whole city pay the bill. Down in New Orleans they have a woman's club which, some years ago, waged a campaign for a new sewerage system. The old one was an abomination, but the taxpayers—the men taxpayers—thought it would do for a while. The club used all its influence; and finally, with the assistance of some of the men, it got the matter of sewer bonds before the voters. Now in New Orleans the women who pay taxes or

real estate are allowed to vote on questions of bond issues. The women never go to the polls, because the polls are not supposed to be a fit place for them. They send their proxies—when they vote at all. A limited suffrage never brings out a large vote. On this occasion the club members all voted, and one of the leaders in the club did more than that. This enterprising clubwoman, Miss Kate Gordon, went forth and collected the proxies of five hundred women taxpayers, took them to the polls, voted them for the bonds and carried the election.

Then you take those Colorado clubwomen who paid the chancellor of the state university to give them a course of lectures on direct legislation. They got so enthusiastic over the idea of voting their own opinions instead of party platforms that they introduced a bill in the legislature providing for a referendum. None of the men in the legislature knew what a referendum was; but they found out. It took the women of Colorado fifteen years to educate the men of the state up to the referendum; but they succeeded—only the men think they did it all by themselves! The year the bill finally passed an ex-governor of the state said to one of the clubwomen:

"Mrs. Buell, if the referendum doesn't pass this election, I declare I shall lose my faith in popular government."

She listened with astonishment and said:

"Why, governor, two years ago you were calling the referendum a gauzy dream!"

You can see that the gentle and apparently harmless lecture sometimes has its effect; and as the habit grows on the clubwomen no one can predict what will happen to the country. The women just at present are studying the conservation problem, including human conservation. They are taking a deep interest in labor troubles, factory conditions and wages of women.

You might think that the clubwomen's husbands would take alarm and protest against their wives' listening to such revolutionary doctrine. This rarely happens, owing to a settled habit on the part of the average husband of never taking women's affairs seriously. Thus, when a manufacturer's wife remarks at dinner that she heard a lecture during the afternoon on the movement for the eight-hour day, her husband usually responds, "Really?" and changes the subject; or else he says, in good-natured derision, "Wouldn't it be a joke on you if the legislature passed an eight-hour law in this state? You'd have to give up the motor—that's sure!" The tone of his warning shows the vagueness of his alarm.

The Busy Bostonese

THE average reader will not be alarmed at the liberal character of the women's programs, because, after all, radicalism is abroad in the land and the women can hardly fail to catch a little of its spirit. What will no doubt puzzle the reader is, how the women manage to digest so much intellectual food. The answer is, that they don't try to digest it all. Some of them make the attempt, it is true; but the result is that they just nibble round the edges a little and are not harmed at all. I had the honor of addressing a large body of clubwomen in Boston; and, though in the main they seemed to enjoy the lecture, I noticed, every few minutes, some woman glance at her watch and hurry from the room. Fully twenty women noiselessly but conspicuously withdrew before I finished my remarks. Any lecturer who reads this will understand how I felt about it. As I sat down I said to the chairman of the meeting that I regretted that some of the audience didn't seem pleased with my lecture.

"Why, my dear," she protested, "they were all delighted."

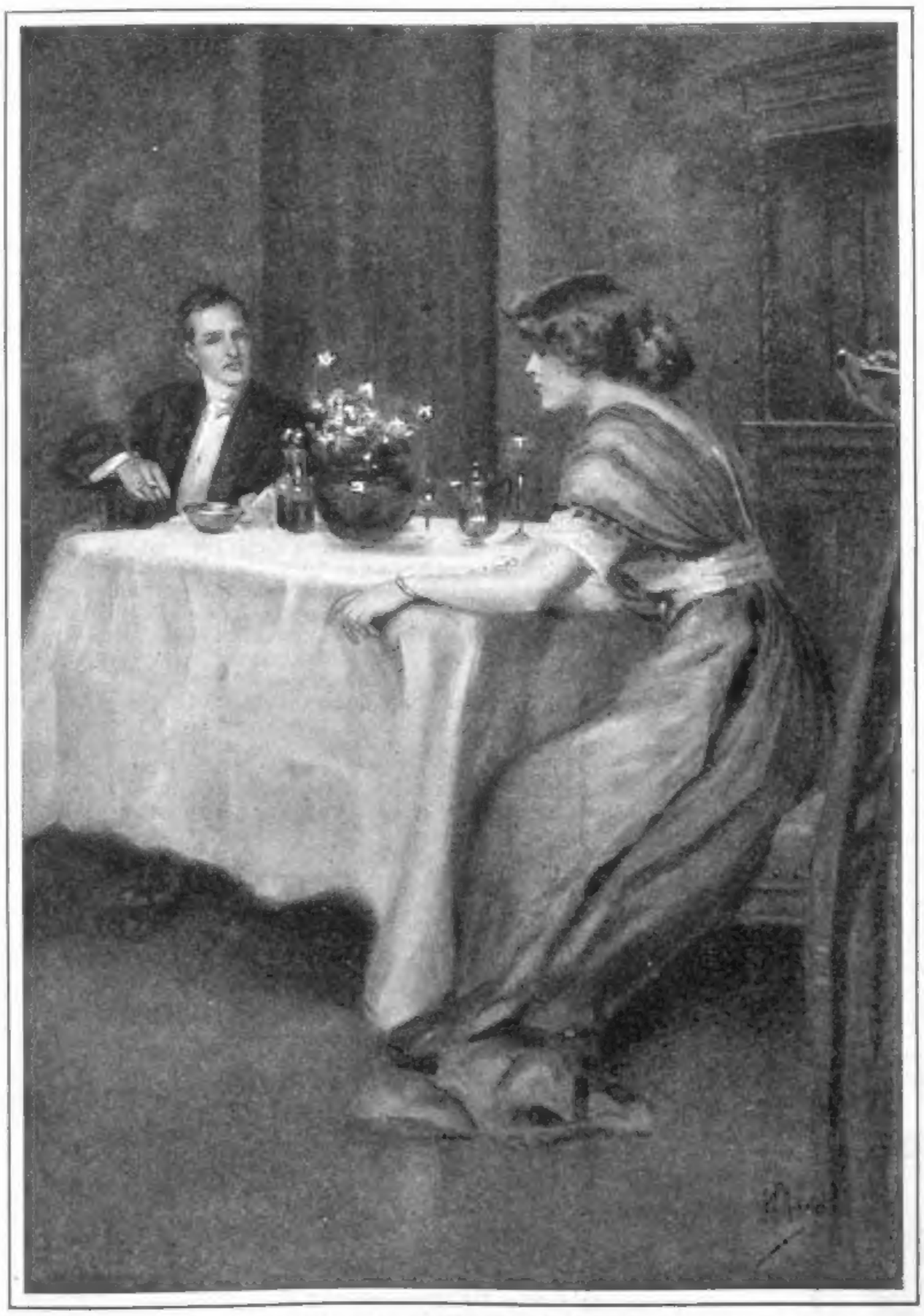
"Is it a Bostonese expression of delight," I inquired, "to leave before the close of a lecture?"

"Oh, they had to go!" she explained. "You see, there are so many things going on that it is often as much as we can do to stay a few minutes at each place."

Fifteen minutes at the Browning Club, ten minutes at a suffrage meeting, twenty minutes at a child-labor mass-meeting, five minutes at a legislative hearing on a minimum wage bill—and then it is time for tea and a committee meeting at the Women's Industrial and Educational Union. This type of Boston woman works hard at culture. She lives in her street clothes and is continually hurrying somewhere. In her severely tailored gown, her close-fitting hat and veil, she reminds me of nothing so much as a neatly rolled silk umbrella.

On the other hand, a good many of the clubwomen are still in the thrall of what might be called the Martha spirit. They are too domestically inclined to be affected seriously by the lecture lure. I remember once taking a long journey to deliver a club lecture. My hostess met me at the station; and as we motored toward the clubhouse she said nervously that she did hope there would be somebody there. She didn't expect a large audience, but she hoped a few people would come out. I asked her if it were a custom in their club to pay a lecturer's fee and traveling expenses and then stay away from the lecture. "Ah," she replied, "you forget that this is the height of the housecleaning season."

Between the woman who swallows a dozen lectures in three days and the one who goes to the club when everything else is out of the way there is the really effective woman who takes her club systematically. She feeds temperately and Fletcherizes her intellectual meals. This type of clubwoman confines herself to two or three departments of work or study. She attends all the important open meetings of the club, when there are usually tea and a lecturer of note; but, for the rest, the conservative clubwoman keeps to her own departments and takes only a casual interest in the general work of the club.



"Wouldn't it be a Joke on You if the Legislature Passed an Eight-Hour Law in This State? You'd Have to Give Up the Motor—That's Sure!"

The one occasion on which all the women are liable to an attack of mental indigestion is at the grand national rally of the clubworld, the biennial meeting of the General Federation. Every state in the Union sends delegates to a Biennial. The women go from Alaska, from Hawaii, from Porto Rico and the Canal Zone. They take possession of the convention city. The hotels are so full of women that the male traveling public, subdued and affrighted, is thankful to get a few cots in the billiard room.

In the convention hall—usually the largest available place in the city—meetings are held thrice daily. Smaller meetings are held in committee rooms, hotel parlors and elsewhere. An astonishing amount of business is transacted, but the real thing at the Biennial is the program. Each one of the dozen or more departments in the General Federation furnishes a program with at least one lecturer or orator of national repute. Of course there are social features without number—teas, luncheons, banquets, receptions. The pace is terrific and it lasts a week.

This happens to be a Biennial year and the great event is celebrated the first week of June in San Francisco. Every clubwoman in the country who can afford it will be there, marvelously arrayed, Amazonly fortified to struggle with the whole program, stoutly determined not to miss a single lecture, reception or outside excursion. I don't know that any woman ever accomplished this feat. I know a Buffalo woman who attempted it at the St. Louis Biennial of 1904; she fell by the wayside, with the result—but you shall have the story.

Having attended every session up to noon of the fourth day, this indefatigable member confessed that she was going to spend a restful afternoon at the exposition.

A Restful Afternoon

I REMEMBER how bravely she set forth, how beautiful, how spirited she appeared as she waved her white-gloved hand to us from the window of the taxi. Her gown was a creation in mauve radium—silk, but almost as expensive as the other radium—with some effective touches of green and gold. Her hat was a wide-brimmed affair of black malines, covered with creamy-white ostrich feathers. It was one of the most successful gowns at the Biennial.

With her afternoon at the fair we have nothing to do; but when, at the close of the afternoon, she prepared to go hotelward she found to her consternation that a fine but soaking rain was falling and the red Missouri mud of the roadways was of the consistency of soft tar. Turning from the door she sought one of the exposition guards and asked him to send for a taxi.

"No taxis or cabs allowed on the grounds, lady," said the guard. "They all have to stop at the gates."

"How am I to get to the gates without ruining my clothes?" she demanded.

The guard promptly gave it up, but the wearer of the clothes could not afford to give it up. Calling into play that direct and incisive quality of mind which had raised her to high office in the clubworld of her native Buffalo, she sought for a solution of her difficulty.

"Now, my man," she said to the guard, "there may not be any carriages on the grounds, but covered vehicles of some kind or character there must be. Articles of food, ice, milk, and the like, have to be transported here. Exhibits are constantly being moved in. I am certain that I have seen many covered drays and wagons. If you will find me a covered vehicle of any description to carry me as far as the nearest cabstand I will give you two dollars."

The guard shook his head dubiously, but started off to earn the money, if possible. In ten minutes he returned.

"You said anything with a cover—didn't you?"

"Anything clean with a cover," she qualified.

"Come along," said the guard. She followed him to the door and there, backed up against the steps she saw,

(Continued on Page 32)

NEVER SAY DIE!

By George Pattullo

ILLUSTRATED BY STANLEY M. ARTHURS

ONCE I had a friend who, in the course of business and pleasure, had occasion to kill five men. He is dead now, so it is possible to give an impartial estimate of him with safety. Aside from this one weakness—which was, after all, merely an expression of his art—he was an excellent citizen. In the everyday amenities of life Floss Campbell was all he should have been, and it was generally conceded that he was as honest as prudence would permit.

Floss had some queer theories, toward which most people were inclined to be indulgent. One was that every man varies in temper and mettle according to the way he gets out of bed.

"It all depends on what shape his stomach's in," he used to say. "Sometimes I go round with red in my eye, ready to whip a wildcat. And at other times I'd cry if a jackrabbit gave me an unkind look. You can't always tell."

Mr. Campbell and I were standing in front of the postoffice in Badger on an August afternoon when Dink Gober came out of the Fashion Saloon and started down the street. Almost opposite us trudged an undersized pedler carrying a pack. They met. There was plenty of space, but Dink shouldered him out of the way. The pedler protested in a high falsetto; whereupon Mr. Gober postponed his personal business long enough to punch him on the nose, knocking him into the road.

"That'll learn fellers like you to be respectful," said Dink. "What's more, it'll learn you to steer clear of Badger. We don't need none of your kidney round here at all. Do you hear?"

During these injunctions the pedler remained on his hands and knees, fearful lest Dink would smash him again should he rise; but Mr. Gober went on his way contemptuously. His victim did not protest to any of the bystanders, being wary of the sentiment of this new community; but, holding one hand over his bleeding nose, he padded off, the toes of his shoes curling upward pathetically. On his face was a sickly smile. One or two loungers from the Fashion laughed.

Said Floss, watching the incident with professional calm:

"Look at them two careful. That would scare off most men, now wouldn't it? But it won't scare him. No, sir; he'll stick to what his mind's on if Gober should beat him up twice a day."

"What did Dink do it for? The dago wasn't bothering him. Dink's a pretty good sort usually."

"Sure," he said; "Dink's all right, and he's got pluck, too, though it's the cheapest kind there is. You know what I mean. Dink'll fight anybody; but, then, me or you can go to any city in America and hire a strong-arm who'll mix it up. Gober's stomach's out of whack, I reckon."

Meanwhile the pedler wended his way to a restaurant conducted by a Chinaman, close to the Mexican line, where he washed the stains from his face and ate a meal. The Chinaman was disposed to be sympathetic, having had experience with these barbarians, but his diner would not discuss the occurrence. As soon as he had been refreshed he took up his pack and sallied out to look over the town. Two citizens of Badger called out at him and jeered, but the pedler displayed no resentment. Such was the advent of Pasquale Amati into Badger.

"Is It You Try to Ask Me to Buy Your Store?"

Next morning he interviewed Turner, who owned the stage line and dispensed justice to evildoers whenever any such were caught; and he rented a desolate frame building which had once been a Chinese laundry, but now stood sadly vacant because the tenant had laid a curse on the site to get even for eviction. The curse did not daunt Pasquale Amati.

Perhaps he was ignorant, when he chose the location, that Dink Gober conducted a saddlery across the street. Perhaps he was not. At any rate it made no change in his plans. He soon had shelves up and a display of bits and spurs, razors and harness in the window. Then he painted in white letters on a black board:

P. AMATI

HARDWARE & SADDLES

Within a week there was added a creditable selection of stock saddles. They bore the name of an unknown maker; but several visiting cowboys who inspected them out of curiosity declared the trees to be sound and serviceable, and the leather of high quality. Amati promptly quoted prices that were forty per cent less than Gober was asking for saddles of established reputation.

"I'd ought to have give him some more," said Dink when he heard of it; and forthwith he went to the Fashion to engage in a game of pitch.

Trade had been slack, and Dink frequently went to the saloon for entertainment when there was a dearth of customers—he was free-handed and they were always glad to see him. But P. Amati stuck to his hardware and saddlery. He could be found within the dim store at any hour of the day, often until late at night. Though few came to buy, nobody ever heard him complain; and he met his bills promptly, with one exception. That was at the end of the third month, when, after receiving a fresh consignment of bits, he requested Turner for an extension of time on his rent. Turner cheerfully accorded it.

There had come personal, as well as business, changes for P. Amati. When he meandered down the street of Badger that August day the pedler looked to be a man of forty or forty-five, so tired he was and bedraggled and dirty. A black, curly beard hid the lower part of his face; but shortly after he installed his business Pasquale came downstairs to work shaved and in a new suit.

The first passers-by on the street did not recognize the storekeeper. They supposed that P. Amati had imported a young assistant, probably a relative—for a man of about twenty-five years was washing the windows and whistling On With the Play, from Pagliacci. Nevertheless this was Pasquale, cleaner than he had been in twelve months.

Accompanying this alteration in appearance there came a quickening of methods and a brightening of habits. It is astonishing what transformation a new pair of shoes will work in a person; if a man be cast down and in the dumps, let him don a whole, well-fitting pair of shoes, and he becomes a different individual, fired with hope and resource. From that morning nobody ever saw P. Amati when he was not neat and brisk of movement. Often he wore a wild flower stuck rakishly behind his ear as he labored at his ledger. The store, too, received an overhauling, and was decorated to the extent of several dollars' worth of paint and certain new fixtures, over which the pedler had long pondered.

Going to the general store to buy groceries, Marylou Hanratty became aware of a pair of black, merry eyes fixed on her. Next she noted the smooth exterior of P. Amati and concluded that a stranger had come from the outer world—from that vague region which Badgerites called the East. A glance upward and she read the sign. Upon which her pretty, short nose tilted and she passed Pasquale as she might have gone by a pariah dog; for, to Marylou, he was "one of them dagoes." Amati flushed; then smiled very respectfully, as he would have smiled to encourage a customer. It made Marylou wrathy. Later she inquired of Dink Gober who the young man was.

"That's a doggone shark who's started up here," said Dink. "I swan they ought to run him out of town! Once he gets a hold it won't be long before there's a hundred of 'em in Badger. He'll bring all his kin, you see. I feel like pasting him again!"

"Give it to him good!" said Miss Hanratty. "He's a fresh guy."

They did not discuss P. Amati further. Dink's sense of racial superiority was so magnificent that her query made no impression. Having nothing else to do, he accompanied Marylou to the store and carried home her groceries. They had been friends for almost a year, ever since the day on which Gober quitted the Anvil outfit to set up in business for himself. He went to see Marylou twice or thrice a week, on which formal occasions she would play the organ for him and sing. Frequently her father joined them, talking cattle and copper with Mr. Gober; but Dink much preferred to hear Marylou render Dreaming in her rich, throaty tones. It was his opinion that her voice was "clear as a bell." Badger regarded the whole affair as a settled match.

"Pretty Lady, Excuse. You Drop This, See?"

Marylou did not.

"No, I won't," said she. "I'm not sure of you."

"Pshaw!" Dink returned, impatient as always. "I'll treat you good, Marylou. Come on. Listen! I—I—dang it, I can't say it; but you know I love you."

Marylou regarded him steadily and he bore the serene scrutiny well. Then she slowly shook her head. "No-o-o," she said; "I can't. No, Dink; I'll have to think about it awhile."

"You'll be mine, all right!" Gober assured her. "You just watch me. I'm going to stick round, like a pup to a rag."

However, during the winter that followed the pedler's arrival in Badger, Dink's attentions to Miss Hanratty suffered a slight decline. Coincidentally—perhaps it was cause and effect—his habits deteriorated. He was more at the Fashion—in the stuffy back room, where Davy Crockett dealt cards throughout the livelong day. Frequently Dink bemoaned business conditions to his friends.

It is quite true that the season was dull, for the summer had been dry and money was tight. Yet one did not hear P. Amati going into despair over the outlook; and, though he would shake his head and purse his lips, he kept a shrewd eye out for trade and never had to do business behind the rail at the First National Bank.

On a day when Miss Hanratty was going to the postoffice she met Pasquale coming out of his store. The pedler glanced at her timidly and smiled. He had a tremendous admiration for Marylou, who was of a wholesome, fresh type. She stopped.

"Say," said Miss Hanratty, "who're you grinning at? It looks like you'd act like a gentleman."

"Pretty lady, excuse," the pedler hastened to say. "Me, I don't know I am grinning."

And P. Amati appeared so contrite that Marylou was mollified and continued on her way. That "pretty lady" was a rather tactful style of address from any angle one regards it. A dozen steps and the pedler ran after her, holding out a slip of paper.

"Pretty lady, excuse," he said breathlessly. "You drop this. See?"

It was the grocery list. She took it and thanked him somewhat reluctantly.

After that Pasquale always lifted his hat and showed his white teeth whenever Miss Hanratty hove in sight.

"Get Away From Me! I Can't Stand It to Have You Round"

She spoke, though chillingly. Undismayed, the pedler took to hanging round the entrance to his store of mornings about the hour Marylou went for the mail. Once he tendered her a bouquet of flowers, which she refused. Also, he would muse in the dusky back office; and his thoughts must have been pleasant, for he often smiled.

"Say," Dink Gober said to her one night, "I saw you with that dago feller today. How in Sam Hill did you get to know him?"

"Al z Turner done made us acquainted," said Marylou sweetly. "What's the matter with him?"

"Cut him out!" was Mr. Gober's answer. "Everybody'll be giving me the laugh else."

Marylou surveyed him with a speculative glance, tinged with amusement.

Nevertheless, she tried to "cut him out!"—not on Dink's account, but because it made her hotly uncomfortable, after P. Amati had left her, to think that she had actually been talking and laughing with the pedler! Pasquale assuredly experienced some rough sledding. The rebuffs he got would have sickened an ordinarily stout heart; but, though he went pale—often his eyes would grow large and lustrous too—over acid things Marylou would say, he kept coming back.

Once she broke out on him.

"Get away from me! I can't stand it to have you round."

P. Amati just looked at her, white of face.

"Oh, stop that!" cried Marylou. "Can't you see I hate you?"

The pedler inclined his head with a dignity she had never suspected he could show, and went home. Three hours later Miss Hanratty was still seeing his eyes—and she was crying. "It's all for the best," she sniffled. "That's the best way. He'll quit coming now."

P. Amati called at the Hanratty home next night, brisk and cheerful as ever. Moreover, he sang a duet with Marylou, his clear tenor soaring above her contralto. If his soul quaked when Miss Hanratty tackled one of his beloved operatic selections Pasquale never showed it.

"What d'you mean by having that feller round here?" her father demanded after Amati had taken his departure.

"Why," said Marylou, "he's such splendid company. He says such funny things. And don't he sing something grand?"

"You stick to your own kind," Michael admonished. "I won't have none of my family mixing up with the likes of him. Sing? That dago yowls like a kiyote!"

"Then you'd best tell him," said Marylou. "He won't listen to me."

On the night of March seventeenth Mr. Amati arrived at the Hanratty porch, wearing a vivid green tie and an imitation shamrock. In his fist he held a sprig of genuine shamrock, for which he had sent three thousand miles. This was for Marylou. Old man Hanratty was on the steps and stared at him, in two minds whether to kick him into the street or speak to him softly for sake of the little flower he bore.

"There is a many a good man of us by name Kelly," said P. Amati cheerfully. "So I think I celebrate for St. Patrick too. Would you rather to call me by Murphy than by Amati, Mr. Hanratty?"

This made old Michael laugh. He got up from his chair and slapped Pasquale on the back.

"You're all right!" said Michael. "I never seen a foreigner with more sense. And where did you come by that shamrock? Give it here—that's a good little man."

At an approving nod from the daughter, P. Amati complied. The shamrock had cost him a perfectly good dollar and he hated to see it wasted on a red-fisted Irishman; but, so long as Marylou was pleased, well and good.

In about half an hour Marylou's father put on his hat and announced that he was going down to show the sprig to some of the boys at the Fashion. A vast number of benighted heathen in this land had never seen a shamrock, he said, and it would be an education for them. Neither his daughter nor Pasquale tried to detain him. So, chuckling good-humoredly over what he considered a laughable situation, Hanratty left them alone.

Ten minutes later they heard the front gate click and Dink Gober came up the walk. He had been told more than once that P. Amati was running him close. However, he had never found Pasquale at the house and had not taken the matter seriously; but when he met the pedler in the Hanratty parlor Dink began to breathe hard. There was that about the arrangement of the chairs which raised a suspicion that they had been still closer together.

He ignored Marylou and remained on the threshold, gazing at P. Amati, who was fidgeting from one foot to the other and appeared very uneasy and miserable.

"What's this li'l' skunk doing here, Marylou?"

"You've been drinking again!" Miss Hanratty said.

Gober let pass this reproach. Jerking his thumb toward the door, he said:

"I've had about enough of you. Now you beat it! Beat it quick too—while the going's good!"

"You Coward!" Cried Miss Hanratty

P. Amati's eyes were popping, but he did not give ground. His slight frame was shaken by a nervous tremor and his fingers twitched; but Marylou's heart was wildly joyous, for she sensed on the instant that this was not fear—he would not go!

"How dare you speak to a friend of mine like that, Dink Gober?" she cried. "You're no gentleman. I don't have to ask your leave who'll come here. And if you don't know how to behave like a gentleman you can get out!"

"Are you going?" Dink asked of the silent pedler. He had his own notions of how a gentleman ought to behave.

Pasquale's only response was to gulp and stir one foot. Ever a man of sudden action, Dink wasted no more warnings but made a rush for the pedler. They crashed against a chair and knocked it over. Marylou screamed. Also, she looked about her for something with which she might belabor Mr. Gober; but the affray was over quickly.

The pedler never stood a ghost of a chance against his burly assailant. Because Marylou was looking on, Dink did not use his fists; but, lifting P. Amati bodily in his arms, he carried him outdoors and down the steps. This was not accomplished without considerable tumult—for the pedler fought, tooth and nail. Indeed, he kicked and writhed and struck out in such a frenzy that Dink found it necessary to choke him. Down the steps the pair lurched and fell into a dried, flowerless flower bed. Then Gober half-dragged, half-carried Pasquale to the gate and threw him into the road. Unaware that Marylou had followed close, he gave the little man a lusty kick.

"You coward!" cried Miss Hanratty.

She swung a broom picked up in the back hall, aiming for Dink's head. He caught the handle on his arm and took the thing away from her, not without roughness.

"So you'd help that rat?" he cried. "Then it's a good thing I done kicked him out. It's high time somebody did, for your father won't."

Just as he uttered this the saddlery firm of P. Amati came bouncing back through the gate and hurled itself with the ferocity of an angry cat on Gober's back. Taken unawares the big fellow was thrown, and they went to the ground in a confused heap. Marylou promptly repossessed herself of the broom and aided the weaker side; but, when the issue was in doubt and Gober seemed on the point of downing his adversary, old Michael arrived and separated them.

"What's all this? What's all this? It's a wonder you wouldn't pick on somebody your own size!" said Hanratty, grinning at P. Amati. The pedler's lips were cut and his clothes torn, but he seemed eager to renew the fight.

"Marylou," her father added sternly, "put up that broom! It looks like you'd know better than to use it that way. No lady would pound a man over the head with a broom!"

Miss Hanratty angrily exclaimed that it was no concern of hers what a lady would do! Dink Gober had insulted her; he had tried to give her orders as to whom she should keep company with—and she would take orders from no man alive! While she talked Dink was brushing earth from his knees; he appeared rather ashamed of himself.

"Is what she says right?" Michael asked him.

"D'you mean to say," Gober retorted, "that you let this feller hang round with her, Hanratty? I reckoned it was time somebody learned him where he belongs."

Old Michael squared his shoulders and walked to the gate, which he threw wide open. Pointing to the street, he said:

"I'll run my own family, Gober. And my daughter ain't the kind that needs to be told how to act by a lazy loafer."

"What d'you mean—lazy loafer?" said Dink hotly.

Marylou's father did not enlighten him, but waited with his hand on the gate. And Dink went, talking to himself as he stumped along. Behind him, Michael Hanratty clapped a heavy hand on Pasquale's shoulder and invited him into the house. His daughter was still talking angrily at random, but she calmed sufficiently to fetch a basin of water and wash P. Amati's face.

Had his rival been a man of his own kind, Gober would not have hesitated to seek him out next day in order to fasten a quarrel. It would have ended in a shooting, for Dink did not lack pluck in physical encounters. True, when an issue was protracted he was known to grow nervous and uncertain; but he bore an enviable name for courage, notwithstanding.

And now his inability to call P. Amati to account in this manner made him rage. It would be ridiculous to have a row with the pedler. Dink knew perfectly well that Amati would not employ a gun under any provocation; he also knew—though wild horses could not have dragged the admission out of him—that this was not from cowardice; and if he were to give the pedler a severe beating the

(Continued on Page 28)

Inner Secrets of a Banker's Rise

By Edward Mott Woolley

ILLUSTRATED BY HY. S. WATSON

WHEN I left college I was offered a job in a boiler shop, which I declined. This was in my home town, within a day's ride of New York. The only other job at home that appealed to me was in a bank; but that job I couldn't get. You see, there was a general conspiracy among my relatives to force me into some occupation where I should have to labor hard for a few years at physical toil. My father and uncles believed in that sort of training as the groundwork for a career. I didn't; so I packed my grip and went up to the metropolis."

The man who begins his narrative in the words quoted above is today the president of a large bank and the owner of a big block of its stock. Aside from the fact that his father paid for his education, he is self-made. He never had the backing of capital, and all the money he made was accumulated through his own efforts. The real value of his story lies in the lessons it carries to men engaged in miscellaneous business. A successful banker must have a broad outlook on all forms of commercial and industrial enterprise. This banker's present-day survey of business activities is keen and forceful. He tells why some men fail and why others succeed.

"From the beginning," he continued, "I had an ambition to get into a bank. My first applications for work, then, were in that direction. At every bank I was asked my age and experience—and that seemed to settle my chances. At twenty-two, and without any practical knowledge, I wasn't wanted.

"I have occasion to remember one such application in particular. I was given a foolscap sheet full of figures to add, and while I worked upon it a hawkeyed man timed me with a watch. Then he took my name and hall bedroom address and said the bank would let me know when it wanted me. Well, it did let me know—seven long years afterward; but just then none of the banks needed me. My money dwindled away; and I seemed about the most worthless specimen on earth."

Window-Dressing for Borrowing Purposes

"FOR the time being I gave up my banking mania. Desperately I went from place to place seeking work of any sort. When things were blackest and I had scarcely a dollar in my pocket I was offered two jobs inside of an hour. The first was a laborer's place in a Washington Street commission house; the second a job as office helper with a wholesale concern. I took the latter at eight dollars a week, though the other would have paid ten. The office job came a little nearer to banking. I was firmly resolved that some day I'd get into a bank.

"I got my first lesson in banking sooner than I expected, for I was put at work copying a list of my firm's assets and liabilities which, the bookkeeper told me, was to go to the bank as data in connection with pending loans.

"I Remarked That I Had No Intention of Marrying His Money or Any Member of His Family Except the Girl"

"The original figures had been furnished by the bookkeeper; but after my carefully written statement had gone to the 'old man's' office it came back to me all marked up with pencil figures and erasures; I was instructed to rewrite it and put in the new figures.

"Of course I was green, but not so green that I couldn't see what my employer had done. He had bolstered up the assets and trimmed the liabilities. The merchandise in stock had taken a jump, and even the fixtures had suddenly gained a thousand dollars in value. In sixty minutes the annual business had increased twenty per cent.

"Right here let me say that this wholesaler was no thief and had no intention of injuring the bank. He was a decent sort of man, honest in his commercial transactions and a church member; but you know there are little fibs in society that we call 'white lies.' So in business there are small pleasantries like this neat statement for the bank. In other words, as the bookkeeper put it, we were simply 'making a front.' When folks went out to borrow money, he opined, this had to be done.

"The bank loaned the money. I do not wish to be understood here as presenting this bank as a fair type; but you know some banks are run by poor business men. If the contrary were true there would be fewer mismanaged commercial houses. And please remember that in telling you this bit of history I am casting no reflections on business men as a whole. The country is full of able managers; but there are plenty of individuals in business, nevertheless, whom the coat would fit.

"During the ensuing six months I saw several loans put through in the same way, and each time the financial prestidigitator at the head of the firm went himself one better. Finally the bank asked for a statement showing the assets in greater detail. I was set at work making a list of the customers who owed us money on account. More than half of this indebtedness was long past due—much of it hopelessly so. Notwithstanding this fact, I was instructed to enter most of the items under the heading, Good Accounts.

"My conscience had troubled me and my sympathies were with the bank. Besides, I knew something about overdue accounts. In my sophomore year at college I had loaned ten dollars to Con Jenks, a classmate, and I had long since wiped it off the slate as a tangible asset.

"Now I hinted to my employer that some of the antiquated items might properly go under the heading of Accounts Doubtful.

"I was ordered, with some heat, to make out the statement as directed or quit. My dander was up and I quit. If it hadn't been for playing the rôle of informer I might have gone to the bank with my story. Besides, I thought it unlikely that the bank would welcome my advice.

"Shortly afterward, however, the bank failed, and along with it the wholesale house and other concerns.

"I was out of work, but I had learned something the value of which I did not realize at the time. Again I renewed my ambition to get into banking; but again I met the same rebuffs. During my weeks of idleness I wandered about the mystical regions of finance that lay below Fulton Street. I was drawn to the financial atmosphere just as some men are drawn toward electricity or chemistry. Most of my evenings I spent in the libraries, reading all I could find on banking and finance.

"I tramped from the Battery to Spuyten Duyvil a dozen times before I finally secured work again—as assistant bookkeeper in a soap factory.

"Not long afterward the bookkeeper died and I fell heir to his job at twelve-fifty a week. Presently I discovered some curious things. I'm going to tell you a little about them, because they bear directly on the chief specialty every good banker leans upon. That specialty may be expressed in two words—'the truth.' You see, all this time I was learning the banking business without knowing it. Banking is only a shrewd knowledge of business in general. If I hadn't learned all these things as I did I should never have got into

"I Was Ordered, With Some Heat, to Make Out the Statement as Directed or Quit"

a bank. I think a good rule for business men to follow would be to imagine themselves in training for a bank president's job.

"Well, you've heard the old saying that figures can't lie. That isn't so. On occasion, figures can be the most blatant liars in Christendom.

"My employer in the soap factory was a man named Sullivan. Back of him, however, were a lot of stockholders who really owned most of the business. They looked to him for the profits.

"Sullivan was given to long, mysterious calculations. For hours he would sit at his desk with a pencil and pad. He was a mathematical romancer; he wrote fairy tales with figures instead of words.

"Let me explain briefly: The chief product of the plant was laundry soap in two or three varieties, but Sullivan himself was more interested in a pink medicated soap that he had invented. It was his hobby and he believed that eventually it would make him a Crœsus, and all the rest of the stockholders rich along with him; but the indisputable fact stared him in the face that the pink soap just at present was costing far more than it sold for."

Straight Men With Crooked Imaginations

"THE directors, not having invented the pink product, were not so keen about it. They cared more about profits in the present than in the future, even if those profits came from laundry soap that smelled like boiled cabbage.

"It was up to Sullivan, then, to bring down the cost of making his scented pink cakes and to show an immediate profit from Department B, in which this product was made.

"Sullivan's calculations showed that the actual cost of the pink soap was something like seven cents a cake; to make it profitable he had to get it under four cents. All things are possible to the romancer, and this rather difficult problem in manufacturing was easy for Sullivan. I, as the bookkeeper, knew exactly how he did it.

"In a nutshell, the three extra cents had to be disposed of somehow. Well, there were three other departments in the factory—A, C and D. All of these made laundry soap. So Sullivan charged one cent to A, one to C and one to D. Presto! The thing was done.

"Now I want to say that Sullivan, like my former employer, was an honest man—that is, he had no intention of wronging anybody or stealing anything. His imagination was dishonest, nevertheless. Men of his class are very plentiful. They are fine fellows often, but they fail in what they undertake because they believe in fairy figures. Arithmetic to them is a most wonderful volume of romance.

"'You see,' Sullivan explained to me, 'I've got to use my best judgment as the manager of this business—otherwise the plant would go to pieces mighty quick. I've got to plan for the future. My associates, not being genuine business men, look only at the present; but I'll make 'em all millionaires with my pink beauty! Just watch me!'

"So Department B began to show profits, and after a while the stockholders were convinced they had a good

thing in the medicated soap; but Department A was running behind, and they decided to close it out and devote more attention to the pink product.

Sullivan was thus forced to readjust his figures, for the three cents now had to be divided between Departments C and D. Unhappily the additional burden made C and D loom up in forbidding proportions. The cost of making the laundry soap apparently was eating up all the profits. Still, Sullivan had faith in his medicated soap and he hung on with grim determination.

"Perhaps he might have pulled through and made a fortune, after all, if the directors hadn't grown impatient over the unprofitable laundry soap. They decided to cut it down heavily and devote themselves largely to the pink cakes, since that was the only paying product of the plant.

"Sullivan was in a bad hole. He and I knew that nothing but the laundry soap had been holding up the wabbly pink ovals. It had all been a wonderful fairy tale; but now the house was coming down over his head. The factory went broke in three months.

"Once more I was out of a job, after two years at twelve dollars and a half a week. My ambition to be a banker seemed quite as much of a fairy story as Sullivan's dream. Yet—as I saw it afterward—I was really a niche nearer my ultimate career. This experience in the soap factory illumined my path for me. The best lesson a banker can learn is that figures often lie, and the best financial lesson anybody can learn is to make figures tell the truth. Throttle them until they do.

"I've seen a bunch of lying figures walk into many a widow's home and steal her little inheritance. I've seen them take the money of orphans without the slightest compunction. I've seen them pick the pockets of old men who had worked a lifetime to save a meager competence. Stranger than all this, however, I've seen these untruthful figures destroy the most promising business houses—just as they destroyed Sullivan's soap factory. It is perhaps natural that widows and children and old men should fall victims to romance; but that hardheaded business men should do so is a sad commentary on the present-day methods of training executives.

"I'd like to emphasize the one thing that has done most to make me successful: I never accept any figures unless they show a proper pedigree. Every day I advise men to beware of figures. Whether they are buying a bond or a house, or manufacturing soap, or selling groceries, I say to them: 'Don't bother with anybody's figures unless they come to you well introduced; then, before you give up any cash, require those figures to undergo a physical examination and a sanity test.'"

In for Myself

"WELL, I was idle; so I run up home for a few weeks to see my girl. In two and a half years I had saved between three and four hundred dollars. Even my relatives had to admit that I was not wholly a failure, for I came home well dressed, in good health and with cash in my pocket. New York hadn't conquered me—nor had it conquered my determination to do what I had begun.

"However, I ran on to unexpected shoals up there in my home town; and this time they were the shoals of real romance. My prospective father-in-law had lost faith in me. He didn't want his daughter to marry a nomadic bookkeeper who talked nonsense about the bank he was to own some day. The old gentleman had made a modest fortune running a combination brickyard and tile factory, and he didn't propose to have his money spent by a lightweight, with more education than brains. He told me so in rather plain English one evening in the presence of his daughter. Well, there wasn't much I could say. I merely remarked that I had no intention of marrying his money or any member of his family except the girl. Of course I knew that he'd picked out a rising young drygoods man of the town for a son-in-law; but, even if I didn't have any brains, I could fight—and any fellow who got her away from me, I said, would have to reckon with a chap who'd played football.

"The next night I left for New York—and the girl went with me. We'd been married ten minutes before the train left. It was a rash thing to do. Don't understand that I advise men to imitate me. In my case, however, it helped. I simply had to sink or swim—and I swam. It gave me the impulse to succeed.

"Back in New York we went to housekeeping in a two-room, fourth-story flat on Lexington Avenue. After we had furnished it for ninety-nine dollars and ninety-nine cents and had spent a week viewing the wonders of the metropolis together, I started out once more to get a bank job. It was the same old story, however; and, after I had gone through the list of New York banks and those in Brooklyn, Jersey City and Hoboken, I reluctantly reached the conclusion that my time hadn't come.

"It was then that my experience in New York suggested the idea of going into business for myself. I believed that a man who could make figures get down on their knees to him ought to have a good field. So one day I put a little advertisement in the classified columns of a morning newspaper. It was something like this:

"Make your business tell you the truth; if there are false figures on your books they will ruin you. Let me tell you the story of the pink soap. Write to Expert Auditor, —— Lexington Avenue.

"It is strange that so many business men must hire an expert accountant to find out why they are losing money. I often marveled at the apparent helplessness of business organizations to do these things themselves. The expert simply uses the common intelligence that ought to be a part of every organization.

"The pink soap story caught a great many customers. I'll skip the details. Beginning in a small way I began to straighten out the books of New York houses. As my experience grew I undertook bigger jobs. In almost every case I found the truth had been juggled with, either through ignorance or in the blind pursuit of a phantom. Perhaps two-thirds of the men for whom I worked had deliberately twisted their figures, not with the intention of robbing anybody, but in the hope of making two and two foot up six.

"At the end of two years I was earning four or five thousand dollars a year and employing several assistants. We were now living in a comfortable apartment, but still on Lexington Avenue. One Christmas my wife's father and mother came down to see us. Yes—we got their blessing. You see, the old gentleman had failed in his brick and tile business. I found out afterward where a lot of figures had been playing balloon with him for years. However, I always had a tender regard for the old man; he was a fine, honest character—and a good grandfather.

"I will pass over the next two or three years. I was now earning a net income of twelve or fifteen thousand dollars a year, and a good deal of my work was done for banks. I was often called upon to make special investigations and audits of commercial houses that were having trouble over their banking credits; and in this way I got the bankers' viewpoint and atmosphere. My work attracted the attention of the best commercial banks in Manhattan.

"Nevertheless, I was surprised one day when I received an offer from the bank where I had footed up the figures seven years before. This institution wanted a man to take general charge of its commercial loans—subject, of course, to the direction of the president.

"As the latter expressed it to me, he desired a cold-blooded man. In other words, he wanted a man who was trained in eliminating the visionary elements in business. The truth about the bank's borrowers, he said, would be worth a salary of twenty thousand dollars a year.

"I assumed the place, with the title of vice-president. It was a proud day, I assure you. I had traveled a roundabout way, but I had reached the goal I set out to attain years before. The best of it was that in the end it had come to me unsolicited."

Fairy Tales That Figures Tell

"THE best positions almost always come that way. The young man who goes to New York or Chicago or San Francisco, or the boy who stays at home, is practically certain to have good jobs offered him if he really goes about the task of building up sound judgment and knowledge in the field he enters. There is so much false judgment all round him, so much mediocre knowledge, so little grasp on the truth of things, that he's pretty sure to win if he sticks to the motto that two and two cannot possibly make more than four. Moreover, comparatively few men have to take the circuitous route I traveled.

"The first loan application that came to me was that of a small hat manufacturer. He wanted to borrow four thousand dollars for the purpose of discounting his bills; this, of course, was a proper purpose. Where the capital needed to run a business varies greatly, bank loans are vitally necessary. The banks are in business for the purpose of loaning; but they must not get the worst of it.

"The hat manufacturer gave his net worth as seventeen thousand dollars. Here—on the face of it—was a good loan. He had a business that was prospering, with the outlook excellent; but when I asked him where he got his original capital I saw at once that something was wrong. He evaded me for a few minutes and then owned up that he had borrowed most of it from relatives and friends, without security. These men had confidence in him, he said, and he meant to pay them off as fast as he could, with ten per cent interest. The reason he hadn't put these loans in his liabilities was because they weren't matters of business, but of personal friendship. The money was as good as his own.

"From the banker's viewpoint—the viewpoint of the cold-blooded truth—this manufacturer's net worth shrank suddenly from seventeen thousand dollars to four thousand. I did not question the man's intention to pay off his friends, but I refused the loan because his financial vision was distorted.

"There are plenty of men in business—and out of it—who persuade themselves that their net worth has four or five naughts hitched to it; the trouble is that they make a mistake in their decimal points. When a banker gets after those naughts the decimal points move over to the left.

"I began right away to eliminate from our loans the fairy-tale atmosphere. Grimm and Andersen are all right for the children, but the man in business will do better to work out problems in mathematics. He should always look in the back of his arithmetic to make sure his answer is right before he undertakes a new enterprise, branches out or goes to the bank to borrow.

"It wasn't long before our patrons began to see that I was a proposition to be reckoned with—some of our borrowers called me the most brutal banker in town; but I noticed a distinct improvement in the financial morals of some of them. The most reckless of our patrons had been

(Continued on Page 41)

There was a General Conspiracy to Force Me Into Some Occupation Where I Should Have to Labor for a Few Years at Physical Toil

HOME-RUN PARKINS

By Richard Wilmer Rowan

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTIN JUSTICE

ARTHUR PEMBERTON PARKINS did not enjoy even a bowing acquaintance with any philosophy of life, but his conceit was something magnificent to behold—and it served him as an excellent substitute. "Anything I tackle is done in my own way—and it's done right!" This was his anthem, his personal axiom, and the one thing for which he was ever known to show any real respect.

Nor was this profound regard without some justification. His friends swore by him. Even his immediate relatives admitted to his face that he was "a fool for luck" and boasted most extravagantly about him in his absence. With such support, no ordinary means could have prevented Parkins from asserting his skill in all occupations worth while, among which he included the several forms of pool and billiards, various games of chance—and baseball.

Baseball was, indeed, the keynote of his vocational genius. He had begun to play the great game at a tender age which he no longer cared to recall or have recalled, and had promptly determined to become a great baseball player; for baseball appealed to every fiber in his wiry little body. After he had learned to read, this resolution underwent a slight revision—Arthur Pemberton Parkins would be a "big leaguer."

When he arrived at the age of nineteen it was generally acknowledged, not only by himself but by other competent critics, that Art Parkins was some ballplayer! He had long since outstripped the amateur talent of his locality and for the last two seasons had played with a semi-professional team; but, despite these encouraging signs, he was still undiscovered by the long-anticipated "scout."

March was fast approaching; the major-league clubs were already commencing to scatter over the South for their spring training trips; so Parkins reached another prompt determination. He would go south.

He consulted his father on the subject.

"Well, I'm proud of the honor of being asked anyhow," said Parkins, Senior, who labored under no delusion concerning his parental sphere of influence. "Of course you'll go, no matter what I say."

"Of course."

"All right—you have my permission then; but don't expect carfare from me either going or coming back—particularly coming back. Walking, you will find, is splendid exercise!"

"Tell that to the Danes!" was the flippant retort. "I'll come back in a private car."

Having thus satisfied his filial obligations and subsequently negotiated a loan from an enthusiastic uncle, Parkins set out confidently. His destination was the training camp of the Titans, for it was that famous company of diamond stars upon which he had decided to confer his wit and skill.

Three days later, when the afternoon express pulled into that Southern resort which boasted the presence of the Titans, Parkins was the first to alight—not that he was in any great hurry, but he always liked to be first. He had traveled from necessity in ways both uncertain and economical. The final stage of his pilgrimage, however, had been made in the smoking compartment of a Pullman, as befitted a prospective big leaguer. Arthur Pemberton Parkins was accessible to only one fear—namely, that some one might harbor even the momentary suspicion that he was a "piker."

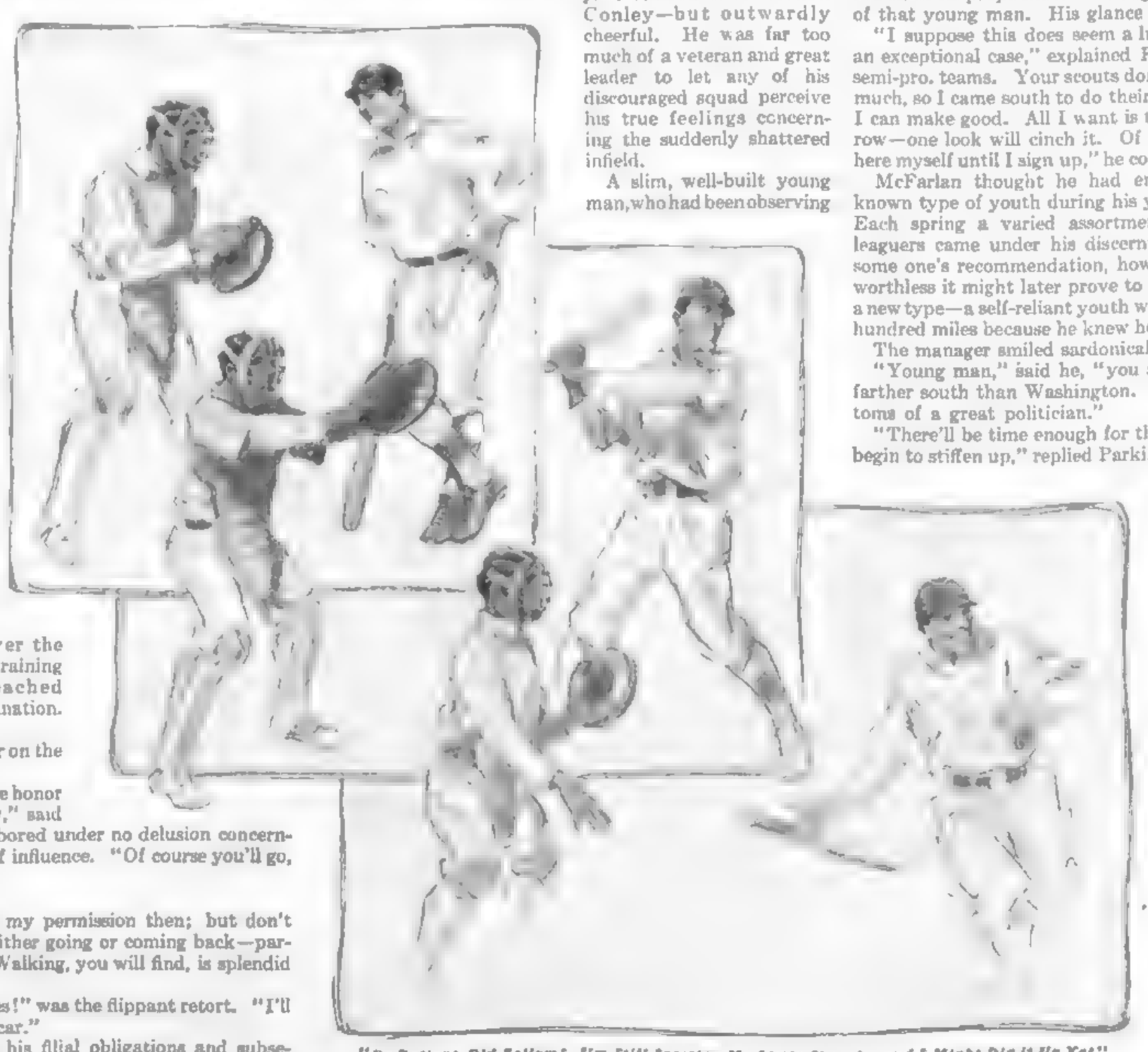
About five o'clock that afternoon the Titans commenced to return to their hotel from the ball park where they practiced; but they were not the skylarking, holiday company that might have been expected. The training trip was always a serious matter to them, as to all other experienced ballplayers. Moreover, a great calamity had befallen them.

In the third inning of a practice game that afternoon, Hank Conley, the Titans' veteran shortstop—Conley, the star run-getter, the dependable fielder—had slipped in sliding to second and, catching his spikes in the basebag, had broken his ankle.

This unfortunate accident, coming before the Titans had been assembled an entire week, had smitten them with an epidemic of gloom and foreboding; thousands of their loyal fans in a great Northern metropolis, where overcoats were still in vogue, would read of it in their morning papers with similar emotions.

Among the last to arrive came Bob McFarlan, the Titans' renowned manager, somber of spirit—for he had just visited the stricken Conley—but outwardly cheerful. He was far too much of a veteran and great leader to let any of his discouraged squad perceive his true feelings concerning the suddenly shattered infield.

A slim, well-built young man, who had been observing the passing ballplayers with interest, stared intently at McFarlan as that personage entered the lobby and walked toward the desk. Apparently satisfied, the young man arose from the depths of his armchair and came forward to meet or rather to intercept the manager before he got away to his room.



"Be Patient, Old Fellow! I'm Still Sporting My Little Shovel—and I Might Dig It Up Yet"

His manner was brisk and alert, his clothes of an awe-inspiring pattern, while his very broad-brimmed derby was pushed back and dexterously maintained at that acute angle which in some localities is deemed jaunty. The young man's whole person radiated self-reliance and profound personal admiration.

"This is Manager McFarlan, isn't it? I was sure of you—your pictures are scattered round pretty promiscuous, you know," he said, extending his hand grandly and restraining with some difficulty a jovial impulse to slap the Titans' manager on the back.

Parkins had planned this occasion so many times while questing southward that now, with the great manager actually within his grasp, he would have liked to celebrate it in some more suitable manner than by a mere handshake. He could already picture his name in the box-score of the Titans, with the gleaming legend of four hits, three stolen bases, six putouts and, say, ten assists at its immediate right!

McFarlan accepted the proffered hand cautiously and without enthusiasm. Each season a host of agents and traveling men sought his acquaintance for every conceivable reason, from that of asking permission to name a new suspender or brand of liniment in his honor to the mere opportunity of shaking his hand and inviting him to "have something." The manager had mentally ticketed his verbal assailant among this indiscriminate host, but Parkins quickly dispelled that illusion.

"My name is Parkins—Arthur P. Parkins," he at once announced. "I'm a recruit. At least, I decided to play professional ball and have come down here to let you give me a tryout." The "recruit" smiled engagingly.

The Titans' leader gasped at this ingenuous offer and stared at its propounder as though questioning the sanity of that young man. His glance was readily interpreted.

"I suppose this does seem a little queer, but then it's an exceptional case," explained Parkins. "I got tired of semi-pro. teams. Your scouts don't seem to hobble round much, so I came south to do their work for them. I know I can make good. All I want is to be looked over tomorrow—one look will cinch it. Of course I'll stand the tax here myself until I sign up," he concluded magnanimously.

McFarlan thought he had encountered about every known type of youth during his years of wide experience. Each spring a varied assortment of embryonic major leaguers came under his discerning eye, but always on some one's recommendation, however unsatisfactory and worthless it might later prove to be. Here, however, was a new type—a self-reliant youth who had journeyed several hundred miles because he knew he could make good!

The manager smiled sardonically.

"Young man," said he, "you should never have come farther south than Washington. You have all the symptoms of a great politician."

"There'll be time enough for that when I get older and begin to stiffen up," replied Parkins, laughing indulgently. "Baseball is my game now!"

"What do you play?"

"Shortstop."

McFarlan was not unreasonably superstitious, but the coincidence could not be denied. He thought of the disabled Conley, of the showing made by Lowrey and Dennison, his two infield recruits, and then of the coming of this Arthur P. Parkins—unheralded and unbidden.

"You must be an omen," said he good-humoredly.

"Sure! An omen! You took the word right out of my mouth. I'm the only original human rabbit's foot, horseshoe and four-leaf clover combined!" glibly recited Parkins.

"Huh! You talk more like an auctioneer!" McFarlan declared, adding: "Well, it might be worse. Stick round until tomorrow morning and I'll look you over. You might as well eat with the team this evening."

"Then it's settled!" exclaimed Parkins, jubilantly assailing the manager's hand, his last vague doubt of himself dissipated for all time.

"Oh, never mind the altitude record; stay close to earth with us," admonished the manager. "You haven't been signed up yet, you know."

"'Not yet, but soon,'" quoted Parkins, and he strode up to the desk to obtain a room, in which effort he was successful without further depletion of his monetary resources, thanks to his apparent intimacy with McFarlan.

When Parkins appeared at dinner the Titans' manager, who did not believe in explanations, simply mentioned the

Arthur Pemberton Parkins the Best Shortstop in His League Suddenly, and to His Own Intense Surprise, Sat Down

newcomer's name by way of introduction; but the most perfunctory of presentations more than sufficed that young enthusiast.

"A greeting to old and young!" he called, with a genial wave of the hand; and then, as he captured a vacant chair between Wilcox, the Titans' famous second baseman, and Clinton, an outfielder, he gravely addressed an imaginary minstrel troupe. "Gentlemen, be seated! . . . Waiter, your attention here, please!"

Arthur Pemberton Parkins had never enjoyed any previous meal as he did that one. His methods of getting acquainted were mainly vocal and here was an unparalleled opportunity. He fairly breezed along.

"I always did like music—and now Mac's gone and hired a band!" dryly remarked Larry Donavan, the club's premier catcher and a vaudeville performer of some note.

"The green-eyed monster has got you, Larry. Your nose is clear out of joint," "One-two-three" Harrison, the celebrated pitcher, declared with mock seriousness. "You'll have to take your denatured witticisms to the cleaners. This kid is the original comic supplement!"

Though at the other end of the Titans' long table, Parkins caught this last observation.

"You've got my label, sport!" he called. "Wit and humor would soon become a lost art if it wasn't for fellows like me."

"Huh!" retorted Harrison. "A few more fellows like you would make wit and humor a capital offense."

"Drop another quarter in the meter," laughed Parkins. "I like your line of gas. . . . I say, waiter, are you ever troubled with insomnia during meal hours?"

Yet, despite this raillery and Parkins' lingual flood, the shadow of Conley's misfortune still hung over the Titans. Eventually the conversation turned to it.

"Why, what happened to him?" Parkins inquired of Clinton.

"Say, where have you been dozing?" ungraciously queried the outfielder.

"Cheese it, kid! I just got in," said the newcomer. "What do you take me for—the weather bureau? I don't know about things before they happen."

Clinton, with a year's big-league experience weighing heavily upon him, scowled at this effrontery.

"Con broke his ankle sliding to second this afternoon," he curtly explained. "Caught his spikes in the basebag somehow. It's a mighty bad break. The doc says he may be laid up the whole season."

"Gee! That is bad!" exclaimed Parkins, and then added hopefully: "Well, it's mighty lucky all round that I happened this way!"

Lowrey and Dennison, the two recruit infielders, glared fiercely. The rest of the Titans indulged in a pitying grin.

"There's one sure thing, son—you'll never commit suicide!" Riley, the club's leading exponent of the "spitball," declared sarcastically. "If it wasn't for my fear of infringing on most of the recent musical comedies and joke books I'd tell you that you just hate yourself!"

Arthur Pemberton Parkins smiled with fine tolerance.

"Those merry quips and jests sound mighty good now," he conceded; "but inside of a month you guys will be calling me the wisest little chicken that ever crossed the speedway."

"Yes—and then we'll walk down the aisle in a body and lay an R. I. P. on your coffin. Some awful nice lies are told about the dead!" drawled Donavan.

The "classiest" one laughed heartily with the rest of the club at this sally, removing most of its sting thereby.

"Say, I'm going to enjoy it here. This bunch just suits me to death!" he avowed with a sage chuckle, attacking his second portion of dessert.

As Riley rose to leave the table a few minutes later, he called to Wilcox:

"I'll shoot you a game of billiards, Jack."

"Sure, I'll go you," amiably agreed Parkins, pushing back his chair.

"Now look here ——" The pitcher seemed about to throw something. Then he changed his mind; it was a shame to let an easy thing like this get away.

"All right, we'll make it three-handed," he assented, concluding whimsically: "Is there any other young lady or gent present who would like to horn in on the billiard championship of Missouri?"

The skill of Riley and Wilcox with the cue was much revered by their teammates, and the "championship" had many spectators.

"Here's where somebody gets trimmed good and proper!" Donavan jubilantly confided to Harrison.

Somebody did; in fact, when play stopped an hour and a half later, both Riley and Wilcox merited that distinction, while the financial horizon of Parkins was considerably brighter, and the Titans had been treated to an exhibition of billiards as brilliant as it was unexpected.

Flushed though not surprised by this success, the club's prospective addition looked round for a field of further activity. The sight of a pair of traveling men purchasing a pack of cards at the cigar stand gave him his inspiration.

"How about a game of cards—poker, for instance?" he inquired with the splendid indifference of sophisticated youth.

"Sure! Poker!" There was almost a polite riot to accommodate him.

The Titans were known to fame in the world of sport for two reasons—their prowess as baseball players, the source of their respective incomes; and their abiding love for the game of "draw," the principal means by which they recklessly—and often vainly—sought to distribute said incomes.

However, Parkins was not to be denied, even in the midst of such talent. His luck was uncanny—his methods unique and practical but strictly legitimate, as nine doubting witnesses of the game took the trouble to confirm. And so well did he apply the two that, when the party broke up at an hour somewhat later than was customary during spring training, the newcomer smilingly faced his opponents from behind a veritable fortification of chips.

"You bet you don't have to go abroad to appreciate our national colors!" he asserted, admiring his evening's handiwork. Then, as he prepared to seek his own room, he continued: "Men, I've spent a very festive evening—and a very profitable one too. You're a great bunch of sports; but you've certainly got to pass the laurels up to me!"

"Oh, I don't know!" said Riley ironically. "You seem to be hale and hearty, and able to reach and grab for yourself!"

"Right-O, my little gimlet!" declared Parkins, unabashed as ever. "I'm the original unabridged edition of How to Grab the Gold Medal, Pocket the Purse and Bag the Bouquet. . . . See you at breakfast!"

And nonchalantly, with the ease and manner of long acquaintance, Arthur Pemberton Parkins took himself off, his capital and his self-esteem increased a dozenfold.

. . . . . .

The following morning found him the first on hand for practice, fresh and ready to take up his burden as a regular Titan. He had started for the ball park early, scorning the use of the club's stage for the avowed reason of needing the "limbering up."

Parkins' prolific genius had realized that, since a new uniform would scarcely be provided for one in his uncertain position, the sooner he reached the dressing room the better his opportunity for selecting a suitable attire.

The main body of the team arrived to find him earnestly occupied in juggling five old baseballs—an edifying spectacle, applauded by nine urchins, two assistant ground keepers and a zealous "Sunday special" writer. He was clad in a nondescript assortment of misfits that he had chosen owing to their accessibility and size—"For," he reasoned, "the smaller the garment the easier I can lick its owner, in case he happens to show up and gets fresh."

The morning workout progressed rapidly under McFarlan's astute direction, in spite of the number of regular Titans and of those who coveted that honorable designation. Parkins found himself among the recruits selected for batting practice, and when his turn came to face Riley, who was serving them up, every player on the field was either openly or covertly watching him. The newest of the would-be-Titans' triumph the preceding evening had raised him to a place of interest rarely attained by a recruit.

"Now we'll see whether our modest young friend is a real ballplayer or just the village cut-up," Harrison called to Donavan, with whom he had been warming up.

Parkins stood at ease, confidently swinging his bat.

"Well, well, old sprinkling cart," he jeered, referring to Riley's favorite offering—the spitball—"let's see what you have on tap this morning; but go easy with the lubrication. These clothes don't belong to me and I forgot to bring a raincoat."

Riley had been one of the most liberal contributors to Parkins' financial aggrandizement the night before; moreover, he had a very short temper.

"If you connect with this it'll be because you put your face in front of it!" he sneered.

"How very rude!" mocked the youth at bat. "Well, let me tell you something, old man: I am going to hit it; and when I do I wouldn't advise you to put your face or any other part of your carcass in front of it. If you do you'll have to be plugged up with a cushion!"

Benson, the substitute catcher, signaled for a high "fast" ball, the downfall of many a "busher." This signal concluded the catcher's participation in the matter; for, true to his word, Parkins did "connect with it," driving the ball on a line far into the outfield.

"Jumping three-baggers!" exclaimed Wilcox, producing a phrase appropriate to the occasion. "I'll eat the batbag if that kid isn't a free swinger!"—by which the second baseman meant that Parkins was one of those dangerous and much-sought batters who hit with a full swing rather than the shorter chopping stroke employed by most ballplayers.

Parkins signed a Titan contract that very evening. In both the morning and afternoon practice his performances had been of the most brilliant character; yet, withal, he had conveyed the impression that he was not overexerting himself. This feature, far more than his style when at bat, his splendid exhibitions of fielding and fleet base-running, appealed to McFarlan.

"That kid has a head and he uses it," the manager had said to Donavan on their way back to the hotel that afternoon. "I know he's the kind that stirs up more trouble than any six ordinary recruits; that he'll talk back to everybody, including umpires—and get fined for it; but a little farming out will soon knock off those edges. He was the only youngster on the field today who didn't nearly break his fool neck trying to impress me; he knew it was his only chance too. That's the kind of sense that'll make a great ballplayer some day; and you can bet I'm going to tie my string on him while I have the chance."

Had the subject of this tribute chanced to overhear it, he would have been highly gratified. Over a year before Parkins had happened upon a newspaper sketch of the Titans' great leader. Among the other characteristics, this article had recalled that common-sense, as typified by a proper conservation of strength and energy, was to McFarlan the chief requisite in a young player; and it had been with no little effort that Parkins had restrained his impulse to show a few "fireworks." The Titans' newest recruit was, in truth, a genius.

The "farming out" predicted by McFarlan never came to pass, however. His position with the Titans assured for the training trip at least, Parkins proceeded in various ways to show just how good a ballplayer he really was, and

"This is Manager McFarlan, Isn't it? I Was Sure of You—Your Pictures are Scattered Round Pretty Promiscuous, You Know"

so far succeeded that within a week it was commonly understood that he would survive the weeding out of those recruits who must return to the minor leagues for further polishing. He himself had never doubted it.

This continued success, as might be supposed, had a far from chastening effect upon Parkins' highly combustible personality. He monopolized the conversation; advised and ruthlessly criticised men who had been well known in baseballdom when he was still an inmate of short pants and the grammar school; took no one seriously but himself—and generally succeeded in being as intolerable as only braggart youth can.

However, though not even admitting it among themselves, the Titans harbored a secret admiration for their latest addition, whose every other breath was a boast, and who rarely failed to make good his pretensions. Keenly aware of his really exceptional talents, they would have been glad to be able to welcome him fraternally; but their attempts to effect his social regeneration were repulsed.

He absolutely refused to "fall for" any of the elaborate guiles with which recruits are ordinarily humbled. Moreover, he outran them; he beat them at cards, at pool and billiards, and at shooting craps. Even in the physical encounters, with which the first few weeks of his professional career were well filled, he held his own—and the Titans were as sturdy a company of scrappers as could be collected outside the prize-ring. In short, Parkins proved himself to be as dauntless of spirit as he was reckless of tongue, and at all times on familiar terms with trouble.

"The grass will always grow fresh and green where that kid is. He's sure the limit!" Donavan exclaimed one day after a particularly heated argument with Parkins, who had casually insinuated that the catcher went after fouls "like a cop on a fixed post."

"And the way he pulls off his line of bull! It's a crime!" declared Wilcox, stifling a note of appreciation that crept into his tone. "In Dallas, this afternoon—you know—the first time he came up he only hit a little pop-fly to Lyons. Well, when he came to bat again, in the third, Lyons started to kid him about it. It made Arthur P. hot and I heard him say: 'All right, Mr. Busher; I'm going to hit another one right where you can pluck it, but you'd better duck mighty quick or you'll be buried without that bone-box you've got nerve enough to call a head!' And you know how he slammed the first ball; and I'll bet it didn't pass more than a foot west of that bush pitcher's jaw!"

"A foot!" snorted Harrison. "Parkins told me: 'It breezed so close to that Dallas guy's chops he won't have to shave again till he's an old man!'"

The Titans laughed.

"Never mind!" said Riley. "Some day he'll forget and pile into Mac by mistake; and then—Bing! Up among the choir for Arthur. When Mac gets through with that guy he'll be so meek a lamb will seem like a drunken cowboy alongside of him."

"Not Parkins," Wilcox asserted. "Give him ten minutes and he'd be up getting an apology. Nobody wants to see it more than I do; but age and death are the only things that'll ever cure that kid."

"Well, you wait round and keep your lamps trimmed," insisted Riley. "You'll find out I'm right." And the Titans waited hopefully.

They were still waiting, though with less hope, when the club concluded its sojourn in the South and commenced to work northwards, playing numerous exhibition games on the way. This was the final tuning up before the opening of the championship season.

The future occupant of Conley's place had been definitely decided on long before that eventful moment arrived however. Parkins, the irrepressible, had never ceased to flourish; but even Riley, his harshest critic, admitted Parkins' superiority over the Titans' other substitute infielders. Indeed, though a calamity in a social sense, as a shortstop and all-round ballplayer he seemed to become better with every game.

In these exhibitions of his skill on the diamond, as in all his other performances, Parkins adhered strictly to his original doctrine—not only did he do them right, but in a way strictly his own.

He utilized every opportunity to create a sensation; and often, in moments of great need, he would create the opportunity. The easiest roller and the hottest Texas leaguer were fielded with the same dashing, skillful indifference; but it was his style of coaching that stood forth as the bright and particular beacon of his genius. Though at all other times a tireless conversational artist, when located in the coacher's box he scorned such a commonplace tool and resorted to howls and groans. The effect was remarkable. The vocal woe of the lost soul, the mortally stricken, and the strayed hound puppy were all included among his nerve-racking reproductions, which, in spite of all individual and collective efforts, could neither be discouraged nor suppressed.

When questioned by his teammates Parkins smiled patronizingly.

"Gee! That's only a little tuning up," he scoffed. "Wait till we get home and the season starts—a zoo at feeding-time will sound like a deaf-and-dumb asylum compared to me!"

Such a talented and unusual performer naturally did not reach the home city of the Titans unannounced. From the first morning, when he had initiated the Sunday special writer into the art of juggling, Parkins had diligently courted the attention of the newspaper men traveling with the club.

His industry in this particular was unnecessary, however, for the sporting writers were rarely blessed with such copy as Arthur Pemberton Parkins, and their references to him left very little to be desired in point of sarcasm and journalistic humor. Nevertheless, though ridiculing his numerous faults with comical exaggeration, they were scrupulously just concerning his ballplaying ability and never failed to acknowledge that McFarlan had garnered another star for his constellation.

Thus the great body of the fans, eagerly sopping up every drop of news from their favorite Titans, had read of Parkins' exploits and had laughed over them; and they commenced to cherish their author before they ever saw that individual. When they did see him this liking fairly exploded into that supreme degree of adoration that only the true baseball fan—the greatest hero-worshiper of them all—can bestow.

The new shortstop had captured the popular regard in a prompt and characteristic manner. In the first inning of the opening game, with two out, Wilcox had revived hope by driving a two-bagger to left. Amid a hush of expectancy Parkins strolled to the plate, deftly whirling his bat after a fashion calculated to focus every straying eye upon himself. He had already treated the spectators to a dazzling display of fielding during the infield practice before the game. They were prepared for the best and they got it.

Casually his eye swept the packed stands; carefully he tapped a bit of turf from his spikes with his bat and then hit a swift drop for three bases. Now to most recruits this would have seemed fitting and sufficient as a major-league début—not so Parkins. Any one can hit a triple and bring in a run -particularly when the game has scarcely started; his initial effort must be garnished with some individual feature. So he stole home!

"Well, he's an awful dose; but he sure is there with the goods!" Larry Donavan asserted in the dressing room after the game. "He has everything that people like to pay their money to see. He's the world's champion grandstander—and he gets away with it!"

"Yes, he got away with a homer, a triple and a single, not to speak of five putouts, seven assists, three stolen bases, with twenty-nine howls and groans thrown in," chanted Lane, the third baseman. "The kid will be famous by tomorrow morning; and then—well, I guess we'll be the happy little goats, unless Dan's beautiful dream comes true."

"That's all right," defended Riley; "it's coming!"

"What's coming?" queried Parkins as he joined the group.

"A funeral!" snapped the slab-artist sententiously.

The Titans' shortstop pretended to construe another meaning from his teammate's remark.

"Oh, cheer up, Dan, old scout! You're not so awful old, even though you are getting bald and the sticksmiths have begun to flag your lame-duck ball," he encouraged with mock solicitude, applying a neat verbal kick to Riley's most tender considerations—his age, his hair and his "spitter." It was Parkins' ruthless trampling within those sacred precincts that had done so much toward cementing the hostility of the pitcher.

True to Lane's predictions, Parkins did become famous in a night. From that opening day forth, his reputation never ceased to thrive; and his conceit, proving as elastic as his genius, easily kept pace with it. As was customary at the advent of a new star, the seven other clubs sought at once for some vital spot in his armor—some means, however small, by which his brilliant talents and quenchless spirit might be tempered. The Titans themselves had fondly embraced a similar illusion during the first few days of their acquaintance with him; but all eventually came to agree with Wilcox -"If such an opening did exist Parkins certainly didn't bring it with him."

In time, even Riley's familiar prophecy began to wane, for the harmony between McFarlan and his new shortstop remained unshaken. The manager had realized early in the season that Parkins' individuality in itself was a great drawing card and therefore was well left alone. At home and on the road, hundreds of people came just to see McFarlan's latest sensation perform; and that young enthusiast never failed to reward their interest with some specialty. He had continued to earn his salary even while laid up for a week in July with a split finger. In that memorable period he had quickly contrived a new assortment of coaching abominations—and it has been said that more Titans received free transportation to first in that one week than in any other fortnight from April to October!

On his part, Parkins felt a certain admiration for McFarlan, the one man connected with the club who seemed able to appreciate him. Thus peace had reigned so far as manager and shortstop were concerned; the team of the former had prospered and the latter's regeneration continued to be as remote as ever.

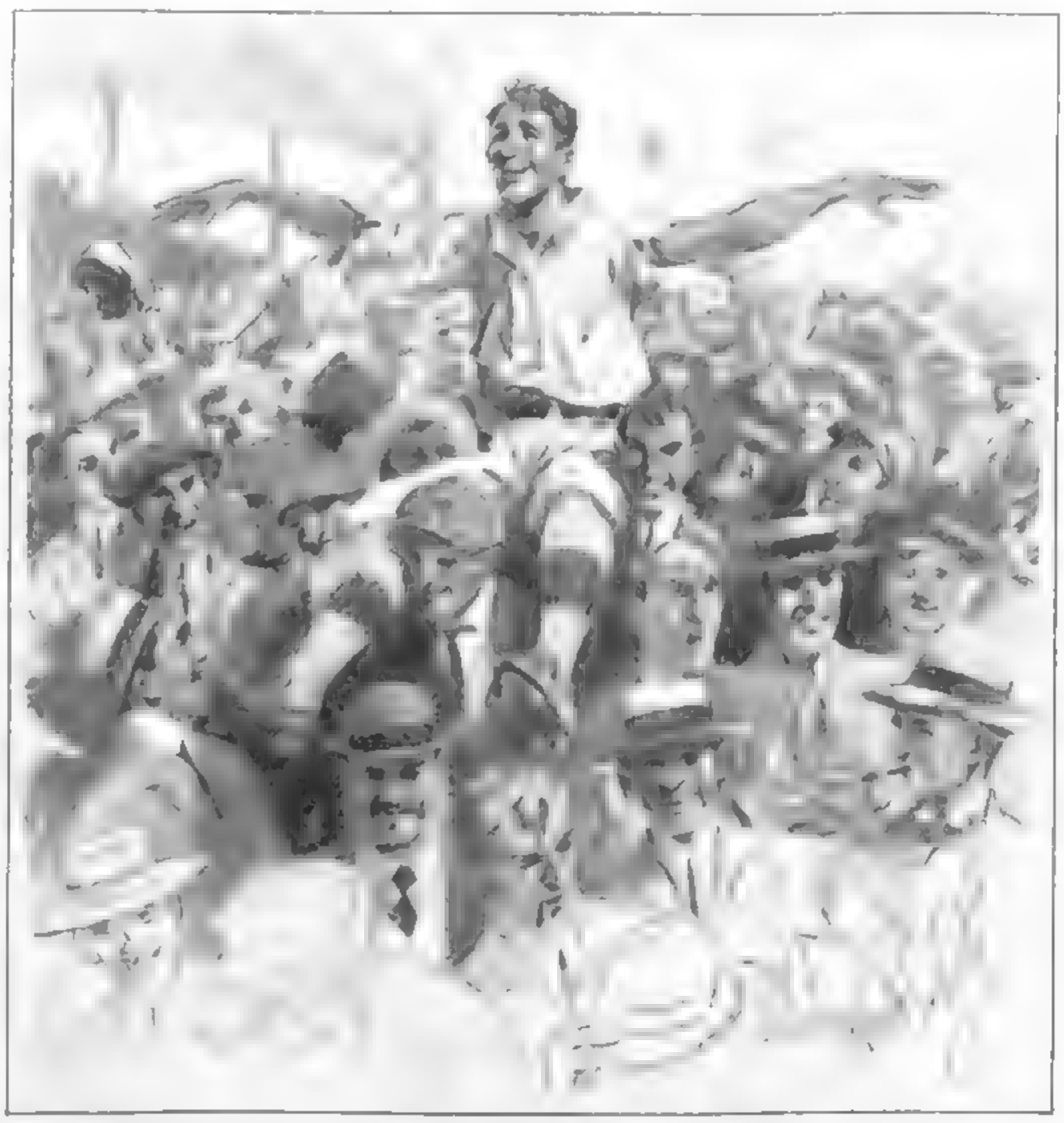
. . . . . .

It was a great pennant race that year. Up to the first of August any one of five clubs had a chance to capture the flag; then the field commenced to narrow down until only the Busters, the boast and pride of half the West, and McFarlan's club remained to fight it out through the last five weeks of the season.

The struggle had been a grueling one for the Titans. One misfortune after another had come upon them; and it was due in no small way to the achievements and untiring efforts of Parkins that they had been able to stay at the top. The very characteristics that made him intolerable off the diamond—his unrestrainable spirit; his utter disregard for others; his assurance and sarcastic wit—were valued assets in such a contest.

The Titans' youthful shortstop proved to be a natural leader. His teammates recognized it and, as might be expected, he did also. He shouted and encouraged; contested

(Continued on Page 48)



They Hoarsely Promised Him Innumerable Automobiles, Houses and Other Gifts

MAKING A BUSINESS WOMAN

By Anne Shannon Monroe

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

IV

THE Monday following my discovery of Binks' working after hours at the office, he was more agitated, more busy than ever. He went up and down the aisle like a wounded game-bird fluttering in the last struggle. He would interrupt the girls in their work and ask Miss Krog the same questions repeatedly, but he didn't stop at my desk.

I worked assiduously with the correspondence. The merry round of engagements, weddings, births, new jobs and postponements went right on, and we congratulated, condoned and sympathized with unfailing ardor—that is, the forms did. I had become very rapid at dictating, and Miss Meeks took my dictation with an accuracy and a dispatch that delighted my soul. I really loved the work, and as I had been promised a substantial raise -whatever that might mean in Mr. Binks' understanding—I ought to have been easy in my mind. But I wasn't. An unrest pervaded the office atmosphere; something portentous was in the air. Every one was more or less affected by a peculiar current running riot among us, and we seemed on the eve of something but what was it? At last I reached the conclusion that it was a dissolution of the partnership. The two men quarreled so incessantly that by no possibility could the present situation continue much longer. Bittner would naturally be the one to draw out, as Binks virtually possessed the business, body and soul. I felt badly enough over it. I found myself wondering whether, if Bittner should pull out, he would start a rival business, and if he did so whether he could be persuaded to take me on. Binks' work was interesting, but Bittner's was thrilling. He was always starting something new; to work with him would mean to live in a state of adventure.

I looked over the whole office and wished there were one person with whom I might talk confidentially. There was no one—not Miss Krog, who went about her tasks in a petrified silence that was far from inviting; and besides, I had tried her before. There was the bristly bookkeeper, darting icy glances between the bars to catch any girl wasting her time or a scrap of paper. There was her little assistant, working away like a partly disorganized windmill—I could never regard her as a person. The girl at the head of the card-filing department was wholly absorbed in her coming marriage, when she would "quit workin'"; so she was impossible.

I looked at dingy Miss Meeks. She certainly knew her business, but that was all; she didn't know any one else's; and it would be no use to try to gossip with her. Each in turn was discarded as fast as heralded, and I had given up all hope of having a gossipy talk when Bittner sauntered in, wearing an expression almost gay in its bland and easy-going good humor. He looked about the office, then his eyes came back and met mine. In response to his light-heartedness I smiled, and immediately was sorry. Somehow that smile gave me a feeling that I knew all about it, was on the inside, and yet this wasn't true. I can't explain my sense of understanding that which I certainly did not understand. He followed the smile and came over to my desk.

"Workin' hard?" he asked lazily.

"It's the office habit," I retorted, again smiling with a slow, sure sense of understanding.

"I don't think you all work as hard as you pretend to," he answered banteringly.

"We are all trying to deceive you," I said, looking at him very straight.

The Last Day of the Old Firm

HIS gay mood was instantly checked and his eyes narrowed into a quick, sharp question. He was very close; Binks was at the other end of the office, yelling an order at William. This was my chance; should I choose the least of the evils? Something—perhaps a sense of loyalty to Binks—made me hold my tongue. I only said quite in a matter-of-fact tone: "I was interested in your book, Mr. Bittner. When it becomes possible I hope you will let me go on with it."

He smiled in an enigmatic way that somehow reassured me and went on down the aisle, evidently to find a stick to whittle, for he came back with only that. Soon he left the office, as was his habit.

Binks, beside himself with many tasks, continued to fly and splutter up and down the aisles, giving orders, countermanding them, changing the filing system, running back to his desk to dictate furiously. At noon he was up and off for a quick lunch, and back again before the girls had finished their sandwiches and doughnuts. Once more he settled down at his desk and went to work on the letters that had come in during his absence, opening them, recording checks and money orders, not forgetting to cut the envelopes carefully and stack the neat piles of backs for future use, again dictating, giving orders and looking at work over the girls' shoulders. Once when he brought me a pile of letters to answer I noticed that he looked hot and feverish.

The Three Strange Men, Hat in Hand, Were Leaving by the Outside Door

Bittner returned soon after luncheon. As the afternoon wore on the tension became higher. Girls thrust sheets of paper into their machines and pulled them out with a rapidity never before reached; Miss Krog was tense, silent and pale; the bookkeeper bristled; her little assistant's arms flew up and down like a windmill in a cyclone, now wholly disorganized; I dictated at a furious pace, and the pencil of my stenographer moved over the page like lightning.

Bittner alone was calm. All afternoon he sat smiling, musing, whittling. Once, glancing out of the window, he remarked that he believed it was going to rain. I wondered how he could be so insensible, and still my subconsciousness knew.

William had just turned on the lights when I looked out the window and saw by a neighboring clock that it was four. Bittner and Binks were at their places on opposite sides of the big desk, Binks opening mail. As my eyes returned from the great clock I saw Bittner take his knife from his pocket and, turning sideways to face the operating room, kick the waste basket into position before him. Then he began to gouge at the old ruler he had picked up that morning, letting the bits of wood fall into the basket. William swiftly passed my desk, grasped the green folding doors that shut off the alcove and drew them together. In the instant's interval I saw Binks spring to his feet with a startled, wild face; and I saw Bittner lift his head and turn toward Binks eyes that looked like bright points of steel in firelight. His knife was at rest in his hand and the ruler dropped into the basket. William took up his place near the drawn doors and at once lost himself in a funny page from an old paper that lay handy.

Presently there was a rap. William drew the green doors apart, received an order, then closed them and went to the bookkeeper's cage and spoke to Miss Sharp. Deadly pale, she joined the men in the office. In like manner summons came for Miss Meeks, then for Miss Krog, then for the "windmill." As the door closed upon them I caught a glimpse of three strange faces—sleek-appearing professional men.

In awful calm we all worked on. Not a machine stopped, not a whisper was heard, but every pair of ears was strained toward those drawn green doors and every one knew that something was happening. From time to time I heard voices, now excited and protesting, now cold and deliberate. No words were heard, only voices; they gave an impression of awful finality, of doom.

For an hour we typed, wrote, dictated, facing those ominous green doors; then they softly slid apart. The three strange men, hat in hand, were leaving by the outside door. Miss Meeks and the "windmill" had already gone. Miss Sharp sat at a table, her face bowed on her hands. Binks, white, his lips drawn and purple, his eyes strained and expressionless, was the first to move. He paused a moment by his desk, then turned and, almost staggering, took up his hat and coat and without a word left the office. Bittner stood, calm, patient, silent, waiting. Miss Krog, as though all at once awakened from a daze, returned to her desk in the operating room; but she sat very still, her eyes fixed on her clasped hands. Still Bittner waited. Miss Sharp at last got up, very red of face and wet of eyes, flaunted over to her cage, jerked open her desk drawers one after another, took out some odds and ends of personal belongings, pulled her wraps off the hook and followed Binks. Then Bittner turned, threw off his coat, removed his cuffs and sat down in his place at the desk.

"William!" he called sharply to the office boy, "clean out that side of the desk."

"Mr. Binks' side?" William asked; he had never been allowed to touch Mr. Binks' papers.

"There ain't any Binks any more," Bittner remarked, and began to pare his nails.

It was many months before these outlines were fully filled in for me; but this was not necessary—I had understood enough. It developed that Bittner had become suspicious of Binks some time before my arrival on the scene, and had gradually worked into his employ several private detectives. One was the little "windmill" assistant to the bookkeeper; another was the gray stenographer, Miss Meeks; still another, as scrubwoman, got the job of cleaning Binks' apartment. In this way Bittner verified his suspicions, and secured damning evidence of a conspiracy between his partner and the bookkeeper to oust him from the business. These two, with Miss Hill's assistance and later that of Miss Meeks, made copies of all papers, lists of names, form letters, and so forth.

The plan seemed to be to duplicate everything, rent another office, fit it up, carry off as many employees as possible, dismiss the others, and thus place Bittner, who knew little of the running of the office, in a powerless position where he could do nothing better than accept whatever price was offered him for his stock. He was to be forced to sell out, leaving the business in Binks' hands.

Mr. Bittner Takes the Odd Trick

BITTNER had silently watched every move of the game, employed counsel, and on the very day that Binks set for his final move had imprisoned him and the bookkeeper back of the green doors, with the lawyers, detectives, testimony and evidence. The charge was one of conspiracy; and sprung on him wholly unexpectedly, without time to think or plan a defense, Binks had had no alternative but to sign the papers that made the business over to Bittner, and accept the price offered. It was his own game, but his partner played it first.

It was interesting to look back and see the little things that should have warned a man less busy and more thoughtful than Binks. The "windmill" had come at Bittner's bidding; he had insisted that the bookkeeper had too much to do, had forcibly thrust the "windmill" on them, and they had made her a confidante. Miss Hill had been working in cahoots with Binks—as his implement, that is—which accounted for Bittner's behavior toward her, which reached its climax when he threw the book at her head. I had been correct in thinking that he had not for a moment really lost his temper; he had had to get rid of her in a way so insulting that she would refuse to come back. Then he had worked in Miss Meeks, the dingy typist who was also a detective. It was Bittner who had

countermanded the order for an advertisement in the Sunday paper, so that no applicant would be there to lessen the chance of Miss Meeks' being taken on.

It seems that Miss Krog had not been approached by Binks further than to be sounded; her integrity had made it necessary for Binks to figure without her, valuable as she was to him. As for the typists, there were always plenty of new ones to be had.

The Monday following the scene behind the green doors the rank and file were back at work as usual. Miss Krog was there, handsome and calm, and after a swift glance in her mirror she went out to interview the new girls, who were already filling the office in response to Sunday's advertisement. A new bookkeeper was to be hired, also stenographers to fill the places of the "windmill" and Miss Meeks. I sat down at my desk and began to work on some left-over forms that needed revising. At nine o'clock Bittner sauntered in, took off his coat, removed his cuffs, and with the utmost coolness and deliberation sat down at his desk before the huge pile of mail and began opening letters. I was happy to see that the envelopes went into his waste basket. He made notations of money orders, checks and stamps, then brought the correspondence to my desk.

"Break in one of the new girls to do the form letters," he said. "You just do the dictation."

"How shall I sign the letters?" I asked.

"In the case of old correspondents, just as you always have; with the new ones, use my name. Find another girl to do that signin'; pick one that writes strong like a man."

I had selected two girls by noon and had them installed at desks near me, so that I could superintend their work. At one o'clock I felt that my department was well organized. I rang for my new stenographer and began dictating the letters that should go out first. I always read the letters and looked up back correspondence and doubtful points before sending for the stenographer, thus saving her time.

By four o'clock everything was running as though on greased rails. Everybody was working, the new bookkeeper had settled into her cage as though she had been born there, and you would never have guessed that there had been an eruption within the past twenty-four hours. Bittner came sauntering in, as usual, from his club, and smiling in a quizzical way looked about the office. Then he took off his coat, laid aside his cuffs, and crouching down in his chair pulled out his knife and began to whittle his ruler. As he sat there, small, dark, young, insignificant, you would have mistaken him for some under-clerk who had strayed into the president's office and taken the liberty to sit down. It seemed impossible that that man owned and controlled all of us—sixty individuals, all working at high steam-pressure for him and at his bidding. It seemed absurd. I began to fear for him; he couldn't hold that machinery together alone indefinitely; the business would go to pieces as sure as could be. It might flounder along for a while, but it was doomed for the rocks. Binks had put every atom of himself into it; Bittner was putting in nothing. He was depending altogether on the present well-organized state, on the habit of efficiency in his employees, to keep things moving.

Mr. Bittner Has a Great Idea

AS I WATCHED him I thought that in no particular did he suggest the modern successful business man. At this moment in my cogitations Bittner looked up, and his small gimlet eyes bored into mine. He rose and sidled slowly over to my desk, then sat down beside me and resumed his whittling.

"Where's the book?" he asked nonchalantly.

"One hundred pages are finished; the rest is just as it was."

"With two assistants you should be able to get through the correspondence in half a day and have the other half for the book."

"I certainly should."

"Do it."

He rose, still whittling, and sidled back to his chair.

The next morning I got out the manuscript and went to work on it with fresh vim. Day after day I spent my mornings on the book, giving the reconstructed pages to a typist to copy; from the typist they went to Bittner. The work progressed rapidly.

As I was finishing the last chapters I thought of some changes that would improve the beginning, make the whole book more in harmony. I asked Mr. Bittner for the rest of the manuscript.

"It's at the printer's," he answered.

"What!" I exclaimed; "without being revised or anything?"

"Time's money," he answered laconically. "Won't do no good to fix up a feast for a starvin' man; give him plain food quick, before it's too late. If the changes are important you can make 'em in proof; it's all up. I'm expectin' galley proofs; rush the rest as fast as you can."

I was astounded. This was not my idea of getting out a book. I had always respected books, thought of them as

I Called as a Purchaser and Listened Closely as the Salesman Explained Each Feature

things to be produced carefully, with many revises and corrections. Two days later, just after the last chapters had left the office for the printer's, Bittner again sidled over to my desk, pulled up a chair and resumed his unending whittling. I had a big correspondence to get out and wished he wouldn't interrupt me; his way was so different from that of Binks, and I'd got accustomed to the rush habit. But he had an idea to get out and he gave it first place.

"We need some smaller books," he said; "somethin' to set on a man's desk so's he can reach out handy for it." He made a motion as though reaching for a book. "Those that go on library shelves are all right, but too far away for a business man; and we need a lot more comebacks."

"Something specially bound in small volumes, you mean?"

"Specially writ; quick and short, so's a man whose time's money can afford it."

"What subjects?"

He appeared surprised, as though I had asked a stupid thing.

"Business, of course."

I waited for more light. He screwed his face up and dug hard into the ruler; I think he was putting an ear on his totem.

"Use your imagination and open your eyes," he said when the ear began to take form. "What do I need most of all to be a modern successful business man right up to date?"

I was startled to hear my thought of a few moments earlier thus expressed; I answered half jokingly: "Spelling."

"All right, spellin' goes," he answered quite seriously. What next?"

"The right words for your ideas."

"Good again. Now there's one book—a book that will give the business man a set of words to use and tell him how to use 'em. Put it short and easy and don't put any foreign words in it, words that don't go in business. I got a good story of a man who lost a hundred thousand dollars by using the wrong word; it'll go in an ad. Get that book up right away—small, not over four by six, and on paper and in bindin' that'll cost not over seven or eight cents to produce and four cents to mail. We'll sell it for seventy-five cents." He rose as though the matter were entirely closed.

"But, Mr. Bittner," I said, "I haven't an idea how to start such a book."

"How do you s'pose the rest started 'em?" he asked impatiently.

"They must have known something about it."

"There was a time when they didn't. Everything that's known was learned; nobody was ever born yet with a wad o' know-how in his head. You've got all theirs to go on."

"But, Mr. Bittner, please tell me just how to begin."

He sighed, gave me the impression that he was sorry for my intellect, but sat down again.

"If I was doin' it," he said, beginning slowly to whittle, "I'd get all the little dictionaries and check off the words meant to be used. Then I'd chop up the pages and paste every one of these words with its definition on a separate sheet of paper; and I'd twist the definition about and make it easy so a business man gets it. Below that I'd put a business sentence using the word right; and below that I'd maybe add several words often used wrong in this connection. D'you get me?"

"I do," I answered; "and I'll start the book tomorrow."

"When you get it goin'," he added, "just break in one of these girls to push it along. We'll want at least six of these little deskbooks. What do I need after words?" he added, squinting up his eyes as he gouged at the second ear on his totem.

I thought hard. It seemed to me he needed everything under the sun but sense; he had plenty of that.

"System," I volunteered. "I should think that a better method of filing letters and cards could be found than the one used here. The girls are everlastingly losing track of valuable letters and spending whole forenoons looking for them."

"System goes. What next?"

"You spoke of the proofs coming in; I was wishing I could read proof. Wouldn't a little book on proofreading be useful in every office?"

"Proofreading for number three. What next?"

"I think your letters are simply dandy—your theory of personal letter-writing in business, I mean."

"O. K. Letter-writing for number four; we're gettin' on. Now two more."

I was a little afraid of irritating him, remembering how it touched Binks in the raw to speak of personal shortcomings; but I risked the next suggestion, because I had been wondering all along what sort of an impression he would make on strangers who came to call—business men from out-of-town. Binks had had a fluency of manner as well as of speech that carried him over all sorts of bad situations. Bittner had no manner; he was as blunt as a school boy.

"Isn't business manner a vital thing?" I asked. "You know there are all sorts of etiquette books telling people how to behave in society, in diplomatic circles, explaining what is expected of them, how to return and sustain civilities and so on. Why not a book on business etiquette?"

"That time you did have an idea!" he exclaimed, his eyes lighting up. "Got any more?"

Six Books Written Against Time

I WAS elated with the half-compliment; and I did have still another idea. I was afraid of trampling on his toes, but I risked it.

"Sound business integrity, with actual citations of proof that it pays to be strictly honest, and an explanation of just what business honesty is."

"Fine! I'll write that one myself. There now, you see we've hatched out six little books that every man needs—hatched 'em in the twinklin' of an eye. Get busy on 'em; we must have 'em on the market for early fall selling. I'll get advertisin' space to begin in September, and we must be ready to fill orders by the last week in August. I'll have a neat desk rack made to hold the six and add a dollar for that. The dummies can be got up and photographs made from them, and ——"

"But, Mr. Bittner, six books in four months? I don't know a thing about any of them!"

"What's that public library for?" he asked, jerking his thumb in its supposed direction. "If it ain't got all the world knows in it some one's fell down. What are brains for?" he added; "yours hadn't oughta be rusty yet."

"But the time?"

"Business falls off in the summer. You won't have much else to do and you can break these others in." He returned to his desk.

I said to myself that I could never do it in the world, but I knew I should, just the same.

I worked like a racehorse on the Word Book, and soon had it in shape to turn over to the two girls to continue, while I took up proofreading. I found that very little was written on this subject and became interested in going into it thoroughly; but I was hurried from that to System which eventually I gave up in despair. Mr. Bittner and Miss Krog evolved it between them, after which I put on the finishing touches. As soon as a book was in any kind of shape it was hurried to the printer, so that all summer there was a constant hurrying of copy, proofreading—I had learned a lot about this while writing the book—and new work. I lived in a continual rush, not mechanical now, as in the days of Binks, but mental. It was one of Bittner's theories that one could learn to think quickly as as well as work quickly; that it was all a matter of mental gymnastics.

"You go to the backwoods," he said in one of his talks by my desk, "and take a drive with one of them old farmers who's lived all his life at the crossroads; he'll let his horse jog along and he'll gaze at anything he wants to see steady for a week before he can see it. He can't take in a thing at a glance; has to set over it and set over it and set over it, and then maybe he's got it and maybe he hasn't. But when he was born a little tyke he had just as much brains in his head as you or I—or Morgan or Rockefeller; but he's always had so much time that his brains never had any trainin' at quick-actin'. That's all that makes the

difference in men—just quick-actin' brains. Everybody gets a thing sometime—a lot gets it as history, a lot of others as news and then there's a few that sees it comin' in the distance."

One day I was in despair over Business Etiquette. I was ignorant of every business but our own and had not sufficient material to make a book. The public library had not helped me at all.

"What's eatin' you?" asked Bittner, sidling over to my desk, where I sat staring vacantly down at a blank page.

I told him my trouble.

"Huh! that's easy fixed! Come here."

I followed him back to his desk.

He took up a pencil and a sheet of paper—we had real paper nowadays. "There's a lot of outside business to be attended to today. You go to McBlank's and ask for Mr. Blake, the manager, and tell him you're from Bittner-Binks. Say to him that you want to get figures on our handling their new book on Practical Bookkeeping; ask him why the deuce they didn't tell us it was coming out, and see what he'll do. Get his closest price on thousand lots. Then you go to Gartwell's, the bookbindery, and see if they can't give us a better linen for binding than this that Merrywall is offering; and get rates. Then you go to Govell's and see if they will handle our new Handy Desk Books in the city stores; offer them half. After those three calls you'll have another idea or two about business etiquette."

"But, Mr. Bittner, I never did such a thing ——"

"Oh, go on!" he exclaimed in a tone of disgust. "I'd like to know where we'd get off at if no one ever did nothin' he hadn't ever done before."

Blushing for shame at my stupid reluctance I went out to make the calls.

The following day Bittner sat down at my desk and as usual began to whittle.

"You can just about blue-pencil every man down to one good paragraph," he said when he could afford to pause in the intricate work of the totem.

How to Study Men in the Raw

"WHAT is my good paragraph?" I asked. Bittner had a way of making you feel that all tasks were slight and easy of accomplishment, something a child should be able to do. I was still nettled over my sufferings of the previous day and his cool unconcern regarding them. I wondered just what was his real opinion of me. His attitude toward business was that of some demigod who knew everything and was constantly compelled to restrain his impatience with these clumsy mortals who made such a to-do over simple tasks. A State Street demigod, to be sure, with a very grimy exterior.

He eyed me with a narrow squint. "You're in the raw yet—somethin' or other in the makin'. Your good paragraph just now is that it's all heave in and no heave out. You ain't got a lot o' junk in your head to get rid of; you don't know a thing, and that saves time. Nine-tenths of the people that go about lookin' for jobs know too much."

"Yes?" I said curiously.

"They think they've got it learned, and they offer their services; and their services are worth about as much as any machine's."

I waited.

"That's why they get machine-work pay. They're just machines of low horse-power—addin' machines, copyin' machines, filin' machines—all machines."

"What should they offer if not their services?" I asked.

"Theirselves; theirselves just as they'd give theirselves to a game of football or to a glass of ice-cold lemonade in July."

"But how can you expect a man to feel that way toward a business that isn't his own?"

"If he'd feel that way he could make it his own."

I smiled as I thought of the way he had made this business his own. He certainly was something of the buccaneer, rushing in and seizing businesses, ideas, situations with a high hand that inspired his aides and gave zest to the adventure of sailing under his command. I suddenly realized that I had never lost a day from the business, had never asked for so much as a half-holiday, had never failed to be at my desk by eight and had often lingered willingly after the usual closing hour of five-thirty. At the same moment I realized for the first time that it was not from a sense of duty or in the hope of promotion, but simply because I'd rather be right there than any place on earth. I was afraid of missing some interesting feature of the day's sailing. He had smiled, too, perhaps reading my thoughts; and almost instantly the narrow squint came back into his eyes and he was the business man once more.

"You need editin' the worst way," he said, "but you're gettin' on. How'd you make out with the calls?"

"I found Mr. Blake, at McBlank's, very pleasant; what a gentleman he is anyway! He was most apologetic about not having informed us of the new book on Bookkeeping, and he says we may have it at exactly half. He certainly has good manners! He remained standing till I was seated and rose when I did, and took me to the elevator and rang the bell for me; and"—I added this a little wickedly—"he keeps on his coat and his nails are immaculate."

"Huh! That's his business; that's why he's there—a sort of pink-tea man. Deals with women a good deal at that station, and with men that get their know-how out of books—sissies."

"Just the same it's nice to be a good business man and a thorough gentleman too," I declared, defending Mr. Blake.

"Put that in your book," he said with a narrower squint, as he desperately strove to gouge a hand into the side of his totem. "What next?"

"At Gartwell's I met a woman who was rather gruff and inelegant—quite indifferent."

"That's 'cause you're a woman too. Make a chapter on the wisdom, in business, of women bein' ladylike to other women. I'll give you a list of places where you'll have to deal with women. Go, see 'em, get a bit cattish yourself, make 'em act up, then fill twenty pages with it. Next?"

"I was surprised at Govell's. I met Mr. Curt, one of the managers, and he was almost yawny; he seemed awfully bored to have to listen to me talk about our books. He didn't so much as offer me a seat; let me talk standing by his desk; and, when I had finished, grumbled out about there being nothing in it for them, then took up a letter he was reading when I entered and started to finish it."

"How were his nails?"

"Oh, his nails were all right," I answered, smiling again, "but what a horrid-mannered man he is! I don't see how he holds his job."

"You missed it not to hang round till some one came in who wanted to buy instead of sell; then you'd have seen his manners jump up like jack-in-the-box to the standard of his nails. That man Curt ain't big, but he's middlin' good; he ain't big because he ain't got any imagination, and can't see a some-day buyer in a present-day seller. All he knows is to turn on the molasses tap when he sees a party about to leave a few dollars with 'im, and to turn on the ice-cream freezer when a party is tryin' to take the dollars away from 'im. He's got manners all right, but he ain't got sense enough to keep 'em in use. He's too savin' with 'em; puts 'em away in cold storage till the right occasion. There's a heap o' men doin' business on State Street that'll get just so far and no further for that very reason—no imagination, no agility, made o' adamant. A business man today's gotta be all springs, able mentally to jump this way and that, see through your eyes, mine and the other fellow's, get the thing at a dozen angles all at once. Adamant ain't good to make any kind of men out of except those that commemorate has-beens; their place is on pedestals where they won't be run over.

"Another thing," he said, squinting hard over his job, "you gotta mix. You can't stay shut up in an office and know men; and you can't know 'em readin' in libraries. Remember what I tell you—every man's got his good paragraph. Stick to 'im till you get it, then let 'im go."

"That's all very well for a man—for you," I returned. "You have your club, you meet men at billiards, at luncheon; you meet the most successful men too—the big men. But how can I—any woman—do that?"

"That's where you're dead wrong. The successful man has already done it; you want to get 'em in action, get 'em on the job; watch 'em making success—that's the time to see how the trick's turned. The man that knows Grant is the man that was at his elbow while he was generalin'; it ain't the man that interviewed him when the fracas was over."

"But where can one find successful men in the making?"

He looked at me as though I had asked an idiotic thing. Then he leaned forward and began to hack at my desk and squint up his eyes till there were just two tiny specks of light.

Take William, for Example

"WATCH William; the next generation will study his methods out o' books, and you've got him raw—go at 'im. William's always on the job, let me tell you, and he's got enough packed away in that head of his to insure the man. He knew all about the Binks' fracas, mind you, knew the whole thing, just watched like a cat at a mouse hole and never said a word to nobody. The very mornin' of the blow-up he came to me and asked if he could buy stock in the company. He's got three hundred dollars saved up, that boy, and he said he wanted to invest it with us, if we'd let him. I tried him out; said I'd sell him a share for one hundred dollars; offered to close the deal at once; but he wasn't quite ready. He was ready, however, ten minutes after Binks walked out of the office, and he came to me and said so. Now that's financierin'—watch William!"

I turned my head and looked toward the cut cases where the boy was stolidly packing away half-tones. His face was smudged, his hands dirty; and he appeared to be merely a commonplace little boy, hard at work and eager to get through and out to freedom.

"That's the trouble, recognizing them," I said. "How is one going to know a coming man from any other?"

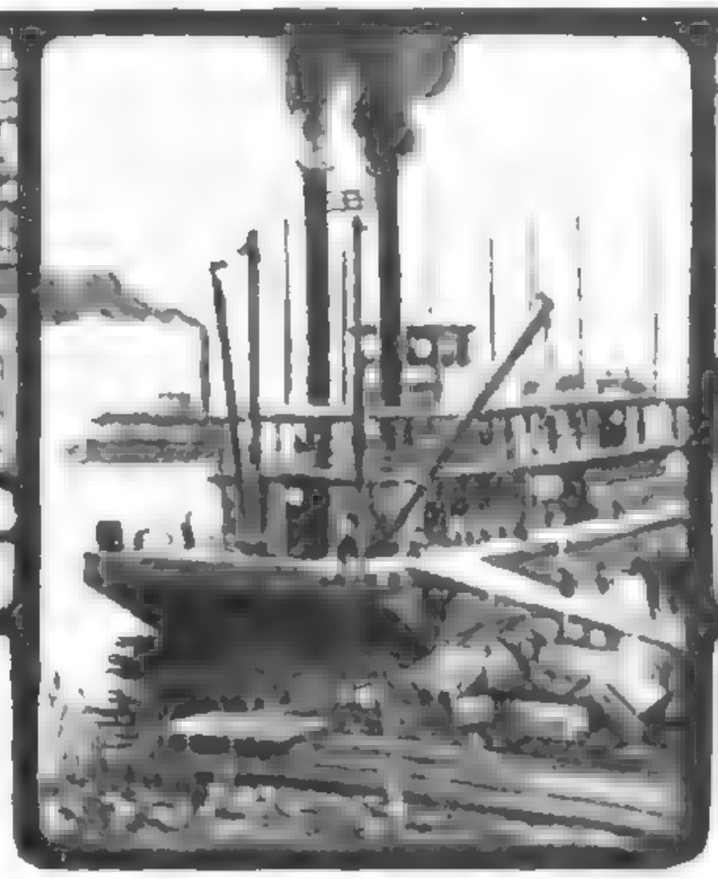
"You can't lose studyin' 'em," he answered. "There ain't a man livin' that won't give up more for studyin' 'im than a library full o' books. Just supposin', for instance, that the human race was washed off the earth, all but one person; and a new tribe moved in, from Mars or somewheres, and this new tribe was eager to know all about the race that had been destroyed. Where'd they go? To the libraries left standin', to the books that told it all, or to the one man that remained? I guess that man'd know popularity for once in his life, no matter how little a bug he'd been."

"Now take yourself—any woman. You sit alongside men going home every night; you see 'em on the streets, in church; you meet 'em at your boardin' house. These are all men in the makin'; none of 'em have got anywhere much or you wouldn't be meetin' 'em so easy. If you watch 'em, if you see what they're readin', listen to their talk, probe 'em when you can, you'll find it pretty easy to get to every man's center; catch him off guard, find out what he's workin' toward, what he wants in life, what hits

(Continued on Page 45)

"Tomorrow's Your Third Anniversary," He Said, Looking Up From His Desk

New Orleans' Fight for Panama



By A. C. LAUT

DECORATION BY WILLIAM HARNDEN FOSTER

IT IS one of the tricks of the perverse imp called Fate that, though Galveston will not participate in Panama traffic except in Texas products to be shipped to South America and the Orient, the example set by Galveston is really the inspiration of the aggressive policies now being launched by New Orleans, St. Louis, Kansas City and other river ports of the inland empire of the Middle West.

A few years ago Galveston harbor was practically wiped off the map by tidal wave and storm. Besides, Galveston had always had the handicap of two bad sandbars across the entrance to her harbor. On one of these the water averaged only twelve feet; on the other, only nine. It meant double handling for every ton of freight that came to Galveston. Oceangoers had to anchor outside the bars, and freight had to be lightered—first to shallow bottom, then from the harbor craft to the docks. It looked as if the harbor bars had Galveston more completely bottled up than the railroads had Pensacola. Well, a hurricane hit Galveston; and from that day dates her prosperity as one of the very first of the Gulf ports. With the help of the Federal Government, Galveston went to work. Something over eleven million dollars she has spent deepening her shallow harbor to thirty-one and thirty-three feet—almost the same heroic policy that has reversed conditions up at Montreal. Terminals and piers were provided. What happened? Nothing would have happened—nothing could have happened—without ships, more ships than Northern railroad control provided.

In 1908 the Texas Steamship Company began operating between New York and Galveston. Their rate was twenty-five cents a hundredweight as against the rail rate overland of eighty-five cents—quite a difference; a reduction of over seventy per cent. You can hear the railroads howl blue ruin—can't you? Well, blue ruin didn't come at all. Instead, there came such an increase of traffic to Galveston that the railroads have more than they can do to handle purely local traffic. At once the Mallory and Morgan lines reduced rates—through rates to inland points—from $1.72 to $1.20, as against the old rail rate from St. Louis of $1.47. The Mallory and Morgan lines did more. They increased sailings to six a week. Immediately there was an increase in traffic to Galveston of one hundred and fifty thousand tons a year, which the railroads profited from by hauling inland. That increase of steamship traffic meant an increase of two trainloads a day to Galveston. If you average that traffic increase from drygoods, on which sixty dollars-plus a ton is charged in freight, to coal, on which from three dollars to four and a half is charged by rail to inland points, that increase resulting from steamship commerce meant over a million dollars extra traffic receipts to the railroads.

The Problem of the River Cities

AT ONCE New Orleans, St. Louis and Kansas City sat up. Wouldn't this mean diversion of inland rail traffic to shorefront away from them? Wouldn't it mean that New York, which could ship by boat, would capture the Southwestern trade that had formerly belonged to the Middle-West cities? That is exactly what had happened before the inland cities had wakened to a realization of the fact. In a night, as it were, Galveston leaped to the front as a Gulf port.

Then the river cities began to take stock of things. Here are the things they conned over. They are not my figures. They are the figures of the New Orleans and St. Louis traffic experts.

The rate from New York to St. Paul was but forty cents higher than the rate from New York to Chicago. Why? The rate from New York to Kansas City was eighty cents higher than from New York to Chicago. Now the distance from New York to St. Paul is 1322 miles; to Kansas City, 1335. Why was the rate in one case just double the rate in the other when the distances were almost the same? Was it because Chicago and St. Paul enjoyed the reductions of competing water rates—and Kansas City did not?

There is water traffic between St. Louis and St. Paul—and the rail rate is sixty-three cents. There is very little water traffic between St. Louis and New Orleans, and it has to be handled twice on two different river lines—and the rail rate is ninety cents.

The Mississippi River is the gateway to twenty-eight thousand miles of navigable water. It costs seven and a half mills a ton a mile to move freight by rail, one mill by boat—and on the Great Lakes the water charges have been reduced to nine-tenths of a mill. New Orleans, St. Louis and Kansas City began to rub their heads as commerce to the Southwest went more and more by water from New York by way of Galveston. New Orleans, St. Louis and Kansas City are all manufacturing cities; and the Southwest still buys practically all its manufactures. It looked as if manufactures might go to the shorefront of the Atlantic—did it not? St. Louis is a great manufacturer of shoes and leather goods; but here was the Southwest buying its shoes and leather goods from Boston and New York!

Coal from Pittsburgh can be shipped by river 1940 miles to New Orleans for seventy-five cents a ton; by rail the rate is four dollars and a half. To Memphis the water rate—1200 miles—is forty-five cents; the rail rate, two dollars-plus.

The Middle West wakened to the fact that water rates were as vital to them as to the seafront of the Atlantic or Pacific; and Illinois, Kansas, Oklahoma—the country even as far north as Minnesota—began to talk a great deal about the Lakes-to-the-Gulf route.

A lot of other causes accelerated interest in water transportation. So long as the West grew only slowly, the railroads could take care of the traffic; but when the West began going ahead in kangaroo leaps and marathon bounds—that was another matter. Last year there was so much more traffic than there were cars that thousands—tens of thousands—of bushels of roofless, unhoused grain lay and rotted in the rain because the railroads had not cars to carry it away. You would be interested in transportation if you happened to own some of that grain—wouldn't you?—especially if you had raised it by the sweat of your brow from Western lands on which you owed a mortgage? The situation was almost as bad—though not quite—regarding cotton and fruit. The cotton crop was too huge for the railway terminals to cover as it came in for shipment. Miles of bales stood exposed to the weather awaiting their turn at shipside at one Southern port.

Men began to think and think hard—Northwest, Middle West, Southwest. Suppose, instead of shipping that wheat, that fruit, that cotton across a continent, you shipped it down only a few miles to ocean steamers, to river barges, to strings of covered-over towboats—wouldn't the rate be cheaper and the shipping quicker and the cargo safer? When one river harbor—Memphis—ships as much as 984,000 bales of cotton of five hundred pounds each, worth a pound from ten cents up; and another river harbor—Cairo—sees forty-six barges in tow, with 41,000 tons of coal in one cargo, swinging down from Middle-West mines to the Southwest—that is, the coal cargo of six trainloads going by water in one boatload—you can understand that the Middle West's sudden interest in marine matters was based on facts and figures, and not on "hot air" or fancy. So the Canadian wheatlines at Prince Rupert and Vancouver, and the United States lines coming into Portland, began figuring on shipping grain via Panama. The citrus growers of Southern California began figuring on fruit via Panama; and the cotton and corn growers of the Mississippi Valley, the coal miners of the Middle West, and the packers and manufacturers of St. Louis, Kansas City and Omaha, began subscribing cash for river boats and barges from two hundred dollars to ten thousand a person.

The Front Door of the Middle West

FOR the only time in its history, the Middle West proved its vital interest in marine matters. For the first time the Middle West openly talked about what has heretofore been mentioned only in whispers and slurs—that, though England has 12,000 oversea merchant vessels, and Germany 2000, and Japan 1000, the United States has only nine vessels engaged in international oversea trade! That does not mean that United States capitalists have not a fleet of fruit vessels to Central America and a dozen Asiatic liners from Pacific ports. These liners that do not fly the American flag, however, are not amenable to American navigation laws and cannot come into American coastal trade; cannot—for instance—ply up and down the Mississippi and relieve congested traffic, even if their draught were not too deep for the river's channel.

In ten years river and ocean tonnage doubled at New Orleans; and then, the opening of Panama coming on—moving South America fifty to eighty days nearer the United States business man—New Orleans, as the gateway of the Middle West, wakened to the opportunity of her life as a great Gulf port. It is curious how inert the Atlantic ports are to this opportunity at their very door, when the Gulf ports and the Pacific ports and the Middle West are alive to it and plunging at the chance like a gambler at Monte Carlo!

In ten years New Orleans' trade with Honduras has increased 88 per cent; with Mexico, 200 per cent; with Cuba, 500 per cent; with Argentina, 500 per cent; with Brazil, 58 per cent; with Chile, 389 per cent; with Peru, 594 per cent. What does all that imply? Everybody knows what the boom in Northwestern Canada has meant to our Northwestern states. It has not depleted them. It has given them back hundreds of dollars for every dollar invested in Canadian lands and timber limits ten years ago. Now Canada has a population of only seven million.

How about South America? Peru has four and a half million people and covers an area equal to the distance from Maine to Georgia. Chile has three million people and would measure from California to Alaska. Colombia has four million people and is the size of the Louisiana Purchase. Mexico has sixteen million people and, if transposed on the map, would cover the German Empire, France and Great Britain. Cuba, with her two million-plus of people, would just nicely cover the area of Pennsylvania. Argentina, with a population the same as Canada, is the size of half the United States. Bolivia equals the area of all the Rocky Mountain states together.

Brazil, having a population three times Canada's, has the area and resources of all the United States, with Germany thrown in. Here in South America are republics, with three times the area of the United States and with seventy million people, just beginning to realize their size as the United States began to feel her strength and growth twenty years ago; and we are getting a bare third of that continent's enormous commerce. Germany and England and Japan—yes, even Canada, so far as investments in Brazil and Mexico are concerned—are in the field reaping the profits of South American trade to which the United States is yet indifferent. I was in the Kootenai when the first boom to Northwest Canada began. There followed the Klondike boom; then the Cobalt rush; then the shooting skyward of land values in city lots and wheat areas. As for each of the mining camps, Americans were in and on and out, with millions of profits to the good, before Canada had wakened to the fact that there was a boom on at all. I could cite here the names of Iowa and Wisconsin and Minnesota men who have cleared many millions in wheatlands. From the watershed of the Columbia River clear across the continent to Lake Superior, practically every big timber limit is today owned by American capital. I know of one timber limit bought for six thousand dollars by an American, resold for ninety-five thousand dollars, and again resold at over two million dollars. I could give similar cases of coal lands in British Columbia. Such chances are past in Canada. Henceforth, investment there must be made on an interest basis; but in South and Central America there exist the same opportunities in trade, in timber limits, in gold and silver mines, in lands. How many people know they can buy mahogany timber limits in one Central American republic at from two to five dollars an acre?

So, about the time Panama Canal became a certainty, New Orleans and the other Mississippi Valley cities—especially the manufacturing cities—woke in a dazed sort of way. China had just bought a million dollars' worth of steel rails; Japan, five million; Australia, seven million; Chile, half a million. If Panama were to move South America fifty days nearer Gulf ports, and was already reducing freight by the difference between fourteen thousand and six thousand miles—but the Middle West never finished that hypothetical "if." Led by New Orleans and spurred by Galveston, the Mississippi Valley set to work.

There was an ordinance up before the city council in New Orleans giving all the privileges of a terminal beltline rail system to private monopoly. That ordinance was quietly quashed; and in 1904 New Orleans inaugurated her civic beltline system for all terminals, which resulted in the city's possessing about twenty-nine miles of trackage, thirty-nine miles of crescent river frontage, three to five miles of docks and steel sheds at a cost of —but the change was made so gradually no one could give the total. However, between jetties that have cost fifteen million dollars and the beltline system, New Orleans has spent twenty-five million dollars preparing for the traffic she believes will be hers when Panama opens.

Then Louisiana in 1910, by a unanimous vote, exempted from taxation for a period of fifteen years all capital invested in steamship lines making a home port in the state. Then the Board of Trade and the younger Progressive League entered on a campaign of the most intelligent, well-directed sort to get Central American and South American trade. The Board of Trade acquired an expert who knows Central and South America, having resided there. A card index was made of all merchants in Central America and as many in South America as possible—what they dealt in; how and where they did their banking; what their trade requirements were; whether or not their credit stood high; the wharf charges at different ports; and whether through bills-of-lading could be given. Next a circular of inquiry was issued in Spanish to every merchant in Central America, asking what he wanted, the prices paid, when he laid in supplies, where, and so on. The merchant houses of New Orleans put their hands in their pockets and put up the money for a gala merchandise catalogue—what there was for sale; quality and price and freight rates to the buyer. Of the booklets, five thousand were sent out; and the demand was so great for them that five thousand more were issued. What was the result? Orders of seven hundred dollars from Ecuador, twenty-five hundred dollars from Guatemala, and so on.

Over at the Progressive League they had acquired an able Spanish journalist and were issuing a first-class monthly magazine in Spanish, purely to inform Central and South America of things in the United States; for the press south of the Gulf is almost destitute of any news of the United States but murders, divorces and embezzlements; in fact, South America is as sure that the United States is lawless as this country is sure that South America is lawless. We judge them by their revolutions. They judge us by the public washup of dirty national linen. To finance this magazine the citizens of New Orleans also dipped deep into their pocketbooks; but business responded with heavy advertising, and from the first issue the venture has been able to pay a dividend, largely owing to the able management of the editor and of the secretary of the Progressive League.

The next scheme is to interest Central and South America in United States manufactures. The Progressive League could not afford an army of trade missionaries to a country of seventy million people, and of three times the area of the United States. So the plan is to make up a sample cargo of products and float it from port to port, into every harbor of South America—things stamped "Made in the United States," "Grown in the United States"; as Germany's imports are already guaranteed by the stamp "Made in Germany." *(Concluded on Page 40)*

THE JINGO

By George Randolph Chester

ILLUSTRATED BY F. VAUX WILSON

XXIII

THE curtain had just fallen on the witches' scene in Macbeth, and the tragic poet, Calamaz, was bowing his exultant gratitude to the frantic applause of the fashionable audience, when Jimmy slipped up from his arduous labors behind scenes and bowed his way into the royal box.

"Well, how about it?" he asked, leaning over the back of the Princess Bezzanna's chair, after he had accepted the enthusiastic congratulations of the king and Aunt Gee-gee and Teddy and Toopy Polecon.

"It's one continuous round of pleasure!" she assured him, leaning her head back to look up at him with dancing eyes. "I never could have dreamed anything like those wonderful lighting effects. They're more real than Nature, I think, and ever so much more beautiful and awe-inspiring."

"You get it," he told her, pleased intensely with her appreciation. "To my mind the drama didn't begin until the invention of bunchlights and borders, and built-up backgrounds and gauze drops. I've seen some revivals of the pure drama where they did without costumes and props and relied entirely on the beauty of the lines and the nobility of thought and the sympathetic imagination of the audience; but I always went out with the rest of the men to play billiards after the first act and got so interested in the game I forgot to come back. I never begrudged my five dollars to the encouragement of real art. How do you like the lines in this?"

"They're too lovely for anything," she earnestly returned, anxious to reassure him. "I think Calamaz' gift of poetic language is wonderful! How did you come to open with a play like this?"

"Well, there were several reasons," he replied, sitting down just behind her, glad that the others had left the box for a promenade at the insistence of Toopy and Aunt Gee-gee, who wore their first trains. "To begin with, I believe in encouraging the classic drama, and the only way to do it properly is at the beginning of the season, when people are so theater-hungry they'll stand for anything; but the main reason was Calamaz. I let him secure a controlling interest in the Theater Company, and explained to him farce, comedy, burlesque, musical comedy, comic opera, grand opera, melodrama, drama and tragedy; but the minute I told him about Shakspere he began to let his hair grow, and nothing but Macbeth would do him for a starter. So I told him all I knew about it and turned him loose—and here you are! I couldn't remember where this witches' scene came in; but I think it does as well here, at the end of the third act, as anywhere. It's good any place you put it."

"It's very charming," she admitted, "and highly artistic; and, really, it's an intellectual treat. I wonder if you made a mistake in letting Calamaz have the controlling interest—not that I don't think him a very wonderful author, you know; but that being so occupied with business cares might interfere with his creative work and—er—possibly interfere with his judgment as to what is best to present."

"I Was Cute Little Jimmy and Concealed the Grand Joke of Evening Dress for the Fellow Who Serves Your Soup"

"I don't think it's a mistake," Jimmy replied. "This is all right for a spring try-out; but when we have the real opening in the fall I've made Calamaz promise me to put on a musical comedy—and after that it'll be all off. We'll only have a one week's revival of the classic drama every season as a sort of social function. If Calamaz tries to run it longer than a week his treasurer will come to him with a pale, drawn face and show him a balance-sheet. We'll have a quick comeback to the vulgar amusement for which sordid people, who eat three square meals a day and hustle for a luxurious living between times, will pay two dollars a throw—in real cash—to see. The only way I know to cure a highbrow is to give him a taste of money."

"Calamaz ought to be cured then," she laughed. "I think everybody in Isola is here." And she looked about the pretty auditorium with a keen delight in all the sparkle and bustle and hum of excitement.

It was, indeed, as Dymp Haplee so aptly described it in the next morning's Isolian, "a scene of splendor and of beauty, where the chivalry and fashion of fair Isola intermingled in a brilliant revel of gayety in the intervals between the genius-inspired acts of W. Haplee Calamaz' masterly adaptation of Shakspere's great masterpiece, as revealed by Jimmy Smith."

To further quote from Dymp:

"The magnificent auditorium, richly decorated in the beautiful and striking electric-light style of architecture introduced into Isola by that brilliant and distinguished American, Mr. Jimmy Smith, was packed from pit to dome with an enthusiastic concourse of Isola's fairest daughters and noblest sons. The from-henceforth-famous horseshoe, ablaze with jewels and white shoulders agleam, curved majestically away on each side to the proscenium from the royal box, the latter graced by the dazzlingly beautiful Princess Bezzanna, in an exquisite shell-pink baby Empire gown, ornamented with a myriad of tiny prismatic crystals; by the charming and stately Princess Zheenezha, in a rich, fascinating and effective Princesse creation in black jet; by the graceful and bewitching Toopy Polecon, in a dainty blue chiffon baby Empire embroidered with pink rosebuds; by His Gracious Majesty the King; by the handsome and gallant Prince Tedoyah; and last, but not least, by that marvelous wizard of commerce and invention, that accomplished American gentleman and that peerless leader of men, Mr. Jimmy Smith."

"It's a riot," approved Jimmy, looking them over; "and I love them madly for the way they pick up this recall thing. I have fourteen ham-handed ushers scattered round down there, and as many more in the gallery, carefully trained to lead the applause; but I nearly dropped dead when everybody got up and cheered after the first scene."

"It wasn't their fault," insisted the princess, jealous for her people. "The only training they've had in applause is baseball, and the season's nearly on. How did you stop it?"

"Gave my paddle-fists a cue for approval in the middle of a scene," chuckled Jimmy. "At first the house didn't know what had happened to it; but it tumbled in a minute, and since then it has behaved in a perfectly commendable manner. I nearly had to send in the riot alarm

after the curtain, though, to quiet the leading lady. She's as full of temperament as a hornet and she swore that I deliberately broke up her best scene."

Bezzanna shook her head.

"I'm afraid I don't like her," she regretted to acknowledge. "She seems a sort of common person." Her eyes took on a far-away and speculative look. "The drama can be made such a great public teacher that I should think the presentment of its great moral lessons should be left only to those of the best thought and refinement," she musingly stated.

Jimmy gazed at her in such consternation that he felt his hair begin to rise.

"Great governor, I've done it!" he groaned. "I can see it dawning in you already. You want to elevate the stage!"

"It would be a noble work," she urged. "I feel myself particularly fitted for it."

"You're too pretty to make a stage beauty," objected Jimmy, prayerfully thankful to have found a valid excuse. "For that purpose you need a perfectly plain face as a foundation."

"Am I pretty, Jimmy?" she asked with sudden wistfulness.

That little remark almost strangled him. He looked at her critically with a vague but almost hopeless idea of trying to express how pretty she was. About her perfectly formed head, framed in the simple waves of her soft brown hair, was a band of pink set with the tiny crystal prisms he had made for her; and her tresses at the nape of her exquisitely modeled neck were caught in a simple, shining knot. Her flawless, tapering arms carried perfectly the graceful sweep of her round, ivory-tinted shoulders; and with the gentle swell and fall of her breast the band of iridescent prisms at the top of her bodice glistened and sparkled and glittered into his eyes—and set her away from him behind a dazzling glory. Her eyes—they were rich brown velvet; they were deep wells of tenderness; they were a warning signal lights of a dangerous coast; they were —— Jimmy Smith gave it up!

"You're a corker!" he said.

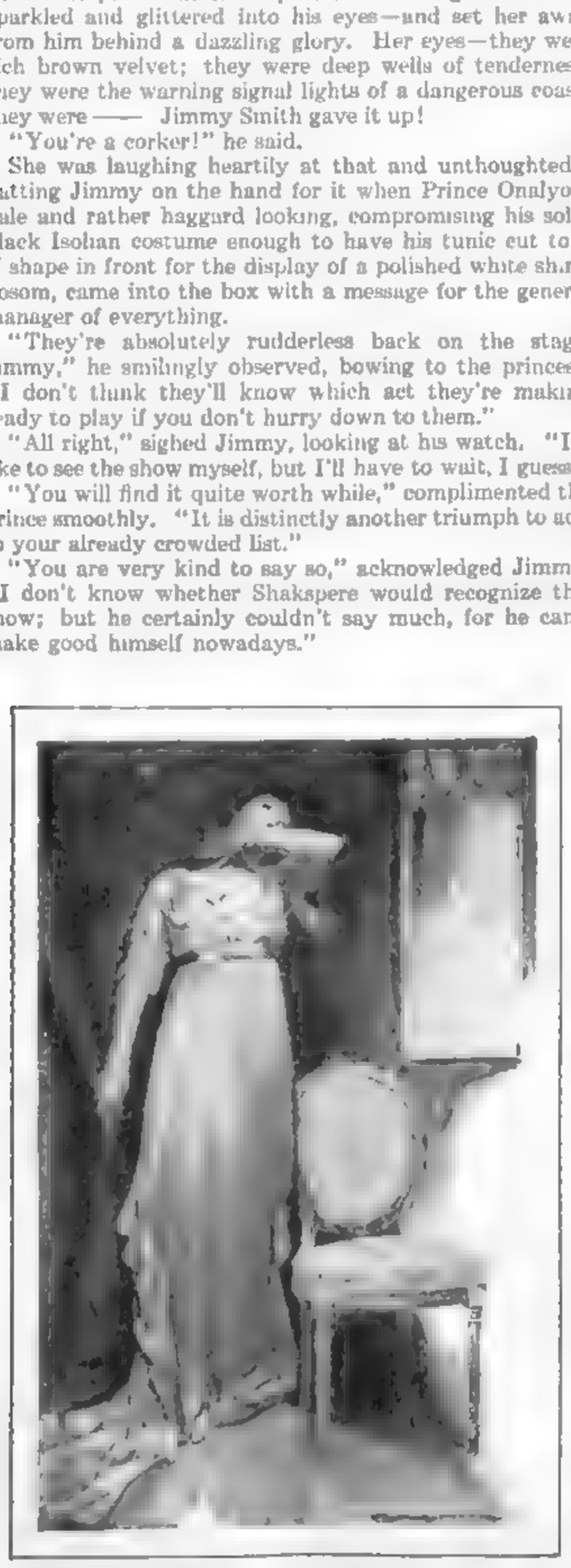
She was laughing heartily at that and unthoughtedly patting Jimmy on the hand for it when Prince Onalyon, pale and rather haggard looking, compromising his solid black Isolian costume enough to have his tunic cut to a V shape in front for the display of a polished white shirt-bosom, came into the box with a message for the general manager of everything.

"They're absolutely rudderless back on the stage, Jimmy," he smilingly observed, bowing to the princess. "I don't think they'll know which act they're making ready to play if you don't hurry down to them."

"All right," sighed Jimmy, looking at his watch. "I'd like to see the show myself, but I'll have to wait, I guess."

"You will find it quite worth while," complimented the prince smoothly. "It is distinctly another triumph to add to your already crowded list."

"You are very kind to say so," acknowledged Jimmy. "I don't know whether Shakspere would recognize this show; but he certainly couldn't say much, for he can't make good himself nowadays."



The Princess Bezzanna Swayed and the World Grew Black

The prince sat in the chair Jimmy had vacated.

"You are the focus of all eyes," he told the princess. "There is no one here who attracts so much attention as you. You are the most wonderfully beautiful human being, I think, who ever came upon earth." His voice was low, and in spite of his quite evident repression it trembled.

Bezzanna, reading in his eyes the passion there and frightened, too, by a certain tenseness in his manner, brought all her self-possession to her aid in answering him [illegible].

"You have not lost your art of pretty speech," she smiled.

"It seems to me I have never found it!" he declared, clenching and unclenching his hands, "else I could have induced you to listen to me with more favor. I could have made you realize the depth, the strength, the passion—yes, the agony of my love for you; and I could have persuaded you to give me some portion of your love in return."

"Please don't, Onalyon!" she begged him, reaching out her hand. "See? I want us to be friends again—just good friends; dear, good comrades as we always were until the day you no longer laughed when you looked into my eyes. Love, Onalyon, is not a thing of persuasion."

"It is a thing of life and death," he told her, quivering as if with a passing chill. He had taken her hand when she had offered it in her plea for the restoration of his friendship; and now he gripped it so tightly, drawing her tensely toward him, that she winced with the pain and slipped it from his grasp. His eyes burned upon her as if a veil had been removed from them by that action and he bent lower to her ear.

"I told you it was life and death—and I meant it," he said. "I shall have you or I shall die—and I do not care if the whole world dies with me! I have come to you as a lover should, with flowers and wooing speech, and a body torn with a torture of love. I have begged you; I have pleaded with you; I have tried to paint, with the most glowing colors at my command, truthful pictures of the things which my limitless love would do for you; but now —— Wait. I must ask you once more. Bezzanna —— Listen to me carefully and think seriously, for this is the last time I shall bend my pride to you. Bezzanna, humbly I implore you to marry me!"

"I cannot," she told him quietly and coldly; for the sympathy she had felt for him was gone now and forever.

"Then I shall take you," he as quietly asserted with an ugly squaring of his jaw; and he strode out.

Her impulse was to spring up angrily and call to him her own clear defiance, but a burst of melody from the orchestra reminded her—if she had needed such reminder—of where she was.

The king and her aunt Gee-gee came into the box, chatting lightly, and she nodded brightly to them—then lost herself in a painful reverie which took its sway and its rhythm and its sweep from the somberness of the music. Somehow the world seemed wrong.

Just before the curtain rose Toopy and Teddy came hastily in, quivering with suppressed excitement.

"Have you seen Onalyon?" Teddy demanded.

"I met him with his hat and cape as we came in," replied the king. "He told me that he was going home. Why?"

"He must be arrested," declared Teddy breathlessly. "I've just been talking with Grisophal. He tells me that all winter Onalyon has been manufacturing guns and ammunition and cannon, and that he is ready to equip his entire army with them. It's to be a real war now!"

The king bowed his head.

"It means the death of ten thousand of my people!" he groaned; then suddenly his head rose proudly and his eyes flashed. "Run quickly!" he commanded. "Give orders that Onalyon is to be taken tonight if possible; if not we must begin gathering our forces tomorrow. I am going after the prince if it takes the life of every able-bodied man in Isola!"

The Princess Bezzanna swayed and the world grew black.

XXIV

JIMMY and Dymp Haplee paused just inside the entrance to the magnificent new Auditorium Restaurant and submitted themselves to the insolence of two masterful checkboys.

"I had a notion to cut out this feature of it," observed Jimmy as they saw their Inverness coats dragged on the floor, and the nap of their silk hats rubbed the wrong way against the clothing of every passer-by, and their smoothly polished canes cracked against the rough vases which held the huge artificial palms; "but I couldn't spare it—it reminds me so much of home. Some grand opening, isn't it?"

"It fairly yawns!" agreed Dymp, dodging an impetuous waiter, who resented more people coming in because his tables were all filled. "If I hadn't made a fool promise to write this myself I could settle down right here and enjoy the evening."

They both sought shelter behind the palms and surveyed the bustling scene with pleasure. Nearly every table on the lower floor was occupied, and those which were not bore on silver standards little white cards, which showed them to be engaged until a good tip came in. There were flowers and snow-white napery and gleaming cut glass everywhere; and at every table were alert-looking men, with handsomely gowned women, most of whom were carefully inspecting all the others. The place was alive with the hum of animated conversation, punctuated now and then by the high-pitched silvery laughter of feminine voices mingled with the lower notes of their escorts.

"Birrquay—He is Dead!"

It was to the balcony, however, that Dymp and Jimmy turned their attention; for there, surrounding and overlooking the entire floor, swelled the low-latticed fronts of private stalls where, in the most favorable position to see and be seen, was supping the same gay throng which had filled the horseshoe at the theater.

At the far end of the spacious and gorgeously decorated dining room was the isolated balcony of the royal party, directly opposite the orchestra, where Jimmy was mildly surprised to observe an unusual number of callers—men who, lounging against the rail, obstructed his view of the Princess Bezzanna.

"I'd think it was a bunch of waiters carving a duck if it wasn't that I was cute little Jimmy and concealed the grand joke of evening dress for the fellow who serves your soup," he laughed. "I got so tired over home of asking a fellow guest to run up and get me my overcoat that I thought it would be a smarter scheme to keep the waiters in the Isolian costume. I think it will encourage the use of sensible American clothing. Besides, evening dress for waiters isn't an American idea anyhow. It was imported from England and the Continent, where the master of the house picks butlers of his own measurement from motives of economy."

They mounted the richly carved stairway to the balcony, and now for the first time Jimmy caught a glimpse of the pink gown of Bezzanna—and at the same moment the orchestra caught sight of Jimmy and struck into Dixie; whereupon the large and fashionable throng, having just learned to clap their hands, broke into a wild storm of applause and, discovering Jimmy at the head of the balcony stairs, gave him an ovation which brought the blood to his cheeks and the moisture to his eyes. Dymp held him back from an ignominious flight and made him bow, and when they reached the king's balcony he was still blushing.

"I'm sorry I'm late," he apologized. "It took me longer than I thought to soothe the troupe after their triumph. Why, what's up?" And he gazed in quick anxiety from one to another of the faces of those of the king's cabinet, who had been sent for, as they came into the hall.

Bezzanna, sitting very, very quietly with her chin in her hand, looked up at him and smiled wanly, and gave the empty chair beside her a touch. He took the back of it with his hand, but rested one knee upon it for the time and remained standing.

"The end of things," returned the king. "I'm glad you came in, Dymp. I would have sent for you if you had not. Polecon, I think you had better stroll out now; and afterward you, too, Grisophal. It will not do to congregate too thickly here tonight or to remain too long. Don't go, Calamaz. Remain here and keep near to the front of the rail so that you may be recognized. So long as you are with us it may seem that you are receiving from your friends the congratulations you so richly deserve. Jimmy, I have sent men in charge of Birrquay to overtake and arrest the prince."

Jimmy waited quietly for more. He glanced involuntarily toward Bezzanna. She gave a tug at his chair and he sat down.

"He has arms and ammunition," continued the king. "He has been making them secretly all winter, in the mountains behind his estate."

"I was afraid of those new men," replied Jimmy; "but that's spilled milk. We're up against it now. I don't like to think of bloodshed, but we're in for it."

"And immediately," decided the king emphatically. "I shall not wait for an invasion this time. If the men I have sent after him do not overtake him I am going to get him myself."

"You are relinquishing a tremendous advantage," protested Jimmy. "If you wait for the prince to come into your territory there can be but one outcome to the battle, for we can blow him and all his followers into eternity."

"If I wait for the prince to come into my territory one minute after I know that he has been engaged in these treasonable preparations I am not fit to be King of Isola!" was the retort of the king.

"Go to it," agreed Jimmy. "The choice of which army to wipe out is up to you, and I'll have to congratulate you on picking the best one. I know your type. You'll ride just ahead of the band."

"Naturally," assented the king.

"Then Teddy and I claim the privilege of riding one on each side of you."

"You may," consented the king, granting him the high favor immediately, "but Teddy may not. He is the seed of Isola's royalty."

"Great Scott, must I be the crown prince again?" protested Teddy. "I am as tired of it as Betsy is of being the crown princess. It steps in the road of all the fun there is."

"I wouldn't exactly call this fun except from a professional standpoint," observed Dymp Haplee. "I guess any man who starts on that expedition can just about figure his number of chances of safety on the toes of a one-legged mule."

Jimmy turned to him with sudden briskness.

"Dymp, you're in a better position than any one in Isola to feel the public pulse," he said. "Onalyon has lost a great deal of his prestige, has he not?"

"He never was popular," returned Dymp. "He secured a large following through the panic and nothing else; but I am quite sure that now the only ones on whom he can absolutely rely are his black heads of the South Mountains, who have been hereditary supporters of his family since the days of Xantobah."

"They're a reckless lot," declared old Polecon. "They're responsible for nearly all the fights I've had at my rolling mills, and they'll make a bad lot to tackle."

"I do not think that he is relying so much on numbers as upon more armament," suggested the king. "We have not increased our number of guns, knowing we should have no need of them; but I understand from Grisophal that Onalyon has two thousand of them, and I fancy that to be about the extent of the forces he anticipates bringing against us. Calamaz, I shall depend on you for an early morning meeting of the Cabinet in the palace, and Jimmy and Teddy and myself will spend most of the night on a plan of invasion."

"I don't like it," declared Jimmy. "I hate it. I have a horror of needless killing that amounts almost to a passion. I would not have you turn back one moment from the immediate crushing of Onalyon, for I know that you would cease to be a king at that moment; but I know that whatever action we do take is going to fill the bed of your river with a color which will stain the water to your outermost reef. I know that, no matter what strategies we devise, thousands of your best and strongest men will flood your soil with their lifeblood, thousands of homes will be fatherless, and thousands of your defenseless women will be forced to take up the manual labor which the men deserted to kill and be killed, and it sickens me!"

The king turned on him a countenance livid with pain.

"It is for them I must do this," he stated. "The longer it is put off now the more disastrous it will be, and there is no help for it—none!"

Grisophal came hurrying into the balcony, his usually stern features set in a savage snarl.

"Did they capture the prince?" demanded the king, rising.

"No. He was armed," reported Grisophal, commanding himself with difficulty before he could reply.

"Anybody hurt?"

"Birrquay—he is dead!"

Birrquay! Dead! The word seemed to have no meaning to Bezzanna. Why, not over an hour ago he had told her how pretty she was! She had known Birrquay ever since she was a baby -known and loved him. She was sorry now that she had ever ridiculed his funny nose. Birrquay! Dead! Why, she was responsible!

XXV

IT WAS true that Birrquay was dead. The king and Jimmy and Teddy had seen him, but Bezzanna was glad she had not. She wanted to remember him, if she could, as being still alive and happy, and still absurdly conscious of his nose, but as just having gone away. And she tried piteously to make it seem like that as they drove home in the big torpedo; but no—he was dead!

It had promised to be such a happy night; and even now the moon, almost at the full, was shining as serenely down on the peaceful meadows, freshly tufted with delicate green, and on the trees, still clothed in the freshness of their first tender leaves, as if there had been no pain or sorrow or misery in all the world and no murder in the hearts of men.

The gay scene at the theater—its life, its light, its animation—and the equally brilliant scene at the restaurant came back to her in a confused and kaleidoscopic tangle of brightness; and she tried to lay hold on these fleeting pictures and make them fill her mind to the exclusion of everything else except the triumph of Jimmy. She liked to think of that, and she cast a look of pride at the broad back of him, up there with the driver.

There was Calamaz too. She feared that she had not taken enough joy in the triumph of Calamaz. Somehow she felt tonight that she wanted to draw all her friends closer to her and not be quite so neglectful of any of them ever, ever again. She had so many friends—good, kind, true, trustworthy friends; friends who had always loved her and would go to any length to serve her or to save her now, if they could, from the misery which she had a wide-eyed fear was drawing near to her. There was jolly Polecon, and sentimental Calamaz, and stern Grisophal, and light-hearted Dymp Haplee, and funny-nosed Birrquay, and ——.

Birrquay! It frightened her to have him work his accusing way gradually round to her no matter where she set her train of thought. It must be that the matter had some more intimate connection with her than she liked to dwell upon. She was not a coward. Let her look it in the face!

In just how far was she responsible? If she had not refused the prince, Birrquay would be still alive; but she had to refuse the prince. She could not marry him. She did not love him; and, moreover, since the moment of brutality he had exhibited to her in the box at the theater she hated him! She abhorred the very thought of him, and the bare touch of his hand upon her own would fill her with as much shrinking horror as if a loathsome snake had crawled upon her. Unconsciously she shuddered and rubbed the back of her hand again and again with her handkerchief.

Why, it was the prince who had killed Birrquay! He was responsible—not she. She was relieved to make that discovery. The prince would have to be punished. That was it. He must be brought to task for having killed her friend. The king and Jimmy would go over there and get him—but they might be hurt too—no, killed! Dymp had said so. She caught her breath sharply at that thought and put her hand upon the king's shoulder to reassure herself. He reached up and caught her hand and squeezed it and patted it and turned round and smiled at her. She wished there was room for Jimmy in the tonneau. He seemed so far away, up there in front—sort of out of the protection of her presence, as it were.

What a big and strong and wise man Jimmy was, and how little of cruelty there was in him, with all his power! Maybe that was why. Jimmy did not want this terrible thing which seemed to hang over Isola like that big, black cloud which was now hiding the moon. Hadn't he said something about the river running with blood? They were turning a bend in the road and she looked down at the stream which was now so important to Isola. Wharf lights had been placed there recently, and the gleams they cast upon the oily water were red—blood-red!

Why could she never escape from that hideous suggestion? Why should she though? she suddenly accused herself. The death of Birrquay she could not have prevented because she did not know; but all these other thousands of deaths would be on her account. Well, now she could not avoid that, either, for it was too late. She had not known the awful consequences which might ensue upon her refusal to marry the prince and, now that it had gone so far, her conscience should be more lenient with her. Even if things are one's fault one should not be held so miserably to account when one has been innocent of evil intention.

Could nothing be done to avert this terrible disaster? Was it too late? Why, no! The answer came so easily and so naturally as to be absurd in its simplicity. She might still marry the prince! She had known that all along, she suddenly discovered, and she smiled grimly at herself; also she smiled grimly at the impossible solution.

"There is to Be No War, Since I Am to Marry the Prince"

They passed a neat little cottage at the roadside. It had a trim little garden with roses growing everywhere in wild profusion, covering the tiny little porch and even running up the little gable of the house to nod saucily at the friendly moonlight from the very rooftree. Yontay lived there—a big, round-headed, always-laughing fellow who was foolishly devoted to Jimmy at the shops. He had a fragile little wife in that cottage and little children too—a boy and a wonderfully beautiful little girl, with round eyes and round cheeks and round little legs and arms and tousled curly hair, who was frantic with the worship of Bezzanna's own beauty and always came running to the roadside with a rose plucked by her own chubby fingers. Yontay would go to the war too—and he might be killed; and if he were, what would become of the fragile little wife and the little boy and the chubby little girl with the tight, curly hair? Of course Bezzanna could take care of this family, but she could not take care of all the families in the kingdom. She really should marry the prince; and at the recurrence of that thought she once more smiled at its impossibility.

Why, it would be as if she were going away to be dead—like Birrquay! No; it would be worse than that, for Birrquay could not suffer any more.

She tried to think of all the things that might be different if she were to accept that impossible solution, but the first change she thought of, aside from her own physical and moral and spiritual tragedy, was so important that she could get no farther. She would be away from Jimmy always—and she could not get along without Jimmy! He was different from her other brothers. She did not love him more—not at all; but somehow it was different. That was as nearly as she could explain it.

(Continued on Page 44)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription $1 50 the Year. Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers.
To Canada—By Subscription $1 50 the Year. Single copies, five cents

Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union. Single Subscriptions, $1 24. Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 8, 1912

Recalling the Commerce Court

FOR some time it has been evident that the Commerce Court was either useless or injurious. If the Supreme Court settles the law in favor of the Interstate Commerce Commission in the important cases wherein the new tribunal overrules the commission, the court will be harmless and superfluous. If its assumption that it has power virtually to supersede the commission whenever it pleases should be upheld, the commission will become merely a body for collecting statistics, investigating and recommending; while, for most practical purposes, control over railroad rates and practices will be vested in a bench which proposes to exercise that control only within comparatively narrow limits. We think the record shows that public interests in respect to transportation are safer in the hands of the Interstate Commerce Commission than in those of the Commerce Court. If they are to remain in the hands of the commission, why the court? And if they are not, why substitute the less efficient body for the more efficient one?

President Taft has a strange notion that divinity doth hedge a court. "Sacred," "Ark of the Covenant," "Sacrilege," are terms he uses in speaking of the judiciary. To most persons a court is merely an organ of profane government. This particular organ has met no public need and has developed decided possibilities of public harm. The House was quite right in voting to abolish it.

Railroad Discrimination

THE rate on a certain shipment of coal is two dollars and twenty cents. One railroad hauls this shipment two hundred and twenty-one miles and gets eighty-one cents; another hauls it a hundred and sixteen miles and gets seventy-seven cents; a third hauls it one mile and gets sixty-two cents. The third is an "industrial" railroad, owned by a corporation that is a big shipper.

A little road owned by certain trust interests gets for a twenty-mile haul forty per cent of the total through rate.

Packing-house products are hauled from Kansas City to Chicago for eighteen and a half cents a hundred pounds and petroleum for twenty-two cents. The rate on dressed poultry is forty-five cents; on furniture, thirty cents.

Copper, worth over eight thousand dollars a carload, is hauled from Omaha to New York at twenty cents a hundred pounds. The rate on wheat, worth a thousand dollars a car, is twenty-eight cents.

These are a few of the examples cited by S. O. Dunn, in the Journal of Political Economy, to show how extensive the unfair discrimination in railroad rates still is. These and many other discriminations are perfectly legal. They result from the constant pressure for low rates which the organized big shippers bring to bear upon the railroads; and if the roads give extremely low rates to organized big shippers they must recoup by holding up the rates on unorganized small shippers. The big shipper's power over the traffic manager is almost irresistible. If he diverts his shipments from a given line, business falls off and the traffic man tends to become unpopular with the directors.

The railroads can never resist this kind of pressure until they are permitted to make, under regulation, traffic agreements among themselves and thereby present a united front to the big shippers. Competition among the railroads means inevitable low rates for the big shipper because he is in the best position to incite competition.

Western Banking Growth

THIS spring, for the first time, Chicago banks were able to report deposits in excess of a thousand million dollars. Ten years ago the total was considerably less than half that. Indeed, a single Chicago institution now controls deposits nearly equal to one-half the total deposits of a decade ago. Tremendous growth in banking power far away geographically—from Wall Street is frequently and flatteringly mentioned; but there has been no actual growth of banking power whatever in the West or anywhere else, except for fair weather. The thousand millions is as helpless against acute attack as the four hundred million-and-odd of ten years ago was. As for Wall Street, the evidence of 1907 seems to prove that, as bank liabilities increase the country over, the dependence of the whole system upon New York grows more immediate and inevitable. A breakdown there now ties up the entire system about as fast as telegrams can travel.

We say this mainly for our own satisfaction—as banking reform seems to be a subject in which nobody, comparatively speaking, is really interested.

Helping Foreign Trade

THE last annual report of the International Harvester Company says: "The company's foreign trade now amounts to forty per cent of its total sales, having risen from ten million dollars in the year of organization to forty-two million dollars in 1911. The possibilities presented in foreign countries for farther extending that trade emphasize the necessity for continued and vigorous action on the part of the Government to foster trade relations with foreign countries, so that American manufacturers may secure their share of the world's trade."

The Government's reply to this suggestion consisted of a suit to drive the harvester company out of business. The Steel Corporation's export trade last year amounted to over seventeen hundred thousand tons against less than eight hundred thousand four years ago. The Standard Oil Company has long displayed great energy and skill in building up foreign business, and for years has been one of our largest exporters. The Government wishes to put these big concerns out of business also. Only a big concern can afford to maintain a worldwide selling organization. In fighting for foreign trade our meager and belated consular reports would be an excessively poor substitute for the trusts. Why not regulate them properly and encourage them to go after foreign trade even harder?

The Turkish War

A PALING of bayonets surrounds the noble ceiba tree near Santiago where Spain surrendered to the United States. It is a common opinion nowadays that the tree should be surrounded by a frieze of horseshoes and four-leaf clovers—emblems of luck. What would have happened to the badly led, ill-fed, disease-infected American army, if it had been opposed by a well-equipped force determined to contest every inch of ground, is a matter for painful conjecture.

Italy has had no such luck. More than eight months ago the war with Turkey began. To seize practically unprotected Tripolitan coast towns was merely a pleasant day's excursion; but conquering the Mohammedan natives on land has proved an entirely different matter. As far as appears from censored and confused reports, Italy's campaign against Turkey, at this writing, has progressed little farther than the shells of her warships could reach; and the naval "demonstrations" beyond Tripoli have amounted only to target practice. Italy's hope now lies in inducing the Powers to induce Turkey to give up; but it seems an even chance that revulsion of feeling at home will overthrow the Giolitti ministry—which undertook the war to strengthen its waning prestige—before the Powers coerce Turkey. The war has been remarkably inexpensive, as wars go, to the Italian treasury; but the nation has not come off so lightly. A once prosperous trade with the eastern end of the Mediterranean has been almost wholly transferred to English and German rivals. For a decidedly stronger nation, naval conquest is easy; but land conquest of a distant country that is determined to fight is an entirely different matter.

Church and School

WHY are teaching and preaching the worst-paid professions in the United States? We say that we believe tremendously in education. As a nation we are peculiarly dedicated to it. It is a commonplace that successful working of free government depends upon it. But the average school-teacher's salary is under five hundred dollars. In ten years the pay of women teachers the country over has advanced only twenty-seven per cent, or less than the cost of living. In twenty-five states the annual expenditure for public education is less than five dollars a head. We say we are a Christian people; but we pay clergymen rather less, on the whole, than teachers—and much less than bartenders. We say things about education and religion; but we act as though we wanted our schools and churches conducted by persons who could not find anything else to do. Five dollars a head a year for education, or less than that for religion, does not correspond well with professions of deep concern for either.

The academic school and the creed-divided church no longer meet the nation's needs. Latin grammar and a multitude of warring churches do not answer the requirements in either field. No one seriously pretends that education consists in knowing Latin, or religion in adhering to one particular dogma. The emphasis is laid upon the unessential thing; and the public's response is lukewarm—if five dollars a head could be described as warm at all.

The Government and Education

THERE is at Washington a Bureau of Education, occupying rather extensive quarters, conducted by a commissioner, chief clerk, nine chiefs of divisions and a numerous clerical force. If any one were asked what the Federal Government did in connection with education he would probably explain that direct participation in education was outside the Federal field.

He would be mistaken, however. More and more the Government at Washington is directly participating in education through the Department of Agriculture and by way of appropriations in aid of agricultural and mechanical schools and experiment stations. This fact is significant because it shows how pervasive and insistent the demand is becoming for industrial and vocational schooling—for training that is of immediate, tangible, practicable value. More and more, with almost no objection, the Federal Government does aid practical education. That shows which way the wind blows.

Competition for Capital

FRENCH three-per-cent bonds recently sold below 92 against 105 fifteen years ago. About the same time, in London, an offering of East Indian government bonds was practically a failure and subscriptions to a Canadian city loan were very disappointing. Early in May the city of New York sold sixty-five million dollars' worth of four-and-a-quarter-per-cent bonds at a bare fraction above par. Eight years ago the city was selling three-and-half-per-cent bonds at a good premium.

Investible capital is demanding and securing better wages—even while it multiplies rapidly the world over. It might fairly be said that the multiplication of capital is the very reason why it commands higher interest. In the eighteenth century the English government borrowed at three per cent. The stock of investible capital was very small; but the opportunities for thoroughly safe investment were even smaller. A borrower like the government, which could offer undoubted security for a long term, had almost a monopoly of the market. Along with the great increase in capital, the means of safe investment have increased vastly. Numberless enterprises created by surplus capital can now compete with the government in offering secure long-term investments. The immediate cause of the last decline in French *rentes* is found in the offering of a large railroad loan at four per cent. Investors sold their government bonds in order to buy the railroad bonds, that paid one per cent higher interest. Increase in capital has been accompanied by livelier competition for capital.

An Act for Clerks

IN ENGLAND the Shops Act became effective in May. It provides that retail shops, with certain exceptions, must close at one P. M. on one weekday in every week. The local authorities, in conference with the shopkeepers, may appoint an official closing day. In the absence of such action every shopkeeper may choose his own day. The excepted shops are those selling liquor, refreshments, motor and cycle supplies, newspapers, periodicals, medicines and perishable food—an odd assortment. Even in the excepted shops every employee must be given a half-holiday once a week, the provision applying even to members of the shopkeeper's family if they are regularly employed in the establishment.

Labor legislation and labor agitation are so much concerned with industrial wage-earners in the big lines of employment that people generally are apt to forget there is any other sort of labor which requires attention. This is largely because industrial wage-earning labor, by organizing and raising a terrific rumpus every now and then, has compelled attention to itself.

In the United States there are about two million shop and office employees such as we commonly call clerks. A great deal of the worst-paid and most-exploited labor in the country is found among them.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

A Sad Story

WITH an if," say the French, "we might put Paris in a bottle." And with an "if" we might take President Taft out of a hole. It is a sad story, but these are woful days; so let sorrow be unrestrained.

Do you remember when Mr. Taft was elected president? Of course you do—surely you haven't forgotten that! Seems so long ago? Pish! It was in November, 1908. However

Mr. Taft was elected president. That all will admit. There may be some dispute as to whether he really has been president, but there can be none that he was elected. After he was elected, and before that murderous March day when he was inaugurated, he spent most of his time in the sunny Southland, playing golf and thinking up Democrats to take into his Cabinet. He had considerable success in both endeavors.

While the President-elect was sojourning and golfing and thinking, along came Robert L. Borden, leader of His Majesty's opposition in the House of Commons at Ottawa, Canada, and George H. Perley, member of Parliament for Argenteuil, Quebec. They had just lost an election in their own country; and they, too, were seeking the solace of golf, but for reasons exactly opposite those responsible for Mr. Taft's devotion to the game: He played because he was glad. They played because they were sorry.

Naturally the leader of His Majesty's opposition in the Canadian House of Commons was presented to the President-elect; and inevitably the conversation turned on golf. It so happened that Senator Jonathan Bourne, of Oregon, was present. Isn't that delicious?—so happened! Remember the time Senator Knox missed four trains, one after another, after telling Jonathan he would be on each of them, thinking to have a few words with Mr. Taft, who had invited him to be secretary of state, with Jonathan not round—and Jonathan rode triumphantly into Augusta on that fifth train with Knox? Well, it so happened Senator Bourne was there.

The Senator golfs. At least, that is the polite term for it. And a foursome was arranged, with the President-elect and the Senator playing against the leader of His Majesty's opposition in the House of Commons and the member from Argenteuil. At this point it is necessary to allow the eagle to scream. The President-elect and the Senator beat their opponents from across the border—beat them to a pulp; just hammered the tar out of them!

The Canadians demanded revenge. They were given an opportunity to secure all the revenge the links contained. They failed. To be sure, they lost only by three holes—but they lost—and the eagle screamed again, with the soft pedal on a trifle, but with a sufficient scream; so the newspaper boys wired the story out that the Canadians had been trimmed twice and probably would be trimmed every time they played. The third contest was arranged, but it was not played. Some distinguished person arrived to see Mr. Taft; that kept him busy and the Canadians left.

The news reached Canada. Here is where the plot thickens. Here is where the "if" rears its consequential head. A hectic supporter of Borden who lived in Canada was moved to emotion by the printed reports of the defeat of his champion, and he rushed to the telegraph office and sent this telegram to Mr. Taft:

"You may beat Borden at golf, but he is going to be the next prime minister of Canada!"

Mr. Taft laughed. Everybody laughed. Good joke! Immaterial though. Isn't it strange how seriously these Canadians take their politics? What does Mr. Taft care whether Borden is prime minister of Canada or not? Nice fellow, of course—and all that; but we have no concern in Canadian politics.

Pickling the President's Pet Pact

HADN'T we though? Let me introduce the "if." Listen! If Mr. Taft had heeded that warning he would have been saved a lot of trouble and a lot of opposition, and a lot of other things that may be more apparent later than they are now. You see, it was this very Robert L. Borden, leader of His Majesty's opposition in the House of Commons of Canada, who defeated Mr. Taft's pet reciprocity pact in Canada, who became prime minister by that triumph, who is likely to remain prime minister for some time, and who will keep on being the leader of the opposition to reciprocity no matter how his position has shifted to the leadership of the majority in his country. If ——

However, Mr. Taft did not heed the warning; and three years later the warning came true—on September 21, 1911, to be exact. That was the day when our Canadian neighbors took the lissom form of reciprocity and deposited it on the dump. The Canadians call Borden's victory the Smash, or the Blinding Crash. The terms have apt application in this country as well as over there. The Liberal government, headed by Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who supported reciprocity, went to pieces. Laurier was succeeded by Borden. The campaign was fought on the reciprocity issue. The task of the Conservative party was to prevent the acceptance of the reciprocity convention, which proposed that each country should remove the tariff duties on most of the natural products of the other. It had been held that a majority of the Canadians were in favor of reciprocity. The Liberal party, headed by Premier Laurier, got in behind reciprocity; and the Conservatives, headed by Borden, took the ground that what Canada formerly thought she needed was no longer necessary, nor even desirable.

When the campaign was in its final stages they were saying things about one another over there, and about Americans, that had some elements of heat in them. Borden campaigned on the platform, "Canada is an autonomous nation within the British Empire and is closely and inseparably united to that empire by ties of kinship, of sentiment and of fealty; by historic association and tradition; by the character of its institutions, and by the freewill of its people." He waved the Union Jack and called on all loyal Canadians to rally round him. They rallied. There is no doubt of that. Borden won triumphantly; and Mr. Taft's project of reciprocity, his one great outstanding policy, was laid quietly away—though from 1879 to 1897 there was an inviting offer of reciprocity with the United States on the statute-books of Canada.

The governments of Canada and Mexico are important to the United States—and Borden is the government of Canada. He was born in Grand Pré, Nova Scotia, in 1854. His ancestors were of that substantial stock which originated in Normandy, crossed to England with the Conqueror, and was represented by Richard and John Borden, who left Kent to settle at Provincetown, Massachusetts, in 1683. These became the Burdens and the Bordens of the United States; and the founder of the Canadian branch, Samuel Borden, left Fall River, Massachusetts, for Nova Scotia in 1755.

Borden studied law and first decided to stand for Parliament in 1896. Sir Charles Tupper was prime minister. Borden was elected, but the Tupper government was defeated; so Borden found himself on the opposition benches and there he remained, quiet, watchful, studious. In 1900 the Conservative party was beaten again, Sir Wilfrid Laurier tightened his grip, and the situation required a change of leadership for the Conservatives. Sir Charles Tupper retired and the quiet, studious young Nova Scotian—Borden—was made leader of the opposition. He was matched against Laurier, who had been in the House for twenty-five years and had been premier for four. The country was prosperous, the Laurier majority was large, and Opposition Leader Borden had hard sledding.

He is an intensely serious man, with tremendous capacity for work, a fine grasp of detail and large executive ability. He led a most intelligent and useful opposition. When the reciprocity issue came along he saw its possibilities early; and he went to the country on it and made a fight that Canadians and Americans will remember a long time. He is a convincing speaker, but not an orator. He talks like a lawyer rather than like a spellbinder; but he never overlooked for a minute the value of the Union Jack on the end of his train, and he did a little spellbinding now and then about the Mother Country, blood is thicker than water—and all that.

As a golfer Mr. Taft can beat him; but when it comes to reciprocity—— Why didn't Mr. Taft pay some attention to that telegram? If ——

As a Golfer Mr. Taft can Beat Him; But——

Joking for a Bargain

BOTH H. C. Bunner and R. K. Munkittrick are dead, but when Bunner was editor of Puck, Munkittrick was one of the star contributors.

Munkittrick was an artist at his business. He knew how to write poems and jokes—knew the mechanics of the business thoroughly—and Bunner bought what he offered.

One day Munkittrick came in, sat down at a desk and wrote nine jokes. He took these in to Bunner, who accepted them at a dollar each, the regular rate, and gave a credit slip to Munkittrick, who took it to the cashier and got his nine dollars. Two hours later Munkittrick came in, wrote three more jokes and took them in to Bunner. "How's this?" asked Bunner. "Why didn't you turn in all twelve jokes when you were in before?"

"Well," Munkittrick replied, "it was this way: My wife found an advertisement in the paper this morning of a bargain in refrigerators. We need a refrigerator and she sent me over to get one. They cost $8.95, and I came in and procured the nine dollars to pay for it. When I got up to the store I found all the refrigerators at $8.95 had been sold and the only one I could get cost $11.55, so I came back to get the other three dollars I need."

The Bandwagon Shift

A CERTAIN senator with a marked tendency to jump on the bandwagon and a reputation for a lack of continuous conviction, started in the ante-convention campaign for La Follette, but turned to Roosevelt.

About a month after his shift a political opponent sent him this telegram:

"You have now been for Roosevelt for thirty days. Better switch to Hughes at once or people will begin to think you are a standpatter."

From Head to Foot

THE late Colonel Sanders, once governor of Montana, took a train for the East one night and found the sleeping cars jammed. By agreement he shared a stateroom with a stranger. They retired early, and the stranger rose first.

When Sanders awoke he discovered the stranger using Sanders' toothbrush. He said nothing, but when he got up Sanders took the toothbrush and covered it with soap.

"I beg your pardon," said the stranger, "but is that your toothbrush?"

"Oh, no," replied Sanders pleasantly as he reached with the soap-covered brush toward one of his feet. "This is my toebrush."

A Quick Recovery

A CLEVELAND lawyer and a Cleveland railroad man went to a theater in that city. The railroad man saw a flashily dressed, red-faced, sporty-looking citizen sitting in one of the boxes.

This man was the no-account cousin of the attorney, but the railroad man didn't know it.

"Who is the tough person sitting in the box?" the railroad man asked pleasantly. "He looks like a drunken burglar."

"That," said the attorney, "is my cousin."

The railroad man gasped a couple of times, but soon got a grip on himself and remarked genially: "Well, I went straight to headquarters for information, didn't I?"

for your skin's sake choose this sort of nether-wear

Maybe you think of "underwear" as something to wear under your clothes. Please think of Keepkool Netherwear as something to wear next your skin—for your skin's sake!

As a live, hearty, healthy, husky person, with raging red blood and perspiring pores—consider the demands of your body.

Since you must choose a "skin-wear" for the sweltering months of summer, choose the fabric that is most skin-like, the garments made especially to cool your skin in "sizzle" weather—

Keepkool NETHERWEAR
TRADE MARK

Mind you—heat comes from within, through the skin. You cannot be cool unless you adopt a skin-wear that will act as a conductor and allow the bodily heat to escape.

Look at the illustration. The eyelets are exits, the ribs are air-channels, the web-thread mesh between the ribs absorbs the moisture,—three good reasons.

Get the genuine Keepkool, the absorbent, ventilating, hygienic netherwear. Look for the lock-stitched eyelets (not just "holes"), and the raised ribs. Of good dealers, or by mail.

Separate Garments—Men's, 50c; Boys', 25c. Amazing ease and fit in Union Suits—Men's, $1.00; Boys', 50c. Write for Style Book and sample of fabric.

Sent on receipt of price. State size, and specify whether athletic shirt, long or short sleeves; drawers, knee or ankle length.

THE FULD & HATCH KNITTING CO.
Albany, New York

The Senator's Secretary

ANDREW CARNEGIE was so tickled with the white marble house for the Pan-American Union they built in Washington with his seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars donated for that purpose, and with having his name neatly chiseled on the corner, that it was no trick at all to induce him to loosen up for fifty or a hundred thousand more for exterior decoration. So John Barrett, the director of the Union, is putting in some nifty marble copings and building a fine, double-decked garage in the rear—leaving a suitable space thereon for Andrew's name, of course.

There always is a note of repression about John. His institution used to be the Bureau of American Republics, and John designed a modest yellow and green flag for it, bearing on the flag the letters B. A. R. This didn't work very well, for thirsty souls, seeing the flag, were in the habit of bulging into this palace devoted to cementing the relations between the United States and the sister republics—and selling them cement also—and loudly demanding mint juleps and such like, having misread the B. A. R. as bar. So the name was changed to Pan-American Union.

Naturally John is proud of his new building, as well he may be, for it is one of the most distinctive as well as one of the handsomest structures at the Capital; but John holds himself in check. He is quiet and unobtrusive about it. And he insists on others being quiet and unobtrusive also. Among other enterprises, John prints each month a magazine called the Bulletin of the Pan-American Union. In this he always refers to himself, not by name—except once on the cover in a neat, plain type, and a few times to distinguish him in the group pictures of diplomats, where he always can be discerned in the exact center—but as the Director. In order that his contributors may not be too conspicuous, he prints a little figure one just at the end of the caption of each article. If, perchance, you desire to know who wrote an article you read in the Bulletin you find this figure one and then search at the bottom of the page and discover another little figure one standing beside the name of the author, printed in very fine type. This, you see, maintains the note of repression and does not celebrate anybody unduly above John.

Recently, in a modest, almost diffident manner, John said in his magazine that it is "impossible to give continually quotations from letters which the Union is receiving from every part of the United States and even from foreign countries, expressing appreciation of the work which it is doing in promoting commerce, friendship and peace among American nations." Reflecting further on this situation, John remarked: "There is danger, moreover, that if we do continually quote these, we will be accused of our giving too much attention to self-praise." The English and the sentiment are both John's. It is obvious that an institution with which John is connected must never be allowed to fall into the error of giving itself, or John, too much self-praise.

Dinner-Table Diplomacy

Never was this more illuminatingly illustrated than in the May number of the Bulletin, where, on page 581, there is a reference to the recent visit of the Director to some of our sister republics. Unlike the others of this Administration who carry press agents with them when away from Washington, which is most of the time, inasmuch as this is a markedly peripatetic Administration, from president down, John took no press agent but wrote the account of his visit himself, and it is a grateful record of attentions received and feelingly acknowledged—appreciated in detail, so to speak.

It seems that John left Washington on March twenty-fourth—most disagreeable weather there then—and went to Charleston, South Carolina, where he was the guest of the city at a commercial meeting. He had expected to return at once to Washington, but no sooner had the authorities of Cuba and Panama heard of John's presence in Charleston than they insisted he must visit them. So he changed his plans and proceeded south, stopping a short time at Palm Beach to be the guest of Henry M. Flagler, as he sets forth.

John reached Cuba and tells of his arrival thus: "Upon the Director-General's arrival in Cuba he was met by a delegation of officials from the State Department and of personal friends among the Cubans, who escorted him to the Hotel Sevilla, where he made his headquarters." He refrains from describing the sensation that undoubtedly was caused by the procession of State Department officials and personal friends down the Prado, and continues: "During his stay the government deputized Señor Enrique Soler y Baro to act as special aid to the Director-General and look after his pleasure. He executed his duties most faithfully."

Then begins the real record of John's stay in Havana. He barely outlines the important matters that claim his attention, nor does he refer again to the ministrations of Señor Enrique Soler y Baro. "The Secretary of State," says John, "Señor Ledo Manuel Sanguily, gave a luncheon on Sunday, March thirty-first, in honor of the Director-General, which was attended by about thirty of the leading men in the public and private life of Cuba." But they did not stop there, these ardent Cubans, for, John points out: "Dinners and luncheons were also given in his honor by Señor Don José F. Godoy, Mexican minister; Hon. Arthur M. Beaupre, United States minister; Edmund G. Vaughan, president Banco Nacional de Cuba; Señor Don Guillermo Patterson; Señor Don Marcelino Diaz de Villegas; and Señor Don Eliseo Giberga."

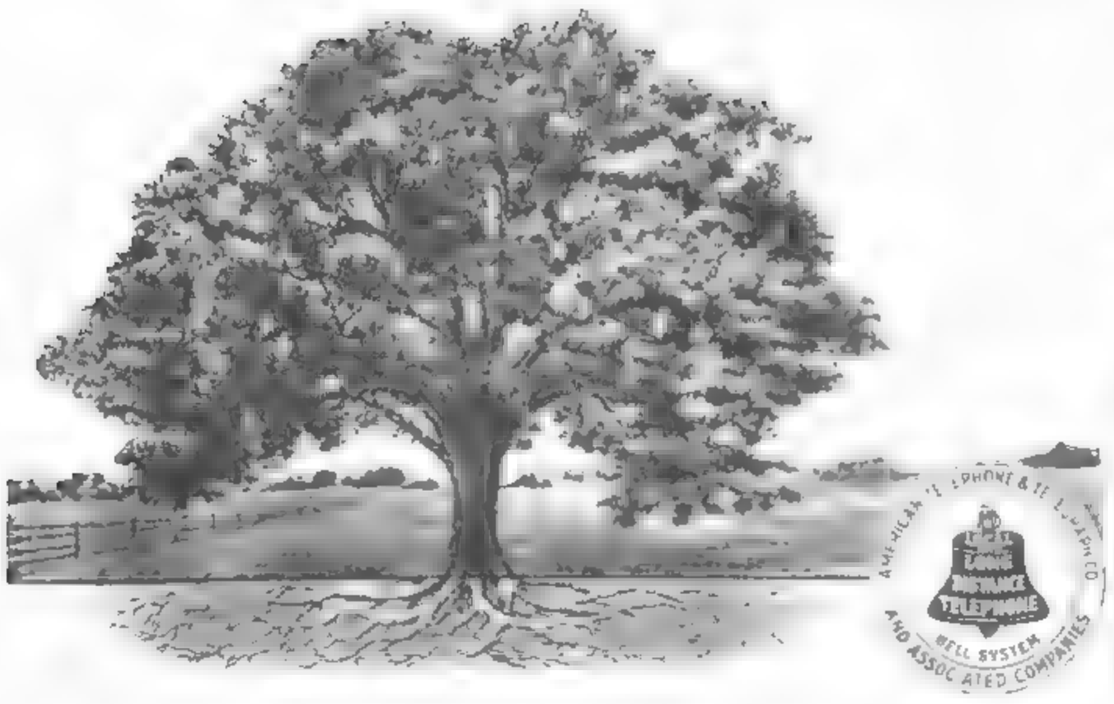
Spreading Cement at Panama

This business attended to, John sailed for Panama on April first, but prior to his departure "he was received by Gen. José Miguel Gomez, president of the Republic, who expressed great interest in the Pan-American Union." He left Havana that afternoon, having been invited to be the guest of the company that owns the vessel he took. "He proceeded to Panama, arriving there on the morning of April fourth." John stayed on the Isthmus until the fifteenth and came back in a boat—which he does not neglect to name—and went to Washington via New York City, no delegations from the State Department receiving him at either point, so far as can be learned.

The details of his visit to Panama are most important and are succinctly set forth by the Director-General. It seems he "was most kindly received and treated by both Panaman and American officials," thus removing the impression that they set the dogs on him or tried to drop him into one of the locks. Moreover, other notable things happened. "He visited every section of the canal as the guest of the engineer members of the commission, and he spent considerable time renewing his acquaintances with the officials and people of Panama, with whom he became intimately associated during the time he was minister to that country in 1904-5." John's capabilities for being a guest seem unlimited, as may be observed by what has been quoted heretofore, and can further be observed by reference to what remains to be quoted.

The work of cementing the relations between Panama and the United States was actively taken up by John. He says: "The president of the Republic, Señor Don Pablo Arosemena, gave a breakfast in his honor which was attended by a large number of representative Panamans." Nor was this all. We read in John's own words: "He was also entertained by the Hon. H. Percival Dodge, the United States minister; Sir Claude Coventry Mallet, British minister; Col. H. F. Hodges, assistant chief engineer; H. H. Rousseau, assistant to the chief engineer; Col. W. C. Gorgas, head of the department of sanitation; Maurice H. Thatcher, head of the department of civil administration; Messrs. Ernesto and Joseph Lefevre; and J. A. Smith, general superintendent of the Panama Railroad Company."

Thus, it will be observed, the work of cementing the relations between this country and Panama was well and faithfully done by John. He was indefatigable. There is not the slightest doubt that he would have withstood many other luncheons and breakfasts and dinners had others been proffered. Nor is there any doubt that he would have recorded these pleasant and adhesive functions with as great particularity, for it is essential the readers of the



The Tree System—The Bell System

A NOBLE tree thrives because the leaves, twigs, branches, trunk and roots are all working together, each doing its part so that all may live.

Neither the roots nor the branches can live without the other, and if the trunk is girdled so that the sap cannot flow, the tree dies.

The existence of the tree depends not only on the activity of all the parts, but upon their being always connected together in the "tree system."

This is true also of that wonderful combination of wires, switchboards, telephones, employes and subscribers which helps make up what is called the Bell Telephone System.

It is more than the vast machinery of communication, covering the country from ocean to ocean. Every part is alive, and each gives additional usefulness to every other part.

The value of telephone service depends not only on the number of telephones, but upon their being always connected together, as in the Bell System.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy *One System* *Universal Service*

Bulletin shall be fully informed on these matters. So far as those minor affairs, the canal and its effect on trade and commerce, are concerned, the Director reserves his views until a later chapter. In the rush of getting to press something has to give way, and the breakfasts and luncheons are darkest naturally crowded out the canal.

They are having a hard time in the Senate trying to get things in shape for the expeditious work that usually comes with the last few weeks of a session. The Senate is a curious institution. Apparently it dawdles and loafs and mulls over and fools round with [illegible] legislation without direct or intelligent aim or motive, but really it loafs along—or always has until the wires are all pulled, the ways are all greased, and then it can do more business in a shorter space of time than any other legislative body on earth.

That used to be the way. When Aldrich and Hale and a few others were in control they never did anything until they were sure of what they could do, and then they did everything quickly, accurately and methodically. Aldrich and Hale and many others of the old fixers and manipulators and schemers and maneuverers and managers are gone. The new crowd has no control. Instead of a compact institution, dominated by a few men, the Senate is a sort of disorganized, demoralized, discordant body, not knowing exactly what it wants to do and not having any definite plan either of procedure or progress. The Republican majority is merely nominal. There isn't a man on the Republican side who can say with any certainty how the Senate will vote on any given proposition, for the reason that no Republican can bell all Republicans.

In the old days there never was any difficulty in finding out how every Republican stood and not much difficulty in making all Republicans vote together.

The Indifference of the Senate

Nowadays the Republican majority is largely individualistic. The senators vote as they happily please, not as the organization or the leaders want them to. Murray Crane and other expert fixers try to fix, but they cannot. The senators will not be fixed. They refuse to stand without hitching, and refuse to be hitched. It is a discouraging situation for the remnants of the old powerful organization. To their minds the glory of the Senate has departed. Whether or not that view is correct, it certainly is true that the solidarity of the Senate has departed, and for that reason there is no man who can say when adjournment will be taken, or in what circumstances, and several rather astute senators have been working on that problem for a long time.

Legislation is at sixes and sevens. The Senate doesn't seem to care much whether it holds sessions while the national conventions are on, whether it takes a recess, or whether it shall continue in session until next September or October. In fact, the Senate doesn't seem to care much about anything. Over in the House the situation is acutely different. The members of that body must go before the people for election next fall, and they are all in various sorts of hurries to get home. However, there are a few candidates for presidential honors among the Democratic majority in the House, and one of those candidates, Speaker Clark, is in no hurry to adjourn. In case he shall be nominated for president by the Democrats, he is of the opinion he can be far more effective by remaining in Washington and acting as Speaker until, say, about October first next, than he could be by going back to Bowling Green, Missouri, and holding forth there.

The real truth of it is that the organization leaders in the Senate have about decided the jig is up, anyhow, and they are in a don't-care frame of mind and are making no strenuous efforts to do anything.

They expect to be beaten, and they see no reason why they should hurry along with legislation for the benefit of the Democrats or for the benefit of anybody else.

Chiclets

REALLY DELIGHTFUL

The Dainty Mint Covered Candy Coated Chewing Gum

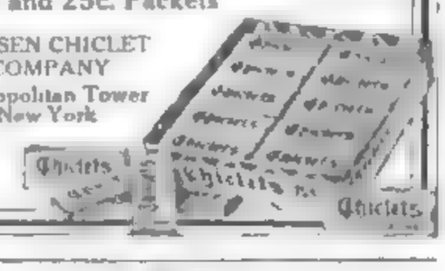
The singer's tones are more dulcet, the speaker's voice more clear, when Chiclets are used to ease and refresh the mouth and throat. The refinement of chewing gum for people of refinement. It's the peppermint—the *true* mint.

Look for the Bird Cards in the packages. You can secure a beautiful Bird Album free.

For Sale at all the Better Sort of Stores

5c. the Ounce and in 5c., 10c. and 25c. Packets

SEN-SEN CHICLET COMPANY
Metropolitan Tower
New York



Chafing Dish Cooking *Cheese*

Famous for Eighty Years

Gives a delightful piquancy and flavor that has created an enormous demand in every country.

LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

A perfect relish for Soups, Fish, Steaks, Roasts, Chops, Gravies, Salad Dressings and Chafing Dish Cooking.

It Aids Digestion.

JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS, Agents, N. Y.

You Will Not Dread New Shoes if You Wear

Ralston

Authority Styles

Ralston Shoes *fit* because they're built to do so, on foot-moulded forms the *exact* shape of the human foot.

From the newest-of-the-new in style to the most conservative smartness.

Our Booklet "Style Talk" FREE

Shows the requirements of the season's fashions in men's shoes for every occasion.

Ralston Health Shoemakers
985 Main Street
Campello
(Brockton), Mass.

Style No. 220

$4.00 to $6.00

Black Tuscan Calf Button Oxford, Thermos Last.

Sold in over 3000 towns. Ask your dealer for them.

It costs *little* by the package but *less* by the box!

For exercising or rest
or work, this mint ju
tinuous benefit to teet
and digestion. Espe
over-smoke or

This health-help
one of the few
like that's goo

Look for
The Fla

Buy it by the Box

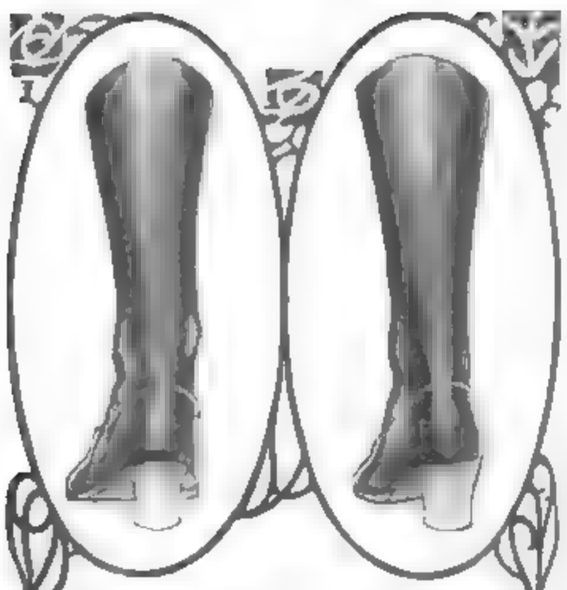
—of any dealer

Have it when you *want* it

ing—for pleasure
ice gum is a con-
n, breath, appetite
cially fine if you
over-eat.

ing tidbit is
things you
d for you.

he Spear
or Lasts



YOU shouldn't buy hose merely because they are guaranteed for wear.

Because any thick, coarse hose can be guaranteed to wear

For twenty years we have guaranteed the following in hose:

First—Fit
Second—Style
Third—Sheerness.
Fourth—Yarn Quality
Fifth—Hygienic Dyes
Sixth—Wear

All under our "Comprehensive" Guarantee

Wayne Knit HOSIERY
FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY

We started that process 20 years ago.

Today we are the largest manufacturers of full fashioned hose in the country, employing 2300 expert stocking makers.

We are just as famous for our Pony Stockings for Children as we are for our regular adult lines.

Coolness, fit, comfort are predominating features in our Pony Stockings for Children.

Then, we don't neglect the wear. Our Pony Stockings for Children will wear longer than any others. Four threads in heels and toes—knees and soles double strength.

Wayne-Knit Hose cling to foot and limb without wrinkles—keep feet cool and comfortable.

For Men, Women and Children. Pure Silk, Lisle, Soft Cotton, Silk and Lisle. Priced from 25c. to $2.50.

Don't wait—get Wayne-Knit Hose from your dealer NOW

Wayne Knitting Mills
Ft. Wayne, Ind.

Largest Knitting Mills of Full Fashioned Hosiery in the World

Wayne Knit HOSIERY
FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY

Stops Trouble Here

Dixon's Motor Graphite is the ideal lubricant. It produces on bearing surfaces a durable, almost frictionless veneer that prevents metallic contact, cutting and seizing.

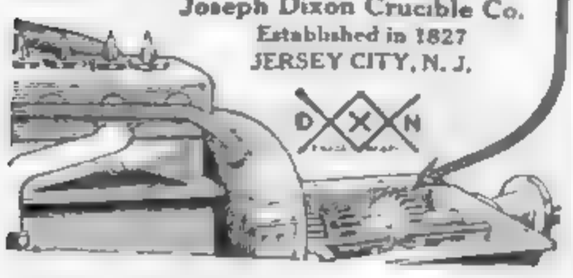
When mixed with greases it may be used in many places where its use dry is inadvisable or difficult. In such cases the grease acts as a carrier, the graphite performing the important lubricating function. Dixon's Motor Graphite mixed with highest quality of mineral greases constitutes

DIXON'S
Automobile Greases

Ask your dealer for No. 677 for transmissions and differentials. It is a resilient, spongy lubricant that acts as a cushion for the gear teeth. Stops the noise—prevents chipping of teeth—reduces friction

Our free book, "Lubricating the Motor," is well worth reading. Send name and model of car

Joseph Dixon Crucible Co.
Established in 1827
JERSEY CITY, N. J.



NEVER SAY DIE!

(Continued from Page 9)

sentiment of the town would go against him. Therefore Dink swallowed his wrath and, in the process, swallowed a lot of other things much more harmful.

P. Amati was in his accustomed place bright and early, vigilant to drum up trade. His smooth olive skin was marked and his lips were puffed, but he did not go about bewailing these misfortunes. It was noticeable, too, that those who rallied him on his condition did so in a friendly spirit. They had heard reports of the row, nearly all of which agreed on one point—namely, that Pasquale had shown excellent courage, even though his capacity for fighting was small. A man can only do his best.

Their attitude reflected an about-face on the part of Badger. P. Amati was no longer an outcast. The president of the First National Bank, who was likewise cashier and ledger-keeper, had been seen to treat him with consideration. It was even rumored that he had invited him to supper. Another remarkable incident in Amati's climb of the social ladder was his admittance into the Elks' lodge, whose rooms served the purpose of a club. Then, too, Turner and others were aware that he had invested a few hundred dollars in lots on the outskirts of Badger and had bought a half-interest in a copper claim in the neighboring mountains. One way and another, Badger was coming to the point of accepting P. Amati as a responsible and thrifty citizen.

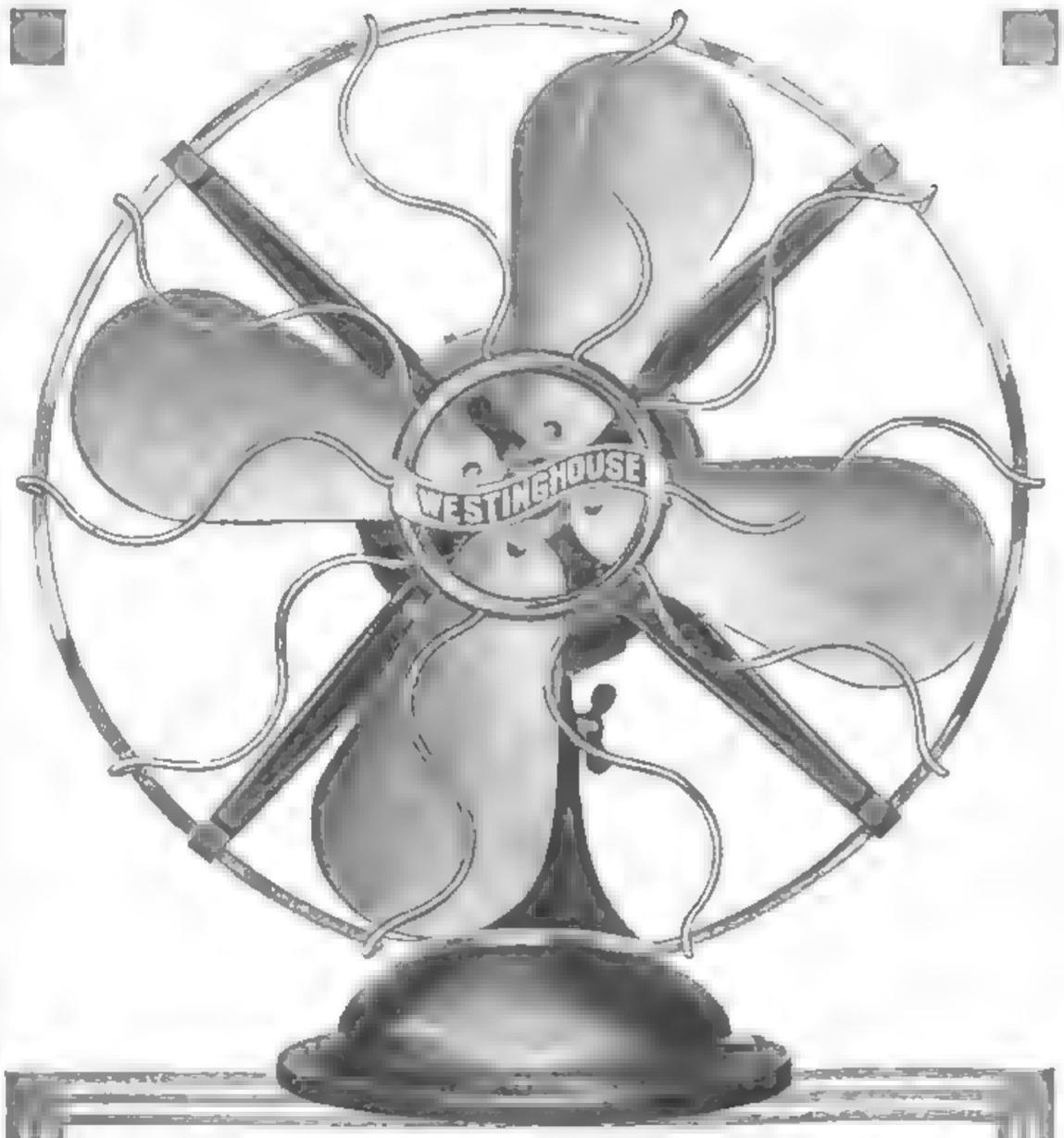
The pedler's first impulse was to make another call on Marylou on the night after his encounter with Gober there. Then it occurred to him that this would have the earmarks of bravado; and he let a day elapse before presenting himself. With quick intuition Marylou appreciated why he had done it, and even Michael began to entertain a glimmering notion that Pasquale harbored human promptings.

Indeed, the father found himself rapidly forgetting his inherited antagonism. P. Amati would never sit glumly when Michael conferred his company on the two, as Dink Gober was wont to do, but would tell stories that threw Hanratty into fits of laughter. Not only could he tell a funny tale, bubbling with the kindly humor the Irishman loved, but the pedler was sharp as nails when the talk drifted to business. On a night Hanratty broached a proposition that had been put up to him by a fluent stranger, having for its object the exploitation of certain adjacent lands as an oilfield. Pasquale shook his head emphatically and advised against it. Within a fortnight the incipient oil boom had puffed out like a toy balloon. It is hard not to feel kindly disposed toward a man who has saved you four hundred dollars.

The establishment of P. Amati, Hardware and Saddles, was growing. A representative of the Northern manufactory which supplied Gober's place dropped in casually, engaged Pasquale in talk and gave him a cigar. He also told him a side-splitting joke, the point of which was wholly lost on Pasquale. As he was leaving, he remarked carelessly that their agency was causing them grave concern. P. Amati said: "Is it?"

As the pitiless summer wore away, Dink Gober formed a habit of leaving his establishment in the care of an urchin in order to spend his time in the Fashion, where it was cool. There he either played cards or waited with other habitués of the place for somebody to come in and "set 'em up," for the days in which Dink himself set them up with a prodigal hand were over. Bills frequently pressed; the only mail he received took the form of peremptory requests for settlement; he was four months behind with his rent, and his stock was depleted and had a stale look. The town was quick to note his difficulties. Whenever Gober's name was mentioned where a few of the townspeople were gathered together there would be found one to shake his head and opine that Dink was going to the dogs. Naturally Dink himself never heard this sort of talk, but he felt vaguely that his popularity had waned. All this made him more outspoken in his declamations against his luck; often he would hold forth for an hour at a stretch on the ill fortune that dogged his steps.

There came a day when a brisk drummer stepped off the Badger stage and entered Gober's store. What transpired between him and Gober never leaked out; but the



Westinghouse Electric Fan—New Steel-clad Type —The Fan You Buy For Years— Not Merely For a Season

OF course you are going to have the benefit of electric fans these hot and sultry days. In the office they are depended upon to keep the business man and all his employees up to the mark. And your family wants to be comfortable too.

The 1912 Westinghouse Electric Fan is in a class by itself. **A newly designed fan, frame made of drawn steel, stronger, with the most efficient little motor ever designed, the whole weighing thirty per cent. less than the old style fans of the same size.** The drawn steel takes on a handsome smooth finish. And the fan gives more breeze for the current used than any other fan. 8-inch size, 24 hours; 12-inch size, 12 hours for a nickel. You can have a light breeze or a strong wind by merely regulating the switch.

Put one on your office desk and direct the breeze to one side. You keep cool,

move all the air in the room and do not place yourself in a draught. Order your fan now. Hundreds were disappointed last summer because they waited too late and were unable to get a Westinghouse Fan. Better phone your electric light company or the nearest electrical dealer. If you have any difficulty getting a Westinghouse Fan, do *not* accept a substitute but let us know and we will see that you get one without delay. Our illustrated catalog showing fans for office, home, store or public buildings is yours for the asking. Write to Westinghouse Fan Dept. P, East Pittsburgh, Pa.

Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Co.,
Pittsburgh

Sales Offices in 45 American Cities Representatives all over the World

"I Tell You, It's a Great Saw!"

EVERY one who owns a Simonds Saw is proud of it—proud of its looks, but a whole lot prouder of its work. You've probably noticed that your

SIMONDS

(Pronounced Si-monds)

SAW

will keep sharp for many years with ordinary home use. Simonds Steel is so tough and hard the teeth hold their sharp, quick-cutting points and do not lose their set.

For the professional or amateur carpenter the best tools are the only ones worth while and the best saw means a Simonds. Simonds Special Crucible Steel is the basis of the extraordinary wearing quality of Simonds Saws.

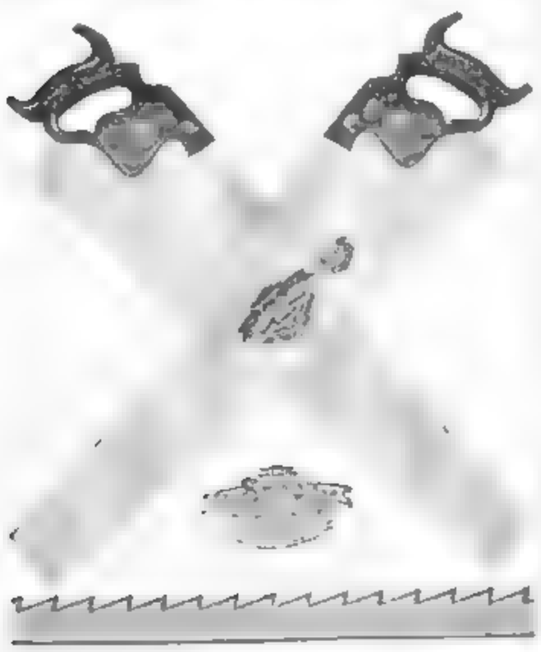
We make and temper our own steel by a special process to get the quality we can guarantee. You don't get it in other saws. That's why so many good carpenters choose Simonds Saws. Ask a good carpenter about them—or your dealer.

Remember, Simonds Hack Saw Blades and Files are most efficient. Simonds Circular, Band and Cross-Cut Saws are the American and Canadian Lumberman's accepted standard.

Send for "GUIDE-BOOK FOR CARPENTERS"
Free—tells all about filing a hand-saw.

SIMONDS MFG. CO., Fitchburg, Mass.
(Founded 1832)

Chicago, New York, Portland, Seattle, San Francisco, Montreal, New Orleans, Lockport, N. Y.



drummer later routed out certain officials, and gossip had it that Dink's saddlery would be put up at sheriff's sale. A couple of his acquaintances, finding Gober at the Fashion, endeavored to draw him out; but Dink was far gone in liquor and would give them nothing coherent. He simply kept repeating over and over that the little, thieving rat across the street had cheated and undermined him, and that he was a ruined man.

The following morning the drummer paid a visit to P. Amati and conferred with him for upward of an hour behind the high table where the pedler did his bookkeeping. Then they went over the whole establishment; and the drummer took down brief notes in a memorandum book. When he had gone Amati stood for many minutes in the middle of the shop, seeing with the eye of imagination the improvements they had planned.

About three o'clock the bell on the front door jangled and Dink Gober walked in. The firm, aggressive step that had been characteristic of him was absent. He came to the railing, behind which P. Amati was adding up columns of figures, and said almost diffidently:

"I'd like to speak to you for a few minutes if I could, Mr. Amat-eye?"

The pedler motioned him to a chair and Dink entered behind the rail and sat down. There was an awkward silence. He glanced at Pasquale anxiously; but the latter would not give him an opening—he remained on his high stool, patiently waiting to hear what Dink might have to say.

Gober rolled and lighted a cigarette, took a couple of swift puffs and, as a starter, broke out into a tirade against the bad fortune that had attended his every undertaking. It would appear that every one whom Gober had befriended now gave him the cold shoulder; and he was unable to secure aid at a temporary crisis that had arrived in his affairs. Even the firm from which he had bought for years refused to accord him credit; and a smooth scoundrel was even now in Badger fixing to sell him out.

"If I can't make a deal my stock will go under the hammer," said Dink bitterly, "and some doggone shark will buy it in for a third of what it's worth. I'm going to quit! Yes, sir; I'm through. This town ain't fit for an enterprising man to live in anyhow. It's dead as ditchwater! If I can only sell ——"

"Hum!" said P. Amati, and turned to his figuring again.

With only a momentary pause Dink proceeded with what he had in mind. He had spent the entire forenoon in the Fashion and was in a condition to pity himself thoroughly; the longer he talked, the looser rein did he give his tongue. Before he was aware of it, Dink was whining to the pedler that they had always treated each other fairly in business and he hoped that P. Amati would not see him shoved to the wall. The little man on the stool whirled about sharply.

"Is it you try to ask me to buy your store?" he inquired.

That was the nub of Dink's argument. It would be an excellent bargain; and if the pedler would make him a fair offer Dink would have enough money to get out of town.

On hearing this, Pasquale blinked his eyes and his hand moved slowly to the pigeonhole wherein he kept his checkbook. He commenced to write. Next he tore out a check; then opened a drawer. From it he drew a ragged pack; it was the pack he had carried into Badger. He handed it and the check to Gober.

"That is what I give you for everything which you have got—debts of book and all," he said. "If you take the check you got to take the pack too." And he began to nurse his hands between his knees.

"Why," Dink protested, holding them off, "I could get that much at a forced sale! This won't leave me two bits after I've paid up what I owe, Mr. Amat-eye."

"You will have sixty-fife dollars," P. Amati corrected.

"How do you know?"

"Because here I have by me a list of every debt which you are owing in the world."

Dink looked once more at the check and pondered. At last he stuffed the slip of paper into his pocket and got up.

"I reckon I'll have to take it," he said. "I might have knowed you'd beat me down though. But there's nothing else to do."

"All right," said Pasquale.

His visitor put on his hat, which he had removed with unwonted politeness on

Don't press the button and wait—Dictate to the Dictaphone

THE BUSY MAN who uses the **Dictaphone** never wastes a second of his valuable time waiting for a stenographer. He turns to his **Dictaphone** as he would to his telephone and **gets the work done.** He talks naturally just as he would speak if the man to whom he is writing were sitting alongside of his desk. He has **no speed limit.**

Result: **Live** letters, letters full of ginger, letters that convince, letters that are only second best to a personal interview.

THE OPERATOR has the whole day to get out the mail, instead of only half a day or two hours at the day's end. No eyes strained from looking on and off her note book. Absolute regulation of the speed at which the dictation is reproduced. No time wasted taking shorthand notes. No interruptions to take dictation while transcribing the mail. She gets through her correspondence and goes home **on time.**

THE COST doesn't figure at all. The **Dictaphone** will cut your correspondence expense **in half.** It has been pretty well proved that in an office where as many as twelve machines are used the entire cost of the outfit is usually saved in about six months.

Demonstration in your own office and on your own work. Reach for your telephone and call up "THE DICTAPHONE"; if you don't locate the Dictaphone agent, write to our nearest distributing branch:

THE DICTAPHONE

(Columbia Phonograph Company, General, Sole Distributors)
Box 127, Tribune Building, New York

Chicago, 101 North Wabash Avenue; Boston, 174 Tremont Street; Philadelphia, 1009 Chestnut Street; St. Louis, 1008 Olive Street; Kansas City, 1112 Grand Avenue; San Francisco, 561 Market Street; Los Angeles, 311 South Broadway; Denver, 1311-1317 Lawrence Street; Louisville, [illegible]; Minneapolis, 9 South Fifth Street; Atlanta, 82-84 North Broad Street; New Orleans, 933 Canal Street; Portland, 61 Fourth Street; Cleveland, 915 Euclid Avenue; Detroit, 54 Lafayette Boulevard; Buffalo, 622 Main Street; Cincinnati, 117-119 W. Fourth Street; Toronto, McKinnon Bldg.

Notice who Smoke Them

The engineer of the Limited and the engineer of Finance, both enjoy smoking—

La Preferencia

"30 minutes in Havana"

No other cigar is smoked by so wide a range of active, responsible men in every walk of life.

The biggest selling 10c Cigar in the World.

Preferencia blend is always the same.

A variety of shapes.

HAVANA-AMERICAN COMPANY
111 Fifth Avenue New York

entering the back office. The memory of his misfortunes smote him again.

"I've been hounded," he said—"hounded ever since I came to this consarned town! I wish I'd never seen it!"

"Badger is a nice town, I think. Do you not think so?"

"You're welcome to my share of it then," said Dink. "Them that likes it can have it. I'm going to drift. And do you know what I aim to do?"

P. Amati said he didn't. There was a wild gleam in Mr. Gober's eye, begotten of potations and a sudden resolution.

"I'll tell you what I aim to do!" cried Dink in a tearful voice. "I'm going to buy a ticket to New Orleans, where I was born. That's what I'm going to do. Then I'll just wade out into the gulf and start to swim to England. If I don't get there it won't be my fault. That's about the only thing for a man to do who has such doggone luck as I have!"

"Oh, no, you will not," said P. Amati pleasantly. "You will not do anything so very foolish. You go away from here; you come to some little town of cow, and it is pleasant. And there you hang round a saloon—what you say?—bumming your drinks. And you tell everybody what ill luck is yours—it is very sad—and how you would be rich—yes, very rich—only you are so much cheated!"

Dink glared at him and was about to dispute the accuracy of this forecast when the doorbell sounded. Marylou Hanratty tripped into the store.

Pasquale's watchful aloofness of manner immediately vanished. A beaming smile came on his face and he scrambled from the stool and went to meet her. Gober did not tarry, hurrying past the two, he went out.

"What's the matter with Dink?" Marylou inquired happily.

"Oh, he is sick of the head," said the pedler.

He got hold of Marylou's two hands and led her back toward the office.

"You come like the sun," said P. Amati—"always welcome. It is the nick of time. It comes today. Registered mail. Look!"

He unlocked the drawer in which he kept the cash and extracted a tiny box of violet hue. When this was opened Marylou gave a gasp of delight. With tender care Pasquale took a ring from its velvet bed and stepped closer to her. Marylou was a warm pink, but she put out her left hand obediently and the pedler slipped the ring on her finger.

"Oh, it's a beauty!" she said softly.

"Well, I do smile!" exclaimed P. Amati. "It ought to be. That stone costs me a hundred and forty-nine dollars, Marylou. Not a flaw is it got, but ah! it does not shine like your eyes!"

"You're so good to me," said Marylou brokenly.

Subsequent proceedings were of a purely private character.

While certain tableaus were in progress at the establishment of P. Amati, Hardware and Saddles, Dink Gober walked the street in search of the man who was commissioned to close him out. Passing the Fashion the second time, he hesitated and then walked in.

My friend Campbell and I saw him.

"There's a feller," said Floss, "who used to be a pretty plucky rooster. Look at him now—don't do nothing but beef!"

Floss glanced across the street and perceived Marylou and P. Amati in earnest conversation.

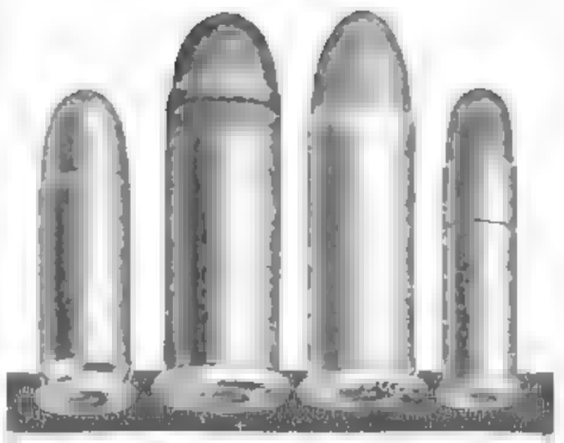
"And there's that pedler he walloped on the snout," Floss added. "I tell you what, Dan, there's nothing to beat stick-to-it-iveness!"

Enough and to Spare

THE steamship had been making hard weather of it and for two days a colored nursegirl had been violently seasick. Her mistress, full of sympathy, had cared for the girl day and night unavailingly. The patient was resolute in affirming that she felt death upon her.

"Why, Pheemie!" expostulated her mistress. "Of course you aren't going to die. If you would only eat a little food and move about the ship you'd feel ever so much better. Just see this nice lunch I've prepared for you. Please try to eat a little of it—just a tiny bit."

"I jes' cain't, Mis' Virginny," wailed the unhappy wench, the nausea sweeping over her like a wave, while her mistress ducked involuntarily. "I don't want no vittles! I don't want dem what I is got!"

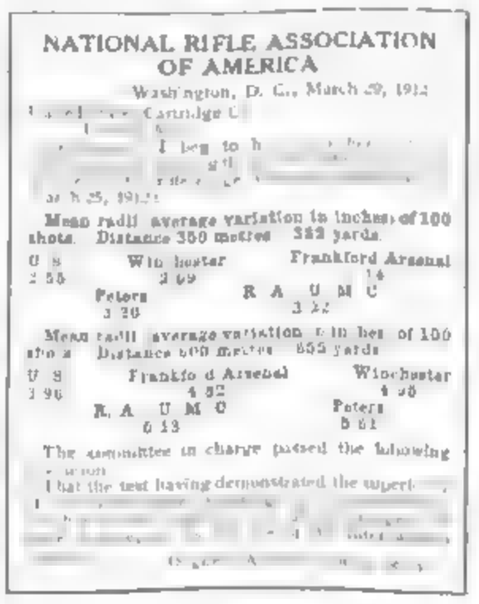


Q. *What is the Ammunition question?*

A. *There isn't any—it was settled in March.*

The National Rifle Association held an official ammunition test recently to select the most accurate cartridges for the team of marksmen that will represent the United States at the Olympic Games and at the Pan-American Tournament in Buenos Ayres.

Following is the report of the committee:



NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA

Washington, D. C., March 29, 1912

Cartridge C

I beg to h

Mean radii average variation in inches of 100 shots. Distance 300 metres 328 yards.

U S 2 55 — Winchester 3 09 — Frankford Arsenal 14

Peters 3 20 — R A U M C 3 22

Mean radii average variation in inches of 100 shots. Distance 600 metres 655 yards.

U S 3 96 — Frankford Arsenal 4 82 — Winchester 4 95

R A U M C 6 13 — Peters 5 61

The committee in charge passed the following resolution

That the test having demonstrated the superi

US AMMUNITION

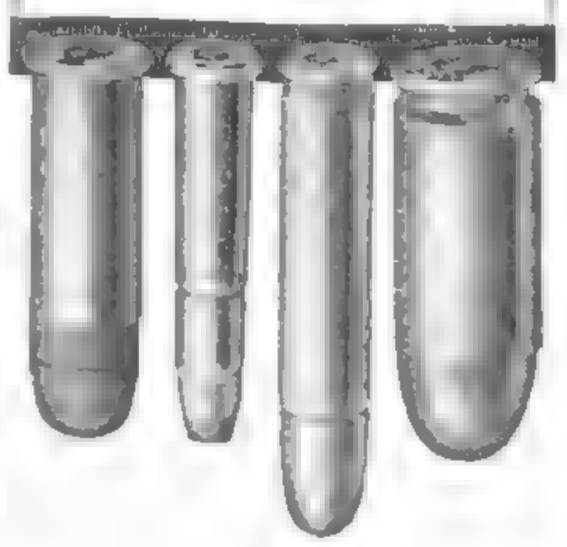
beat its competitors by 25% because it won a scientific, mechanical test of accuracy. The rifles were held by rigid steel—not by human arms. They were aimed at exactly the same point all the time, not swaying with the variation of the human eye. All the targets were placed at the same point, and U. S. Ammunition again demonstrated its unequalled precision.

It hits where you aim.

In similar tests held under U. S. Army supervision U. S. Ammunition has won more often than all other brands put together. U. S. Ammunition and THE BLACK SHELLS cost you no more than the other kinds.

Send for historical booklet "American Marksmanship"

United States Cartridge Co.
Dept. S, Lowell, Mass.



To Automobile Dealers Who Think

What are Your Plans for This Year?

The advancement of an industry is shown by the wrecks of the companies who participate in its progress.

This is true with all industries. Failures occur during the most prosperous times, just as they do during periods of panic.

What Failures Show

In 1910, 446 clothing manufacturers, for instance, failed. This in prosperous times. The liabilities totaled $4,826,047.

Yet the big manufacturers grew. They were not affected. They felt no money stringency. They did not even feel the effect of severe competition. Their progress was made at the expense of the less competent—less successful makers.

That holds true with the automobile industry. Some manufacturers will continue to grow bigger. Theirs will be big lines. Companies manned by men of inexperience and insufficient capital will be unable to survive.

Even when the demand was great, there were many failures. But as competition becomes harder, as those successful makers develop their business and are able to eliminate wasted effort, it will be harder for the less competent. It is the same with men as with industries.

We are now closing agency arrangements for 1913. Our entire 1912 product was in excess of 2,500 cars oversold and yet dealers were well cared for. Demand exceeded our estimates by that number. Just as we constantly scan the industry for the most efficient men—whether they be testers, machinists, superintendents or managers—we are as watchful for dealers who can make good.

Be Identified with a Success

This advertisement is merely to suggest that you note what the HUDSON has done each year of its career.

There has not been a single momentary stop or failure. Perhaps you, too, would like to be identified with its organization. At any rate, a close observance of its progress indicates pretty thoroughly the advancement the industry is making.

Dealers Get Real Help Here

If you would like to know something of the unusual way in which the combined ability of this organization is made to aid its dealers, and think you live in a territory in which we need just such live, energetic and thorough representation as a thinking dealer such as yourself can give, please write at once.

1913 contracts are being made. Our plans are the most attractive we have ever had. They include a "Four" and a "Six," which you will admit, when you have seen them, have no superior in quality, comfort and richness, in any car of their respective classes regardless of price. No man is too capable for us—none too aggressive. We want the best and are willing to make the proposition the best any one can demand.

The Money Making Line is neither the right car nor the right price nor the right merchandising. It is all of these combined in the right proportion.

HUDSON MOTOR CAR CO., 7354 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Michigan

149

PARIS GARTERS

For those who want the *utmost* in Garter comfort and service we recommend *Paris* number 1580 at 50 cents the pair. Made with soft, clinging Silk Elastic. *Full* of new rubber.

Second *only* to this, is number 2505 at 25 cents the pair. Made with fine Lustre Lisle Elastic.

No Metal Can Touch You

Every pair of *Paris Garters* is warranted to give satisfactory service—or a new pair free.

Look for the name
PARIS
on the back of the shield

A. STEIN & CO.
MAKERS
CHICAGO—NEW YORK

The Daily Use of

Togards

Means Comfort, Health, Economy

The world around, wherever shoes and stockings are worn, men and women, in **greatly increasing** numbers, are making the use of **Togards** a **daily** habit.

Slip these little devices on over the toes before you put on your hosiery in the morning—and the wearing of fine, delicate, sheer hosiery **ceases** to be an extravagance.

Appreciated by **all** classes—those to whom economy is paramount—and those who wear them simply for their sanitary features and because **holes in stocking toes** are a sin against **Good Taste.**

Togards' inventors now offer also

HELONS and **FOOTLETS**

Slip on over the heel, preventing chafing and keeping the hosiery whole. Absolutely necessary with [illegible] Paris and London have "gone wild" [illegible] America is following suit.

A sensible protection to both heel and toe, and [illegible] sole, for those who wear out fine [illegible] finger at all these points. The best insurance of foot health and comfort.

Togards — Footlets — Helons

The Togard Girl
Copyright 1911 by H. L. [illegible]

All in either natural, black, white or tan, and in sizes for men, women and children. Should your dealer not have them, they will be sent postpaid on receipt of price, by the inventors and makers

H. L. Nelke & Co., 10th and Norris Streets, Philadelphia

Spellbinding in the Women's Clubs

Continued from Page 7

somewhat to her alarm, a Red Cross ambulance. Nevertheless it had a cover. Handing the guard his two dollars she stepped firmly into the ambulance and sat down on the surgeon's little seat in the rear. The driver sounded his gong, cracked his whip and the horse broke into the usual ambulance gallop. As they started, the driver turned in his seat and remarked:

"I gotta report at the hospital first. All calls have to be registered."

"But I don't want to go to the hospital!" exclaimed the horrified passenger. "I want to get a cab. I'll give you five dollars just to take me to the nearest ——"

The callous driver, however, paid no attention to the flood of eloquence and entreaty. Again he sounded his gong and urged on his steed. Dashing into the hospital grounds, he backed the ambulance carefully up to the entrance, giving the poor lady no time at all to frame up an excuse to the authorities or to formulate any kind of an explanation of how she came to appropriate hospital property. To acknowledge that she bribed an exposition guard and tempted an ambulance driver from the path of duty for no better purpose than the preservation of her Biennial finery was out of the question. Her situation became desperate when, as the ambulance backed up at the hospital door, she saw two whiteclad young doctors and an immaculate nurse hurrying down the steps. Earth and sky closed together in darkness before her eyes. For the first time in a career of forty perfectly healthy years she fainted.

When she opened her eyes she found herself on a leather-cushioned reclining chair. One of the doctors knelt beside her, holding her wrist in his fingers; the nurse was loosening her collar and the other doctor was pouring something into a medicine glass. She tried to say "I am not ill," but they stopped her.

"Don't try to talk yet, madam," begged the kneeling doctor, and the other bent over her and said: "Just swallow this. Oh, yes; you must!"

Back to Buffalo

She turned her head away; but the glass deftly followed her lips, and as she opened them to insist that she really was not ill she found herself swallowing a pungent dose! Conscious of an odd feeling of helplessness, she sank back, tears welling from beneath her closed eyelids.

"There now," said the nurse gently, "you'll be all right presently. Just lie perfectly still and don't worry." She moved efficiently to the window and pulled down the shade. The young doctor in charge of her pulse laid her hand softly by her side, murmuring to the other doctor something about the terrible exhaustion the clubwomen courted for themselves. Half of it, the other doctor agreed, would kill a man.

It was very quiet in the dim room. For fully ten minutes no one moved or spoke. Then the nurse bent over the patient and asked her how she felt.

"I feel—weak," murmured the prostrate woman.

"No wonder you do," said the nurse; "but the doctor is going to give you another stimulant and then you will probably be fit to be taken home. Of course I'll go with you."

Again the tears started from her eyes.

"Home!" she faltered. "I wish I could go home. I live in Bu-Buffalo!"

"Ah?" said the doctor, presenting the medicine glass. "I should by all means advise you to go home. You have been sadly overdoing."

"Every lecture," she confessed—"up to this noon."

"Merciful cats!" exclaimed the doctor. "You'd better wire your husband to come and get you. I certainly should not advise you to undertake a long journey unattended."

"I'll telegraph him tonight," she promised with another odd little sensation of extreme weakness in her prone limbs. She did telegraph her husband, and he came—alarmed, of course; and she went home, missing the governor's reception, the retiring president's banquet and three whole days of the program!

This story is thrown in by way of acknowledgment that there may be too much

The Children's Candidate

Silk Hosiery That *Wears*

For *beauty* and *style* silk hosiery is in a class by itself.

Modern methods of manufacture have brought the *price* within the reach of nearly everyone.

The chief difficulty has been to make silk hosiery which would wear satisfactorily—give real service such as you get in the best lisle.

Black Cat

America's Handsomest Hosiery

celebrated for its wearing service, solves this problem. It will give you the wear.

The name "Black Cat" on silk hose means that 28 years of knitting experience are behind this hose—that only pure thread silk is used—that it will wear better than any other silk hose you have ever had at the same price, and that repeated washings will not affect its lustre, color or shape.

Over 8000 leading dealers recommend **Black Cat Hosiery** because they want you to "come again."

Look for the "Black Cat" sign. There you will find the good dealer with dependable merchandise in other lines too.

BLACK CAT SILK HOSE

For Men	For Women
50c	50c, $1.00, $1.50

Our Style Book beautifully illustrated in colors will be sent you if you write us giving the name of your dealer.

Chicago-Kenosha Hosiery Company

KENOSHA WISCONSIN

even of a good thing like women's clubs. The trouble in this world is that it is difficult to make just the right selection of things. If that Buffalo woman had skipped a lecture on Saving the Big Trees of somewhere and had attended the lecture on Mental Suggestion—but you never can tell! Personally it has always seemed best to me never to skip anything unless absolutely necessary.

If this seems to be the tendency in the women's campaign for education no one need wonder. The women are discovering a new and to them a marvelously fascinating world—the world of big affairs. Until the women's club appeared—until it reached its present maturity—this world belonged exclusively to men. It belonged to them as their business did and they discussed it with the women as rarely as they told them their business secrets. It is characteristic of the United States that up to a very recent period there was hardly such a thing known as a serious conversation between men and women. It might almost be claimed that there was no such thing as a serious relation between them outside of the domestic relation. As a result, the women, generally speaking, were entirely uninformed about public or community affairs. Perhaps that is what is wrong with most of our community affairs.

Perhaps an explanation of our municipal muddles lies in the fact that the voters have not had time to listen to any lectures. They have lacked expert advice. To the average voter it has seemed that the financial page of the daily papers was a sufficient reflection of public welfare. When the financial page went wrong there remained a nebulous sort of confidence in the ability of "the party" to see things through. This is not because the American voter is too politically minded; it is because he is not politically minded at all. Of the nature and possibilities of politics he is as ignorant and as careless as a boy with a loaded gun. An absent sense of responsibility is the mark of the average American man.

Plenty of Money for Pigs

Early last spring I was in the capital city of one of the older Eastern states. One evening about eight o'clock I changed electric cars at city hall, and as I alighted I found myself in the midst of a pushing, sweating, noisy crowd of men, the like of which I did not dream existed in the town. They swarmed over the grassy lawn of the park, trampled the tulip beds just greening, and distributed tobacco juice over the steps and porch of the classic town building. I caught hold of a policeman's arm and demanded to know what the mob was about. The policeman gallantly disentangled me from the crowd and lifted me aboard my car.

"That ain't no mob," he said reassuringly; "that's the first ward primary!"

Those men were naming the probably successful candidate for mayor of the city. They were virtually determining the number of children under five years of age who were going to die during the next two years. They were fixing the quality of milk in the babies' bottles. They were assigning the number of children in the half-time classes in school. They were adjusting the grocers' and the butchers' scales for the housekeepers. They were spending the taxpayers' money.

Does it not seem that a more human, a more intelligent interpretation of the word politics would vastly improve the state of things? An increasingly large group of club women hold that opinion. They are beginning to feel a serious personal responsibility in the matter. It appears to them that a Congress that grudgingly appropriates thirty thousand dollars for a Bureau of Child Welfare and at the same time hands out three hundred thousand to a Bureau of Animal Industry, with special reference to the study and education of young pigs, needs feminizing. They think that great industrial corporations that work their men twelve hours a day, seven days a week, need a little kind but firm mothering. It seems to them that a male electorate which is too weak to get along without bosses needs sisterly cooperation. They clearly perceive that courts of appeal so ill-informed as to human needs that they can declare unconstitutional a law prohibiting the nightwork of young girls need a whole lot of the kind of education that women have been getting. In six states of the Union the men have accepted this point of view. In six states more—this fall—they will have a chance to accept it.

Here is the real home-made flavor.

JUST such a broth as you would gladly make with your own hands for one of your family whose appetite was not quite "up to the mark."

And with all your care and skill you could make nothing better than

Campbell's
MUTTON BROTH

We use strictly prime fresh mutton only, with all fat removed so that there is no tallowy taste. The stock is rich yet delicate in flavor; no spices being used. And it contains plenty of tender juicy mutton which has not been used for stock; besides potatoes, carrots, turnips, celery, barley and onions. An extremely appetizing combination.

Have it for dinner today. And say if you ever tasted anything finer.

"Some folks call a spade a spade. Some call it a shovel. And my Pa calls me a tow-head With Campbell's Soup for dinner."

21 kinds—10c a can

Asparagus	Clam Bouillon	Ox Tail
Beef	Clam Chowder	Pea
Bouillon	Consomme	Pepper Pot
Celery	Julienne	Printanier
Chicken	Mock Turtle	Tomato
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Mulligatawny	Tomato-Okra
	Mutton Broth	Vegetable
	Vermicelli-Tomato	

Look for the red-and-white label

"Forcing the Retailer"

"Eliminate the jobber."

"Save the retailer's profit."

"Force the department store to carry our goods."

These are things that many people believe advertising seeks to do for a manufacturer. Those people don't understand advertising. (They think they do—it seems so perfectly obvious.) But so many grievous errors, misstatements and enmities could not have been made, had they understood.

Many merchants, manufacturers and consumers fancy that advertising is some compelling power used by clever writers to make somebody do something he doesn't want to do.

Unquestionably advertising is power—one of the greatest in the commercial world. But like electricity and gravity, it is a natural force. And as electricity and gravity are controlled by the constant laws of Nature, so advertising is controlled by the constant laws of human nature.

And because it is natural—and powerful—its perversion inevitably reacts upon those who pervert it.

Costly mistakes have been made by the manhandlers of advertising who have sought to use it as a "compelling" power. For example, we occasionally hear of ambitious efforts to "whip dealers into line," or to "force" a new brand into some recalcitrant department store.

If You Were a Department Store

Suppose you owned a department store in New York or Chicago, with annual sales of from twenty to thirty millions. For years your expenditure in the metropolitan dailies in advertising your store, your name, your brand, had amounted to perhaps $250,000 annually. This being your store, your tradition and your investment in good-will—would you not carefully scrutinize a line of merchandise that some one attempted to force you to carry by exploiting it in the national magazines?

But suppose the manufacturer of that brand steadfastly continued to produce goods of integrity, to distribute his product efficiently. Suppose he had an intelligent appreciation that both wholesaler and retailer must have adequate profits to cover their selling costs, and advertised his goods skilfully to the ultimate buying public—would it not in due time become natural for you to want his goods? Would you not then sell them far more effectively than if they had been forced upon your shelves?

Natural forces follow the line of least resistance.

"Just as Good"

Any retail merchant, whether he be proprietor of a great department store or of a corner grocery, can cite instances where a manufacturer, over-secure of his entrenchment in public demand, became domineering, disregarded the careful details of orders, sent sizes, patterns or qualities different from those the retailer wanted, or refused to allow the needful margin of profit.

Against such mistakes of the manufacturer—of which instances still exist—the dealer retaliated with "substitution." This did not mean the actual sale of other goods under the widely advertised name, but a more or less studied policy of not selling that manufacturer's goods unless they were actually demanded. When customers did ask for them, some other brand would be recommended, the quality and supply of which were certain, and upon which a fair profit could be obtained.

Net result—needless waste. Waste of the manufacturer's effort, because he drove the retailer to counteract the good impression created by his advertising in the minds of hundreds of customers—waste of the retailer's effort because he was pulling against the stream of popular demand instead of accelerating his own progress by rowing with it.

We publishers are interested in four great factors—(1) our readers; (2) the army of retail dealers; (3) the distributors; and (4) the manufacturers—our advertisers.

Without our readers we could not exist.

Without the dealers and distributors most of our advertisers could not exist.

And because our publications enjoy alike the good-will and confidence of our readers, the dealers and the distributors, we carry the advertising of the manufacturers.

The Curtis Publishing Company, knowing advertising to be natural, deprecates the ill-considered and extravagant claims that are made for it, and particularly the mischievous claim that one of its chief functions is to "coerce" the retailer.

We do not believe in attempting to use a natural force in an unnatural way to get an unnatural result.

Almost all national advertising today is a message from the producer to the consumer urging him to go to the retailer and buy a certain brand of goods.

The retailer has the strategic position.

The Retailer's Monopoly

Whether it be the giant department store, which is as much an institution as the great thoroughfare of the city; or whether it be the "general store" in the village where the farmer goes for his pitchfork or the barefoot child for his taffy—the retail store commands the situation.

The retailer speaks with a voice of authority to the people of his community. They look to him for that refinement of merchandising—service. He is nearest the consumer. He extends credit to customers who would be unknown to the manufacturer. He makes possible small purchases. He shows goods in alluring display. He performs direct service, aiding in selection and making exchanges readily. His motor trucks deliver swiftly for miles around.

From the point of view of the retailer, national advertising creates a valuable partnership. The advertiser, by putting his name on his goods, guarantees the maintenance of their quality, for advertising makes unforgetable and unavoidable every virtue and every fault, and inevitably pins the responsibility for either upon the maker.

The advertising of the manufacturer quickens the movement of trade to the store of the retailer, searching out for him new customers. It links his store in the minds of hundreds with the leading national producers. It establishes a retail price for the advertised commodity, a protection against the cut-rater who makes theatrical and often deceptive reductions. It creates in the retailer's own community new wants which his customers might not discover for themselves.

For example, along with the advertisement which you are now reading there have gone into over two million homes this week, through this one publication, the advertisements designed by many manufacturers to help you—a retailer—sell their goods.

Every sixth home in your town that is worth while as a customer for you or for them is reading of these goods.

You are already employing advertising effectively for your store. The manufacturer is also employing advertising effectively for your store.

He reaches for you nearly as many worth-while homes as you are reaching for yourself.

Putting One and One Together

Are you joining forces with him?

Of each one hundred people that see his advertisement, one will be interested to the point of writing to the manufacturer. Twenty more will be interested enough to inquire at the retail stores. Of the rest all have been somewhat favorably influenced toward the goods—a complacent state of mind which you as a retailer can turn into sales, if you will.

The manufacturer is eager to cooperate, in addition to his advertising in national mediums, by sending you show cards, booklets, material, cuts for your local advertising, and plans for window displays. He will gladly forward to you the names of people in your town who have inquired for the things he advertises. When you buy a stock of advertised goods you invest in standardized merchandise. Selling advertised goods is easy, for to your customers they are already half sold. This saves your time, and your time is money. You know that the customer knows that in buying advertised trade-marked products, he is investing in goods of quality and reliability. Should you wish to turn over your stock, or even to retire, the advertised commodities on your shelves are "as good as the wheat."

If the advertiser is using the force of advertising rationally, and if he is cooperating with you in other business relations properly, and you with him, the advertiser and you are welding the strongest possible bond—the interest-paying kind—of commercial friendship.

Yoking the power of advertising, which is national, with the power of prestige, which is local, you and he have joined the two greatest natural selling forces in one well-balanced team.

The invariable success of wise advertising of honest goods demonstrates that the advantage lies with advertised goods, and this advantage accrues to the manufacturer who makes them, to the retailer who sells them and to the public that buys them.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
The LADIES' HOME JOURNAL The SATURDAY EVENING POST
The COUNTRY GENTLEMAN
Philadelphia Boston New York Chicago

It is not alone the convenience, or the freshness, or the crispness, or the unusual food-value, or the digestibility, or the cleanliness, or the price, that has made Uneeda Biscuit the National Soda Cracker.

It is the remarkable combination of all of these things.

If everyone, everywhere, knew how good they are, everyone, everywhere, would eat them—every day.

Sold by grocers in every city and town. Bought by people of all classes.

Always 5 cents in the moisture-proof package.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

Safe and Sane FIREWORKS

Brilliant, dazzling sparklers but absolutely safe in a child's hands. Can be seen for miles. Endorsed by Fire Underwriters and authorities everywhere. Most proof. "Keep" for years and give a gorgeous show.

SPECIAL JUNE OFFER

"282 Cat-tails," assorted sizes, $2.50

Express Prepaid anywhere

(Orders for $5.00) Express prepaid anywhere. Absolute satisfaction guaranteed. Club with your neighbors and send $10.00 for 5 Packages and get yours FREE. Don't delay—don't wait. The Fourth is coming. Immediate shipment. NOW.

AMERICAN SPARKLER CO., Bidwell St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

YACHT CLUB SALAD DRESSING

The Salad Dressing De Luxe

Possesses a delicate, unrivaled piquancy and appetizing flavor. Not too sweet, not too sour—smooth, and easy to spread—

Adds a Zestful Tang

to sandwiches, cold meats, tomatoes, cucumbers, lettuce, etc. So delicious it can be eaten on bread alone.

Tildesley & Co

180 N. Market St., Chicago, Ill.

Great Factory Cooker Offer

AND FREE RECIPE BOOK

I am making a wonderful, inside factory price on 10,000 of my famous, reliable RAPIDS—no faster, better, more saving cooker made.

Rapid Fireless Cooker

with finest Aluminum Outfit to bake, roast, boil, steam, stew and broil—cook everything—makes big savings on your FUEL Bills. Get prices NOW and FREE RECIPE BOOK—tells how to make big cut in your Meat and Grocery Bills.

30 Days' FREE TRIAL

WM. CAMPBELL CO., Dept. 114, Detroit, Mich.

THE EIGHTEENTH GIORGIONE

(Continued from Page 5)

what your filthy American gold can do with the Austrian court clique. Why, the *affaire* Garrettson may have political consequences! You may even make a republic of Hungary! I tell you, everything is arranged for—everything! You may perhaps suffer at the hands of a Hungarian Judge Lynch. The hundred thousand kronen! It is nothing to you—a day's income! To me it is —— Give the check, please!"

"Don't be an ass! I'll give you ten thousand kronen if you will tell me how you learned about the three kinds of checks, and ——"

"Pig of an American, there is no time to lose! Will you give me the check?"

"Of course not."

The man rose and made a motion as if to approach Garrettson; but the banker, his left hand holding his cigar, showed in his right the blue-steel contrivance and said: "It is my automatic revolver—made especially for me. It will kill you instantly if you come nearer!"

The stranger, his eyes now blazing with an anger almost maniacal, pulled out of his pocket what looked like a bit of polished steel, inserted it in his mouth and pretended to bite it. A slight cracking sound was heard and presently he spat out pieces of teeth and bloody saliva. He tore a strip of courtplaster from behind his left ear and blood began to trickle down his neck, crimsoning his collar. He struck himself with his clenched fist full in the mouth and again just below the right eye. It split the flesh over the cheekbone.

"Will you give me the check?" he hissed.

"Thus far I have failed to see the necessity for so doing," said Garrettson calmly: whereupon the man took a little vial from his pocket and swallowed the contents.

"It will make my face death-pale," he said with a glance of fiendish hatred at the American; and then, before Garrettson could prevent him, he jumped and pulled the emergency signal with all his might. There followed the jolts of the stopping express and the tortured squeal of the wheels as the airbrakes gripped them, even as the Hungarian inserted his right forearm into the fork of the crutch, twisted it sharply and snapped the bone. He gritted his teeth and his face grew livid with the intense pain.

Opposite the funny little station at Szatymaz the train came to a stop. The cripple, with an effort that covered his forehead with cold sweat, smashed the window-pane with the end of his crutch and stuck his head through the dangerous, jagged-edged hole, shrieking in Hungarian:

"Help! Here I am! Help!"

The train people and the station guards rushed to the first-class carriage, from a window of which a man's black-haired and blood-smeared head was writhing and twisting torturedly.

In his corner W. H. Garrettson, his face so expressionless as to suggest the face of a stone-deaf man, sat smoking meditatively as though he would savor to the full the fine bouquet of his cigar.

The chief of station, followed by the conductor, a couple of the train guards and a burly, blond policeman, opened the door. They saw the débris-littered floor and the bruised and bleeding face of their crippled compatriot, the narrow red trickle from the half-severed ear, the purple, swollen mouth and the arm hanging limply, obviously broken. They heard the cripple moan: "Don't! Please don't hit me! Please don't!"

"What is it?" asked the station master.

"Don't strike me, sir!" pitifully entreated the bleeding, half-dead cripple. Then he appeared to realize that these were not assailants, but friends. He muttered brokenly, almost sobbingly: "The—American—there—attacked me! I could not defend ——" He paused and moaned, and gasped for breath. It was heartbreaking.

"You!" thundered the station master, turning to the burly, ruddy-faced Garrettson.

"Don't you recognize? I am—poor Klapka! Don't you ——"

"Klapka the poet'"

"Poor fellow!"

The big blond policeman, white with righteous rage, put his hand to his sword-hilt and advanced toward the burly

For Picnics, Motorings, Fishings, Outings

Take along some Underwood Deviled Ham and some fresh white bread. When the outdoor hunger gnaws—*make* a sandwich, *eat* it.

Underwood Deviled Ham, being moist and finely ground, spreads thin, "eats easy". Unlike an ordinary ham sandwich, dry, "chunky" and unappetizing, an Underwood Deviled Ham sandwich *just melts away!*

UNDERWOOD DEVILED HAM

is choice tender ham, full of the seasoning of salt and sugar and hickory smoke. Boiled *en casserole* to keep in the ecstasy of ham taste; ground fine, and garnished with a wondrous dressing of 42 mild spices. Isn't hot—just *piquant*.

Not a potted meat by-product, flavored to taste like ham, but *all ham*, prepared in a white sunlit, New England kitchen.

Inexpensive. Small can makes 12 to 24 sandwiches.

For your name and your grocer's name, we will send the Famous Little Red Devil Recipes. Or for 15c we'll send a small can to try.

Better yet—order a can from your grocer and Taste The Taste *today*.

Made by the William Underwood Company, 52 Fulton St., Boston, Mass.

Branded With The Devil, But Fit For The Gods

Does it fit you?

That is the real cigar-question.

Why should you put up with a cigar that only *half* suits you?

Why should you smoke a cigar stronger than you like in order to get real taste and flavor? Or why should you smoke a tasteless and flavorless one just to get mildness?

You don't have to. You can get in the

GIRARD Cigar

a *rich full-flavored cigar* that is *mild at the same time.*

Every leaf in the Girard filler is imported Havana tobacco, *grown on Cuban soil.* We do not "sweat" it (the ordinary process which renders it flat and tasteless). We season it thoroughly and sweetly by the natural Cuban method.

You get the genuine tropic flavor from [illegible], completely satisfying and agreeable to the most sensitive nerves.

No artificial flavoring is used in the *Girard.* It is strictly [illegible]made, in all colors and three standard 10-cent sizes.

"Brokers" 5-inch Perfecto
"Mariners" 5-inch Panatella
"Founders" 5-inch Blunt

Other sizes up to 15 cents straight.

Your dealer will supply you. Or if necessary we will send your first trial-order at the regular retail price. ($1.00 for ten cigars, or $5.00 for fifty, and state the color and shape desired.) But we do *not carry on a mail-order business.* If your dealer hasn't the Girard urge him to get it for you.

Insist on a trial of the incomparable cigar. And get action on it *today.*

Antonio Roig & Langsdorf, Philadelphia
Established 1871

foreigner, who was sitting in his corner [illegible], almost placidly, looking on. When the policeman, murder in his eye, was approaching, the American held up his left hand commandingly and said sharply in German:

"Halt!"

The policeman understood both the gesture and the word, but he halted more from force of military habit than anything else. And W. H. Garrettson, American, with an income of a million dollars a month, who always maintained that it was much harder not to lose money than to make it, pulled at his cigar—his left hand still uplifted—and slowly exhaled a huge cloud of smoke. The cigar was lighted!

Then he pointed impressively to the tip of his cigar. It was two-thirds smoked and the ashes were undisturbed!

He pointed to the alleged victim, then to the ashes—and smiled. The policeman looked at Klapka's face and at the ashes on the foreigner's cigar.

There was excited talking among the men. Outside, a small mob, attracted by the wild rumors, was trying to see how the corpse looked. The conductor was scratching his head. The chief of station was saying something in Hungarian to the policeman in the tone of voice in which men give advice and at the same time disclaim all responsibility for it if taken. The bruised and battered man was moaning incoherent words.

Finally the policeman said something in a peremptory tone to Garrettson and beckoned him to follow. Garrettson frowned. He let his eyes, full of cold anger and distinctly menacing, rest on the policeman.

"Do you speak German?" he asked.

"I do, sir," interjected the station master.

Garrettson took out his pocketbook and from it drew a card. The railroad employee read it and instantly covered himself with a respect so profound that deference seemed to exude from all his pores.

"He—has—killed me!" gasped Klapka, and fainted.

Garrettson took another card from the pocketbook. It was from the head of the police in Budapest and had written on it in Hungarian what made the policeman salute and stand at rigid attention, awaiting commands. Garrettson pointed to the man, motioned to the policeman to take him away, and resumed his deliberate smoking of the cigar, which had established his innocence beyond all question, without the need of one spoken word.

Outside, a tall, dark man, in an olive-green walking suit that gave him a jaundiced look, was talking loudly and gesticulating violently. Garrettson saw Klapka start and heard him resume his heart-breaking moans, whereat the man in the green suit made a desperate effort to force himself into the compartment; and when prevented he harangued the crowd outside. There were answering growls. Whereupon W. H. Garrettson, thinking he had wasted enough time, spoke to the conductor:

"Here is my card. Telegraph to the Minister of Railroads the details, including my appearance and the cigar ashes. That man is a trickster and wished me to give him money. I am going to Nagy-Becskerek. We have lost time enough over that idiot. Take him away!"

They saw his frown, read his name on the card on which some mysterious words had been written, and they promptly took away the disfigured poet. An hour afterward the train arrived at Nagy-Becskerek, only ten minutes late. Garrettson went off to see the Giorgione. When Willett and the courier reached the town W. H. Garrettson had arranged for a careful examination of the picture by his experts and was ready to return to Budapest.

On the way back Willett, in speaking of the absurd behavior of the deaf old man in Budapest, who claimed that the black leather trunk was his and had made them miss the train, said:

"There was something fishy about it, I think; and if I hadn't been in such a hurry to follow you I'd have looked into it thoroughly."

"Well," said Garrettson, "it came out all right, as it happened, thanks to the brown cigars. I smoked four of them. Crompton, you must refill my case when we get back."

"Yes, sir; very well, sir."

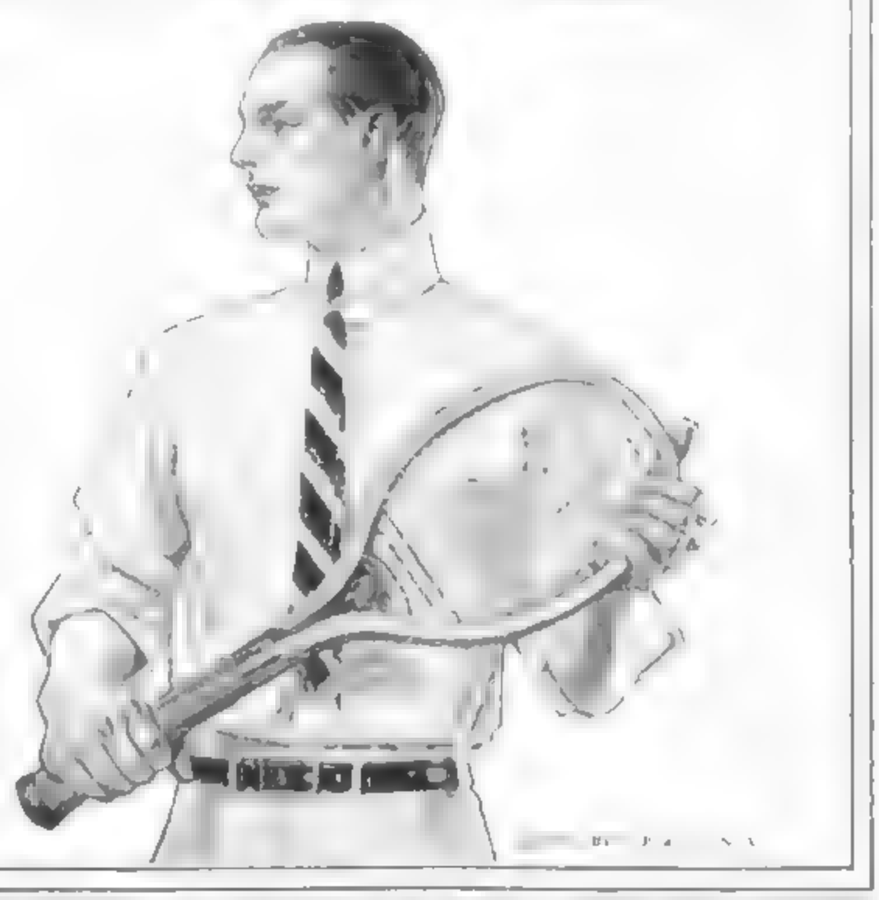
"I don't understand——" began Willett.

"Didn't I ever tell you about the blackmail-proof cigars I always carry with me when I am alone in strange places?"

ARROW COLLARS and SHIRTS

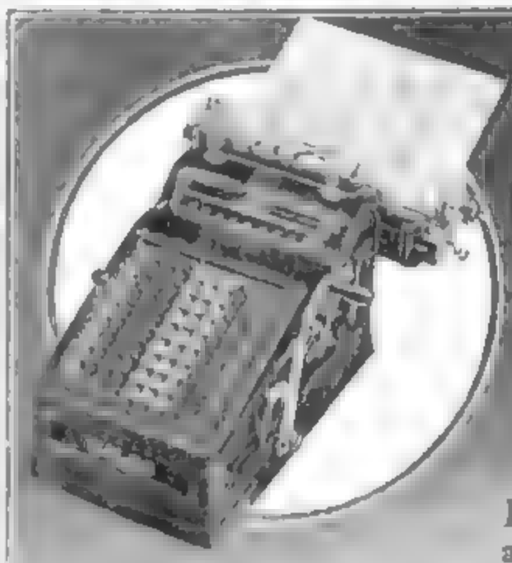
SOFT finished for Summer wear. "Nassau," a particularly good-fitting outing collar, and Arrow Shirts in fast colorings and uncommon patterns. *Collars, 2 for 25c. Shirts, $1.50 & $2.00*

[illegible] for booklets. CLUETT PEABODY & COMPANY, [illegible] TROY N.Y.



WALES

Users Pay no "Service Charges"



Models for every line of business

Is the purchase price all your adding machine costs you?

Why not buy a machine which gives service without inspection charges, that carries with it a signed and sealed 5-year guarantee? We have records of WALES in use 5, 6 and even 7 years without costing one cent for repairs or inspection. That's the kind of service the WALES gives you.

WALES Visible Adding and Listing Machine

You buy with the WALES the operating features of visible printing, visible total, automatic "clear signal," flexible keyboard, easy and speedy action, which combine to make the WALES unusually valuable in saving time and labor. These facts are heartily endorsed by nationally known firms in every line of business.

Get all the facts by mailing the coupon. Free Trial. Easy payments, if you wish.

The Adder Machine Company
259 Walnut St., Kingston Station, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
Agents in All Leading Cities

Pin Coupon to your Letterhead

Send [illegible] of your [illegible] describing the WALES Visible.

Name_____
Address_____
Business_____

S E P June 8, 12

Here is the $25 Prize Winning Answer

"The superiority of the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush is not individual judgment, but the verdict of the majority, including your competitors, whose imitations are highly complimentary."

R. F. Williams, Chicago, Ill.

The Second Prize of $10 was awarded to

"Dental experts clean *between* your teeth, not *over* them. Danger lies in cavities. Its serrated rows of bristles make the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush a dental expert."

Paull Hayden, 348 Clermont Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

The other prize winners in our recent

Pro-phy-lac-tic TOOTH BRUSH *contest are:*

Third Prize Winners

Hugh D. Vis, D. C., Charlottesville, Va. Benj. R. Warriner, Corinth, Miss. Annie M. Gail, Washington, Ma... Gould, Newtonville, Mass. O. D. W... ubia, Mo. Paul Schultz, New York City. ... Ontario. Annie Trustow Somerville, Brooklyn, N. Y. ... George Fischer, Chicago, Ill. ... Pierce, Chicago. ...

Fourth Prize Winners

... Sagenaw, Mich. D. B. Potts, Palatka, Fla. ... Mrs. S. J. Huff ...

FLORENCE MANUFACTURING CO., 32 Pine St., Florence, Mass. *Sole Makers of Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth, Hair Mercerized and Hand Brushes*

"No. Is this another of those everlasting precautions of yours?" Willett smiled teasingly. Garrettson was sometimes goaded into talking.

"Yes."

"Go on. What does Careful Bill do?"

"I show a lighted cigar with an unbroken ash an inch or two in length."

"Tut-tut! That's a chestnut. It happened in Paris. Drummers tell it as happening in Chicago. It is an old story. Heard it years ago!"

"You did? You always hear everything. I don't. The idea of this was given to me by ——" Garrettson paused to laugh reminiscently.

"By whom?" queried Willett impatiently.

"By the spider!"

"What's the answer?"

"Did you ever think of the part the spider has played in the destiny of nations, religions and individuals?"

"If you mean an arachnid ——"

"Yes."

"No."

"Do you recall the story of Robert de Bruce and his spider that made six attempts to fasten its web to a rafter and failed, but succeeded on the seventh? It encouraged de Bruce to fight again after six defeats. That spider made of Scotland an independent kingdom and of Robert a king."

"It taught you perseverance, I suppose ——" began Willett with a smile.

"Yes, it did. I never quit, for I always think of the spider and the seventh attempt. And do you remember how Frederick the Great was once about to drink some chocolate when a spider dropped from the ceiling and fell into the cup? That made the king angry. 'Take that cup back to the cook and tell him to give you another cup; and see that it is fresh chocolate!' The servant did so. A sound of a pistol-shot was heard in the kitchen. The cook had put poison in the king's cup and imagined he was discovered. So he blew the top of his head off. The spider!"

"Is that the reason why you always act as if you knew exactly of what your entourage is guilty?" teased Willett.

"Harry, that attitude of mine saved me at least five millions in the Marbury affair."

"Was that how you found Jimmy out?"

"Yes."

"Well, you are a confirmed non-loser. Still, I don't see what a spider has to do with a cigar's ashes."

"It was Mohammed's spider!" Garrettson gravely enlightened him.

"I didn't know Mohammed smoked," murmured Willett.

"He didn't; but on the flight from Mecca he hid in a cave. The pursuing Koreishites were about to search for him inside when one of the party pointed out that a spider had spun a web across the mouth of the cave. Obviously Mohammed could not have gone in or the web would have been broken. The spider saved his life."

"And that suggested the idea of the unbroken cigar ashes to you?" asked Willett.

"Yes. In Mohammed's case it was chance. He ought to have trained that spider and taken it with him on his flights. I make sure of my ashes. The cigars are made for me, very mild; so that if need be I may smoke a dozen, one after another, without discomfort."

"Yes, but how can you be sure that you will have a lighted cigar, an inch or two of ash and the ash unbroken?"

"I smoke two cigars at once—that insures the right length of ash and its being lighted. As for the ash, why, each cigar has inside of it five platinum wires that form a sort of tube or basket and hold the ash in place. It would take quite a jolt to knock it off."

Genius is an infinite capacity for taking pains. W. H. Garrettson had taken five hundred million dollars' worth of pains in fifty years. Less painstaking geniuses had tried to part him from some of the half-billion, but had not succeeded.

"You are always ready, but some day somebody will get you!" and Willett shook his head with a sort of hopeful pessimism.

"They never will!" said Garrettson very simply.

That, however, was before the Tainted Wealth Reducing Syndicate began operations in New York.

COLORADO

You wouldn't put off writing, if you realized what a vacation in cool Colorado really means.

And you *will* realize when you've read the books we want to send you.

"Under the Turquoise Sky"
"Little Journeys in Colorado"

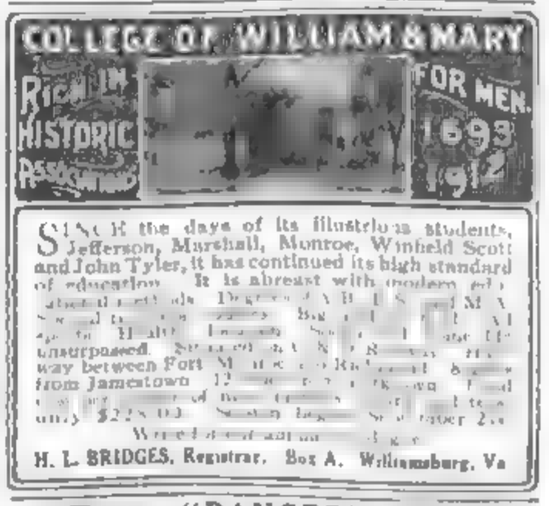
are the first step to a *different* vacation. The next step is the de luxe

ROCKY MOUNTAIN LIMITED

—Every morning from Chicago to Denver, Colorado Springs and Pueblo—

Or convenience may suggest the "Colorado Flyer"—every morning from St. Louis—or other splendidly equipped daily trains from Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, St. Joseph, Omaha and Memphis.

Just a postal to L. M. Allen, Passenger Traffic Mgr., 8 La Salle Station, Chicago, Ill.


COLLEGE OF WILLIAM & MARY
RICH IN HISTORIC ASSOCIATIONS
FOR MEN.
1693
1912
SINCE the days of its illustrious students, Jefferson, Marshall, Monroe, Winfield Scott and John Tyler, it has continued its high standard of education. It is abreast with modern ed... unsurpassed. ... way between Fort ... from Jamestown ... $225.00 ...
H. L. BRIDGES, Registrar, Box A, Williamsburg, Va.

10 CENTS A DAY

buys the Pittsburgh Visible Typewriter. Made in our own factory at Kittanning, Pa. The best typewriter in the world as good as any machine at any price. Entire line visible. Back spacer, tabulator, two color ribbon, universal keyboard. ... One Pittsburgh Visible Machine Free ... very small service. No selling necessary.

To Get One and to learn of our easy terms and full particulars regarding this unprecedented offer, say to us in a letter: "Mail your FREE OFFER."

The Pittsburgh Visible Typewriter Co.
Dept. 29, Union Bank Bldg. Pittsburgh, Pa.

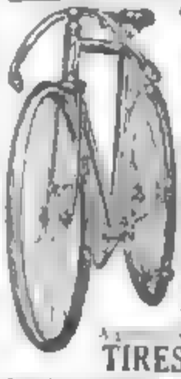
Free For a Postal

... and address and name of your dealer and receive a free sample of

Austin's Dog Bread

the best food for dogs. Made of high grade cereals, flour and ... sweet meat. Greatest dog ... in America. Keeps ... by the ... pound. ... small pkg. Austin's Puppy Bread

Austin Dog Bread & Animal Food Co. 207 Marginal St. Chelsea, Mass.



"RANGER" BICYCLES

... and many ... sold by no other ...

LOWEST PRICES We sell the ... at exceedingly low prices. Other ... A few good second hand machines $3 to $5

10 Days' Free Trial We ship on approval. ... DO NOT BUY ...

TIRES Coaster Brake Rear Wheels ... Rider Agents ... Write today

MEAD CYCLE CO. Dept. S-55 CHICAGO

The season of dust is here

To lessen the labor of keeping your house clean, dust with

LIQUID VENEER

WRITE TODAY FOR FREE TRIAL BOTTLE

BUFFALO SPECIALTY COMPANY
235-7 Liquid Veneer Building, Buffalo, N. Y.

Ball-Cup Nipple FREE

... of a nursing babe to try ...

Hygeia Nursing Bottle Co., 1362 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Every Member of the Family May Help in the "Home-Building"

Valuable Premiums Come Quickly now that Mother has help of the entire family collecting

HAMILTON PREMIUM COUPONS

Hamilton Premium Coupons are packed with **many high grade** brands of goods—with almost everything that **you** or **your family** buy. Father watches out for Hamilton Premium Coupons with all his tobacco and cigars—and **brings them home.** Mother carefully saves the **many** Hamilton Premium Coupons that she finds in her household purchases every day. And the children joyfully contribute those that come with their toys and candy.

You can **combine** them all—and get a **valuable** premium right away. You no longer have to wait **impatiently** for your collection to grow. Maybe you have gotten **discouraged** in collecting the coupons of one manufacturer—and quit the task in disgust. This is all done away with in the Hamilton Premium Coupon plan. It will be a pleasure to you to see how fast Hamilton Premium Coupons come in—all you have to do is to ask for Hamilton Premium Coupon goods. They are all necessities.

Only Reliable Manufacturers Allowed to Use

HAMILTON PREMIUM COUPONS

You'll find Hamilton Premium Coupons in the best of goods. The coupon stands for **high quality, right price** and **honest weight.** We don't allow the Hamilton Premium Coupon used except in standard goods

Hamilton Premium Coupons represent a refund which the manufacturers allow on your purchases—a higher rate of interest than your bank deposits earn. The manufacturers can make you this refund because the Hamilton Premium Coupon concentrates the demand on their goods—they enjoy a bigger business at **less expense.** Part of this saving is spent in **valuable premiums** for you

TWENTY-FIVE

COMPLIMENTARY

Hamilton Premium Coupons For YOU

Your dealer will gladly furnish you with special complimentary Hamilton Premium Coupons when he sees that you really want them.

The eight million people who are now collecting trading stamps will be glad to know that Hamilton Premium Coupons are exchangeable at their full face value in the Premium Parlors of practically all responsible trading stamp concerns.

WRITE US AND FIND OUT the Benefits of the HAMILTON MARKETING PLAN

Send us the corner card today and we'll mail you our illustrated premium catalogue, a list of goods which carry the Hamilton Premium Coupon, and a dozen for **and 25 Complimentary Coupons to start your collection.**

THE HAMILTON CORPORATION
6 West 45th St., New York City

Mention list of manufacturers goods that you are now using which you would like to have carry Hamilton Premium Coupons

FREE
HAMILTON
COUPONS
Your Name and Address Here

Are You Afraid to Laugh?

Are you ashamed of your teeth—afraid to open your mouth and show them, discolored and unsightly—instead of white and beautiful and a delight to see? There is no reason for you to continue with such an unpleasant handicap.

PEBECO

Tooth Paste

preserves the enamel, whitens the teeth and sweetens the breath, because it counteracts the destroying influences of acidity in the mouth.

Germs and bacteria, which cause the fermentation of food particles lodged between the teeth that gives rise to acids, are banished from the mouth by the effective action of Pebeco Tooth Paste.

Even though you now have beautiful teeth, it behooves you to guard against "acid mouth," which works silently but destroys certainly

Send for Trial Tube and Acid Test Papers

and see by an interesting but simple test whether or not you have "acid mouth" now. The tube contains enough for ten days' use, and will show you decidedly the efficacy and pleasantness of Pebeco.

Pebeco originated in the laboratories of P. Beiersdorf & Co., Hamburg, Germany, and is sold everywhere in large 50c tubes. As only ½ of a brushful is used at a time, it is very economical.

LEHN & FINK, 106 William Street, New York

Producers of Lehn & Fink's Riverie Talcum

NEW ORLEANS' FIGHT FOR PANAMA

(Concluded from Page 19)

It was at this stage of the campaign that New Orleans hit its first hard snag. A hurricane literally "hurricaned" Galveston into a new commercial life. Likewise, the first snag struck by New Orleans promises to tumble things—not over, but up and in. New Orleans and the Gulf ports have had to depend on foreign ships for connection with South America. Trade results had begun to come in, as the increased percentages show, when New Orleans discovered that she was being discriminated against, heavily handicapped, by the foreign ships plying to South America.

In one year Brazil had ordered a million dollars' worth of locomotives from European firms. Foreigners didn't propose to let that sort of trade slip away. The American Government had succeeded in getting a reduction in the Brazil tariff of twenty per cent on cement, and large orders were being placed in this country. At once the European steamship pool raised the freight rates proportionately! The American Government succeeded in securing another reduction of ten per cent. At once up went the foreign steamship rates! Last spring a lumber firm had a heavy order for dressed building material to Argentina. It is claimed that foreign steamships refused to quote a rate and sailed in ballast to New York. If you want details of the episode write to the Progressive League of New Orleans. It is asserted that a foreign line will not accept cargo of any sort from a Gulf port to South America. It will bring a South American cargo to a Gulf port; but it plies back to Europe—"the triangle"—for a cargo to take back to South America. Brazil buys ten million dollars' worth of flour a year from the United States and would buy more; but just as soon as the Government at Washington gained a reduction of thirty per cent in Brazil's tariff on flour, up went the foreign steamer rates the same amount. For coal, steel, iron, oil, farm implements, there is an enormous demand in South America. Where are the American ships to convey the cargoes? From the Gulf ports not one! Chicago houses ship from fifteen hundred to two thousand cars of farm implements a year to South America and would ship more if the facilities existed to forward promptly; that is why Chicago, too, is now interested in the matter of Panama. Powder companies have orders which they cannot fill. So have steelworks.

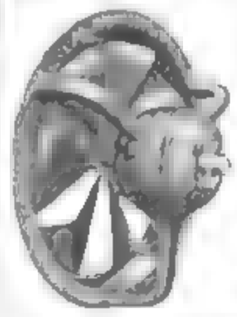
New Orleans' Pet Venture

So, in January, 1912, New Orleans faced the difficulty squarely, took the next step and organized a steamship line of her own—the Pan-American Mail. New Orleans called for popular subscriptions. Fifty per cent of the money needed has already been guaranteed, and one shipyard has offered to take sixty per cent of the cost of the ships in bonds.

Will the project succeed? You can wager your last stiver it will not succeed without a struggle—and a hard one! You will be told: "There is no cargo—the thing is bound to fail; has not one brand-new line been compelled to stop calling at New Orleans?" All this is to add to the secure feeling of the people who subscribe to the civic boatline! Yet I am told that more cargoes are already guaranteed than the new line can provide for.

Needless to say, New Orleans asked for free tolls for her line through Panama. She was told: "That would be discrimination!" Nothing was said about the discrimination by foreign ships that keeps New Orleans out of South America's markets! And the ironically funny part of the situation is that the members of the committee which reported against free tolls are nearly all Middle-Westerners, or from those very states that would have been benefited most by trade with South America. It will be a good game fight in any case; and the struggle is worth watching.

It is a common saying among the Gulf ports that, if you "buck into that ring, first they'll break you; then they'll take you; then they'll make you." Will rivals succeed in bringing that fate on New Orleans' pet venture?



STURTEVANT PROPELLER FANS

For use when a large volume of air must be moved; such places as restaurants, assembly rooms, bowling alleys, kitchens, laundries, dye houses, and various kinds of work rooms. Built with motor or with pulley for belt drive. Sizes: 18" diameter up. This type fan is usually installed in top of sash of window, in a wall or partition, and blows directly outdoors, or from one room to another.

That Room that was Unbearable all Last Summer can be kept Cool, Fresh and Airy by using

Sturtevant Ventilating Fans

They do the *seemingly impossible*

They give perfect ventilation, even where conditions are most difficult. They draw out *all* the bad air, keeping the room full of pure air from outdoors.

No matter what your ventilating problem is, we can give you the exact fan for the exact place, to fit the exact need.

Write us all about your ventilating needs—what current you have, or by what power you can drive, size of room, etc., and we will send your inquiry to our nearest engineer and salesman. We are the largest designers and builders of ventilating apparatus in the world. Write us fully and we will solve your ventilating problem.

Ask for Booklet R. P. S. P. 6

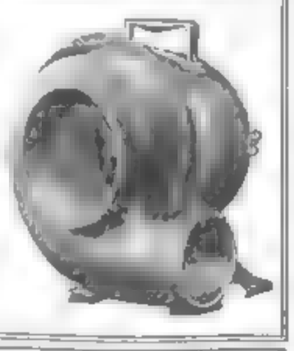
B. F. Sturtevant Company

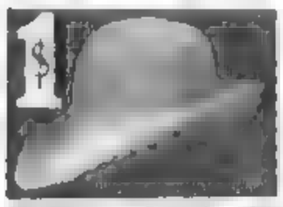
Hyde Park, Boston, Mass.

Offices in all principal cities

STURTEVANT READY-TO-RUN VENTILATING SETS

Used in ventilating and cooling telephone booths, bank vaults, basements, toilet rooms, boat cabins, inside kitchens, closets, show-rooms, etc. Runs from any electric light socket.





Genuine All Hand Woven Unblocked PANAMA

From Weaver to Wearer

Can be worn in the latest [illegible] by Men, Women and Children. Unblocked in any shape or style. Just as durable as the $10 kind, only not as fine a weave. All head sizes. Brims from 3 to 7 inches. Light weight. Sent [illegible] $1.00. Money refunded if not satisfactory.

PANAMA HAT CO., Dept. A, 830 Broadway, NEW YORK CITY

FILMS DEVELOPED

10 CENTS PER ROLL

ALL SIZES

VELOX PRINTS, BROWNIES, 3c; 3½ x 3½, 3¼ x 4¼, 4c; 4 x 5, 3a, 5c.

Send [illegible] sample of our work, we are film specialists [illegible] give you better results than you have ever had

COLE & CO., Asbury Park, N. J.

PATENT YOUR IDEAS Book "How to Obtain a Patent" and "What to Invent" sent free. Send rough sketch for free report as to patentability. Patents obtained by us advertised for sale at our expense in Manufacturer's Journal.

CHANDLEE & CHANDLEE, Patent Attorneys
923 F Street, Washington, D. C. Established 16 years

PATENTS SECURED OR OUR FEE RETURNED

Send sketch for free search of Patent Office Records. How to Obtain a Patent and What to Invent with list of inventions wanted and prizes offered for inventions sent free. Patents advertised free. VICTOR J. EVANS & CO., Washington, D. C.

UTICA

ATHLETIC SUSPENDERS

25 AND 50 CENTS A PAIR

Easy sliding front and back cords, that yield to the slightest movement of the body.

The most comfortable and durable suspenders you ever wore. Made from finest quality elastic webbing in 3 weights. Cords solid-woven and will never wear out; this is why we guarantee every pair for one year.

Ask for a pair at your dealer's; supplied direct if he hasn't them.

Utica Suspender Co.

341 Columbia Street
Utica, New York

STRIKE LIFT DRIVE

No Strain When High Nailing

DOUBLE CLAW HAMMER

"for the mechanic with an ambition to succeed"

16 oz. or 21 oz. Head—WHICH?

$1.50 at your dealer's

or from us, delivery prepaid.

Worth ten times more than the common hammer—costs three times more to make.

DOUBLE CLAW HAMMER CO.

453 Broadway
Brooklyn, N. Y.

START OUT

Pulls The Nail Out Straight Without A Block

COLGATE'S

— PERFECTED —

SHAVING CREAM

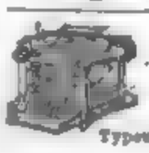
A cool, clean shave. To convince you, we will send a trial tube (*this size*) for 4 cents in stamps.

COLGATE & CO.
Dept. P.
199 Fulton St.
New York

The Eureka Vacuum Cleaner

[illegible] Soon every modern [illegible] process. We [illegible] factory of all cleaners [illegible] pay. Price surprisingly low. Write for [illegible] Book. Agents wanted everywhere.

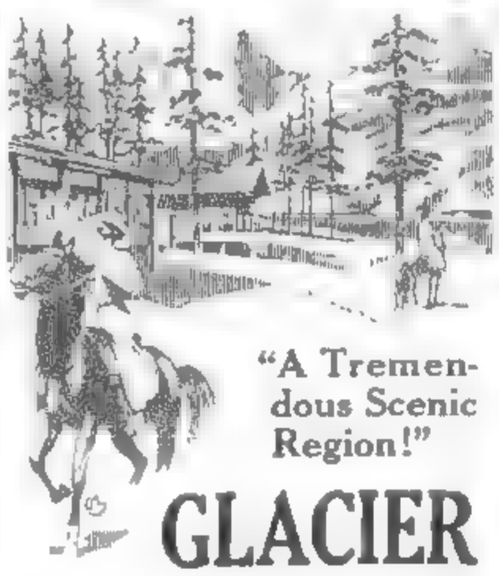
EUREKA VACUUM CLEANER CO.
1250 Majestic Bldg., Detroit, Michigan



TYPEWRITERS ALL MAKES

"Visible" [illegible] sold or rented anywhere [illegible]

Typewriter Emporium, 34-36 W. Lake St., Chicago Ill.



"A Tremendous Scenic Region!"

GLACIER NATIONAL PARK

The ideal place for a *real* outdoor vacation. Over 1,500 square miles of towering mountains, glaciers, glistening snow, sun, countless lakes, streams, waterfalls, flowers and virgin forests now open to the tourist. **Go this summer!** Give yourself the kind of a vacation you have dreamed about. Season June 15 to October 15.

Eight Hotel Colonies

at convenient points throughout the Park—guides and horses—trails and roads—furnish comfort and splendid opportunities for tours on foot and horse at a cost of $1.00 to $5.00 per day. The fishing is magnificent.

Send for Literature

Send 20c in stamps for the complete Glacier National Park Library (9 beautifully illustrated pieces), or 4c for splendid descriptive booklet.

Address

H. A. NOBLE
Gen. Passenger Agent
Dept. 250A
Great Northern Ry.
St. Paul, Minn.

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY

Fast colors in Emery Guaranteed Shirts $1.50 up

No fading in the wash: *Emery* fabrics are thoroughly tested for color and strength and guaranteed dependable.

Neckbands are pre-shrunk

Sleeves are made different lengths.

Fit, color and wear Guaranteed.

Emery means money back, or—A New Shirt for One That Fails.

Write for The Emery Book of Styles. Let us fill your order through your dealer.

DEALERS' INTRODUCTORY OFFER

Retailers who want to boom their shirt business, sign and mail this coupon:

W. M. Steppacher & Bro., Philadelphia.

You may send your Dealers' Special Offer.

Name_____

Address_____

INNER SECRETS OF A BANKER'S RISE

Continued from Page 11

adding two and two and setting down eight for the answer. Now they began to come down to seven, six and five. And there wasn't an instance where they didn't benefit in their own business.

"Yet I know men who never can make two and two foot up more than three. The inflated optimist is scarcely more common in business than the hollow-voiced pessimist whose gasbag has collapsed. I have more sympathy for the man who underrates his ability or net worth than I have for the opposite type—it is more difficult to help the former see the exact truth.

"I recall a wholesale drygoods merchant of this unfortunate class. He came to me with a modest and dubious request for a loan of two thousand dollars. I looked up his record in the bank and found that in past years his credit line had been from twenty to forty thousand dollars. He had paid promptly and cleaned up at intervals, as every borrower should, while his average deposit balances had been excellent; but more recently his loans had been small and not always taken up when due.

"At the same time my investigation of his assets and liabilities convinced me that he was still financially sound and his net worth quite substantial.

"After considerable thought and consultation with the president, I refused the loan on the ground that the merchant had lost confidence in himself and was letting his business slide downhill. Instead of borrowing two thousand dollars, he needed to borrow ten thousand.

"Then the wholesaler gave himself up wholly to despair and tried to sell out. However, he received no offers for his goodwill and only a low valuation on his stock and fixtures. To one in his frame of mind there seemed no alternative but to liquidate before he was forced to assign.

"I wasn't so cold-blooded as most people thought me. That man's troubles worried me a great deal, because I knew his business was all right if only he'd get some impetus back of it. So one day I called him over to the bank. He was twice my age and I felt diffident about giving advice to a man who had spent a lifetime in business; but I really wanted to help him."

The Borrowing Capacity

"'I know a way,' I said, 'whereby you can retire gracefully from business at a profit, instead of sacrificing everything as you propose. The goodwill of your business is really worth money, but you can't get anything for it so long as you admit that the undertaking has floored you. Your case is something like that of an old woman I once knew who owned a cow and a bulldog. She put up a sign in her yard: Milk For Sale. Under it she put another sign: Beware of the Bulldog! The milk, you see, was worth money—but nobody wanted it.

"'Now I know two young men,' I went on, 'who want to go into business; and they are competent, I believe, to take your establishment and make a success of it. They haven't any capital to speak of, but I propose that they go in there and take absolute control. Let us say the present goodwill is worth fifty thousand dollars. You can let these two young men pay you off out of the profits as fast as they can. You can really retire right away. This bank will see them through on any legitimate loans they may need.'

"This was done; and inside of five years the young merchants owned a thriving business that has since grown to large proportions. You see how the personal element in a business may give it borrowing capacity.

"I refer to this instance especially because I'd like to lay stress on a truth that few men in business seem to comprehend: The net worth of a man does not of itself establish his credit. The power behind that net worth is more important. A locomotive may be heavy enough to draw a train, but if the steam goes down the train will be stalled.

"Do you know that some men can borrow money at the bank without any capital whatever back of them? I have loaned money to many such men—cash right over the counter on their unsecured promissory notes! Risky? No; not half so risky as loaning to men with a lot of capital tied up

Makes the Foot seem Shorter

MOST *comfortable* of all Stylish Models.
This due to the skillful "rocker" *concave* curve of sole, with corresponding *concave* curve of Vamp and Toe.

Named "*Universal*" model of Regal Shoe.

Because, it fits *everybody* comfortably and though a *semi-high-toed* Style which is not eccentric,—can be worn safely *anywhere*.

Price $4.00, in Regal-Standard Value

"Universal" Model. Made in Black and Russet Calf, also Patent.

Description of this and 53 other 1912 models for Men and Women (each with a distinctive *Character* and *Purpose* of its own) defined and illustrated in the Regal Shoe "*Style Book*" for Spring 1912.

Regal Shoes are now sold by 893 Regal Shoe Stores and Agencies in U. S., Canada and Britain.

Write for name of your *nearest* Dealer, which will be sent with "Style Book," on request.

Address the Manufacturers, viz:—Regal Shoe Co., 269 Summer St., Boston.

Four Regal Shoe Factories

Regal Shoes
(FOR MEN & WOMEN)

Whitman
Milford
Phila.
Toronto

SALESMEN WANTED

New office specialty Sells for cash. As indispensable as a typewriter. First class salesmen only need apply. Sales Manager, Box 14, Newton, Iowa.

Cedar Canoes $20 and Up
Detroit Canoes can't sink.

All canoes cedar and copper fastened. We make all sizes and styles, also power canoes. Write for free catalog, giving *prices direct from factory to you.*
Detroit Boat Co., 118 Bellevue Ave., Detroit, Mich.

AGENTS BIG PROFITS selling our wonderful sign letters for office windows, store fronts and glass signs. Resembles finest gold leaf. Easily applied. Every firm wants them. Samples free. Metallic Sign Co., 423 N. Clark St., Chicago.

To Get a Keen Edge Quickly

on your Razor, use a Pike Strop-Hone—a practical combination of hone and strop that insures easy shaving. Price $1.00. This is one of the famous

PIKE SHARPENING STONES

The only line that includes *every* sharpening substance natural or artificial—each the best for some sharpening need.

For most other tools use Pike India ... never grease never gets ... evenly ... and can drop ... won't break them.

Pike India Circular Combination Stone for planers, chisels and bits, two stones in one—one side coarse, the other fine. Size 4 in. diam., $1.00. In steel box, $1.50.

The Pike India Strop—makes ... Pike ... and Pike ... and Pike ...

Sold by hardware and tool dealers everywhere, or sent direct.

Guarantee: Your dealer is authorized to replace any Pike Stone that proves defective.

A Pike India Stone FREE

Let us mail you our Pike India Vest Pocket Stone for pocket ... your dealer ... and ... Pike ... How to Sharpen—the most complete booklet ever written on how to put a good edge on knives, tools, etc., and ... circular. Write today.

PIKE MANUFACTURING CO. 3 Main Street, Pike, N. H.

Ford
THE UNIVERSAL CAR

Why spend good dollars in big-car travel when the Ford will get you there as quickly, as comfortably, as safely—and at a fraction of the cost? Thousands of owners of more expensive cars are buying Fords this year—because of their maximum economy and time-tested efficiency.

Seventy-five thousand new Ford Model T's will go into service this season—a proof of their wonderful superiority. The price is $590 for the roadster and $690 for the five passenger touring car—complete with all equipment, f. o. b. Detroit. Get new catalogue from Ford Motor Company, Detroit,—and name of nearest representative.

where they can't realize on it inside of a year or two. A factory plant or a store building or a lot of old merchandise is not the security a banker wants. For such loans, see the real-estate man—or 'your uncle' perhaps.

"The first thing a banker considers is not the security at all—it's the borrower's integrity and the way he looks at fundamental truths. Is he visionary? Does a dollar look like a dollar to him or like two dollars—or six? Is the building he bought ten years ago still worth twelve thousand dollars, or has he taken off two per cent a year for depreciation? Is he riding some hobby to death—like golf or automobiles or fishing? Does he know all the elements in his business and do his books tell him facts? Is his breath free from highball? Can he make steam properly?

"If the answers are satisfactory, then the banker looks over the more tangible assets, but he wants them liquid—that is, he wants them quickly convertible into cash.

"Well, space permits me to mention but one instance only of a class of men who came to me very often. I have frequently thought that many a business would be run on a different basis if those in charge could sit for a week in the inner precincts of a bank.

"A large manufacturing concern came to us with a request for a rather extensive credit line. It complained that the bank with which it had done business was not treating it fairly in its loans; and it offered us its account if we would give it what it needed.

"Our regular form of statement was submitted to me by this company, but I didn't like the looks of the figures. You know there are earmarks about these statements that stick out more or less plainly. One thing I didn't just understand was the equipment account; so I undertook a glimpse of the books."

Kid Glove Assets

"Without going into the matter technically, I'll simply say that a certain lot of machines, originally costing ten thousand dollars, was valued the second year at nine thousand, the third year at eight thousand, and so on. This was on the theory that in ten years the machines would be worthless; but that didn't work out. The lot of machines in question was scrapped at the end of the fourth year, having been superseded by a more modern invention. Its value, however, as shown in the last inventory, was seven thousand dollars.

"Of course no business man likes to see seven thousand dollars thrown out on the scrapheap. It's more agreeable to keep this neat little sum in the inventory, especially when there is money due the banks and other creditors—and stockholders to be appeased. So in this case it was decided to let the seven-thousand-dollar gasbag stand for a while without puncturing; later on some convenient way would be found to take it out of the inventory.

"This concern was half gas and my bank refused its account. Afterward it dragged its weary way through a receivership. A lot of its stockholders had been taking the figures without an introduction.

"Now this is exactly the sort of logic that ruins men in business. By the time they have built up a structure based on figures of this sort they find themselves hard-pressed for cash; then they go to the bank and apply for a loan.

"Did you ever pour boiling water on a kid glove? The next time you have an old glove you don't want any more, put it in a pan and empty the teakettle on it. You'll laugh yourself sick to see it shrink instantly to the size of a baby's hand; but you'll not laugh when the banker pours hot water on your assets—unless they've been shrunk before he gets to them.

"Without hesitation I say that my own success has come from making a specialty of the financial laws that underlie the operations of mankind in general. I have helped thousands of men to success simply by forcing them to face the truth in whatever they undertook. I have been a ruthless believer in realism down to the minutest fraction. When a man faces facts fairly and squarely he will take every step with a degree of certainty not possible otherwise. Just for example: He will go on making laundry soap until the pink medicated soap is able to walk by itself."

Editor's Note—This is the sixth of a series of articles by Edward Mott Woolley. The seventh will appear in an early issue.

Smoke Talk No. 11

The Wrapper Is a Deception

A light-colored, mild-looking wrapper often covers the strongest Havana or the rankest domestic tobacco. To be sure of a really mild, harmless, enjoyable blend of light Havana and right domestic, ask your dealer for a

Robt. Burns
MILD 10c CIGAR
Made by STRAITON & STORM, New York, since 1857

Ask your Doctor

Elementary

We issue a booklet entitled "Odd Lots." It outlines the advantages of trading in Odd Lots of stock, and tells how to buy and sell them.

Send for Circular T—"Odd Lots."

John Muir & Co.
SPECIALISTS IN
Odd Lots
of Stock
Members New York Stock Exchange
71 BROADWAY NEW YORK

Have Your Own Private STEEL GARAGE
Protect Your Car From Fire and Theft
$92.50

Have your own Garage. Make sure no one is using your [illegible] knowledge. Save $25 to $35 month [illegible] Save $50 to $100 cost of building by ordering

Edwards Fireproof Steel Garage

[illegible] Ample room for largest car and all equipment [illegible] weatherproof indestructible. Locks most [illegible] An artistic structure any owner will be proud of [illegible] with full description and illustration, sent on request

THE EDWARDS MFG. CO., 740-780 Eggleston Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio

TENT CATALOG FREE
Going to Camp?
[illegible] newest and most up-to-date ideas
Absolutely the lowest prices
Watershed—Mildew Proof
U. S. War Dept
The Hettrick Bros. Co.
Toledo, Ohio
U. S. A.

$2 FISHING OUTFIT
Ask for OUTDOOR GUIDE No. F-3—FREE
It is a treasure house of suggestions for those interested in sports of all kinds
NEW YORK SPORTING GOODS CO.
15 and 17 Warren Street, New York

SHORTHAND IN 30 DAYS
[illegible] written with only nine characters [illegible] no shading [illegible] Chicago
Correspondence Schools 928 Chicago Opera House Block, Chicago Ill.

Ann Arbor INSTANTO LIGHTING SYSTEMS
Change from 150 C. P. to [illegible] C. P. in a jiffy. The up-to-date and complete lighting system on the market. Just the thing for summer homes. Attractive high candle power, inverted arc for stores, halls, etc. Best proposition for agents. Write today for terms on territory. Catalog free.
Superior Mfg. Co., 915-945 Ann Arbor Mich.

EXTENDED [illegible] FOLDED
Catalog free
Acme Folding Canvas Boat Co., Miamisburg Ohio

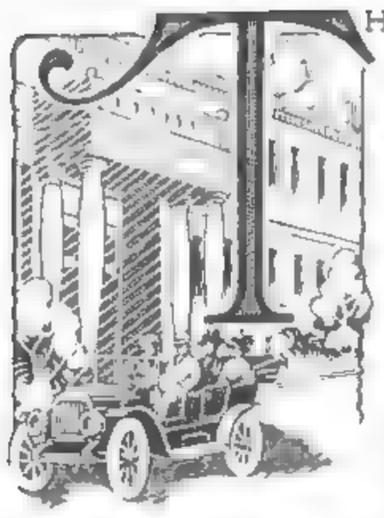
Patents that PROTECT
For Facts about Prizes, Rewards, etc. send 6c stamps for our new 128 page book of intense interest to Inventors. R. S. & A. B. Lacey, Dept. 35, Washington, D. C. Estab. 1869

"L&C.HARDTMUTH'S"
KOH-I-NOOR
PENCILS IN 17 DEGREES AND COPYING
BEST FOR EVERY PURPOSE AND THE MOST ECONOMICAL

OUR TENT CATALOG IS FREE
A CAMP GUIDE
WE MAIL IT POSTPAID THE SAME DAY YOUR REQUEST COMES TO US
The most complete Catalogue of Tents and Camp Supplies ever issued—160 pages. Enables you to buy direct from the largest manufacturer in the country. Protects you against frauds. Everything we make is the best. Our prices are absolutely the lowest. Contains hints on Camping, Fishing and Hunting. A valuable book. Write today.
H. Channon Company.
Randolph and Market Streets Dept. 230X Chicago

Rubber and Its Relation to Tire Values

By H. S. Firestone



THE subject of rubber as used in automobile tires has heretofore been a closed book to the tire user. And such little information as has been given has not created very definite or accurate impressions.

Many believe that all rubber comes from Para. The fact is Para is only one port in the vast South American rubber zone.

The finest rubber, the world's standard of value, comes from the upper Amazon Valley—this grade being known as Up-River Fine Para. The difficulties and dangers of gathering this rubber add greatly to its cost. From the lower Amazon Valley are obtained the weaker and cheaper grades of Brazilian rubber.

The Meaning of "Para"

The next quality of rubber to fine Para comes from the Island of Ceylon and the Federated Malay States, where nearly a million acres have been devoted to rubber culture.

Africa is another source of supply, Mexico another, but the rubbers are inferior.

The yearly output of the world approximates 85,000 tons, a very small part of which is first quality Para, although Brazil produces one half of the total supply.

So, in spite of all that tire makers have had, and still have to say about "Pure Para"—the fact that Para rubber is used means little.

First—because of the several kinds or grades of rubber shipped from South America under that trade name. One can use a low grade or a costly Para. Either may be pure.

Second—because it is not whether Para is used—but how it is used—the quantity used, that is vital to tire efficiency and service.

No tire is *pure rubber*. That is out of the question. An *all* rubber tire would not, could not, give the service. A compounding of mineral substances with the rubber is essential.

The formulas followed for the different compounds used in the various sections of the tire are what largely govern *price* and *quality*.

The chemist in charge of the laboratory is instructed according to the manufacturer's aims and standards. He makes a high grade compound if quality is the end in view or a poor, cheap compound if price is the object.

Zinc, white lead, etc., are cheaper than rubber

Gold Coast, South Cameroon and other African rubbers, are cheaper than Para—Plantation rubber, Coarse Para, Cameta Para and Manicoba are cheaper than Up-River Fine Para.

Tire Maker's Temptations

And the price of all raw rubber is high enough and unsteady enough to be a source of constant anxiety.

The temptation is great. Perhaps the tread mixture could stand more compounding, or the quantity used for each tire reduced a bit.

Then there is the side-wall mixture, the grade and volume of rubber used for the cushion and fabric saturation. All presenting opportunities for "economy" (?)—all temptations for the tire maker to lower his cost, cheapen his product.

But there can be no compromise. *Quality* tires *must* have highest quality and ample quantity of rubber here, there and everywhere.

Yet it is not all a matter of ounces and pounds or dollars and cents. If this were not true, if expense were the *only* consideration, perhaps "Firestone" tires would have been duplicated.

There is the element of the chemist's genius or "know how" to reckon with in tire making.

The Service of Science

In producing the "Firestone" compounds, results were obtained that go beyond commercial values. The aim was the most efficient, strongest and longest wearing tire possible. Money was no object. All the Up-River Fine Para necessary was used. The highest grade material in any quantity required was employed.

The goal being reached, the standard has been maintained ever since, regardless of cost.

So the "Firestone" compounds, and therefore the "Firestone" tire as a whole, is *more* than high grade in quality and quantity of rubber. This is one reason for the leadership of "Firestone" tires for 12 years, with never an "off" season.

Fortunately for car owners and the tire industry, the demand for tires has been so great that the growing volume of business has offset such increases in cost of materials and labor as have occurred. The price of rubber is becoming more steady, too, owing to the influence of the large plantations on the world's market.

Giving Users The Benefit

More lately the car owners' interest has been best served by greatly enlarged manufacturing capacity and improved facilities generally, making even a reduction of price possible.

The new "Firestone" plant is three times the size of the factory occupied only a year ago—yet both plants are in full operation, the old used *exclusively* for rims, the new *exclusively* for tires. Concentration counts.

The Firestone Tire & Rubber Company make *only* tires and rims—the largest organization of this kind in the world.

Smooth Tread "Firestone" Tires Non-Skid

Built with the one object of road service in view. Cost of materials and workmanship is the last consideration. It is because of this unvarying standard of efficiency, regardless of cost, that Firestone tires are supreme under all conditions, at all seasons, in all climates.

An inferior grade of rubber, or an insufficient quantity of rubber in compound, will not give road results in ease of riding or mileage service. That's why Up-River Fine Para rubber in largest proportions is used in building tires at the Firestone factory.

Weak, poorly constructed Fabric, made of inferior grade cotton, cannot long withstand the strain of ordinary road service—it can never get through the emergency tests. That's why Firestone tires are made of the strongest, most expensive Combed Sea Island Cotton, accurately and completely filled with purest Para rubber.

Skimping in workmanship means skimping in mileage given. That's the reason Firestone factory tests provide for far more than average road tests.

These are reasons why Firestone Tires cost a little more to buy but cost much less to use. *The one supreme quality in all standard types for all rims.*

The Firestone Tire & Rubber Company

America's Largest Exclusive Tire and Rim Makers

Akron, Ohio

One Traveling Man's Record

In November, 1909, a dry goods salesman undertook to appoint special agents to sell *The Saturday Evening Post* and *The Ladies' Home Journal* in small towns and villages. At first he gave only spare hours to the work. Later, he abandoned the dry goods line in order to give his entire time to placing our contracts. Within seven months he earned more than $2300.00 in commissions and prizes. In one day he closed four contracts at a commission of $32.50.

Last summer we engaged this representative to do special work in large cities, for which we paid him a salary and a bonus. In February, 1912, we brought him into our Home Office as an assistant manager.

Now we have openings on the road for several men of initiative, with clean records, who are willing to start on a liberal commission basis and work their way up. We prefer men who will work only for us, but we will consider applications from those who want to take up the work as a side-line.

The Curtis Publishing Company

Roadmen's Section—Circulation Department

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

THE JINGO

(Continued from Page 21)

As they entered the gates of the Palace Park she looked down into Isola. It was a beautiful picture as it lay sleeping under the moonlight, dotted here and there with pretty homes. She had always loved this view of the valley—and tomorrow they might strew it with the dead, like Birrquay!

When the king kissed her good night at the door of her room she told him that he need not stay up late with Jimmy and Teddy to plan a campaign.

"Why not?" he asked her, looking down into her clear and untroubled eyes and pinching her pallid cheeks to bring the color back to them, as he had a joking habit of doing. "You are very much fatigued, Bezzanna. I fear the excitement of the night has been too much for you. I do hope you will have good rest."

"I am going to marry the prince," she told him with a feeling of mild surprise as she discovered that she had known this all the time.

When the king returned to the library he found old Polecon there with Jimmy and Teddy. As young in spirit as any of the gallants of Isola, Polecon had enjoyed the entire evening's dissipation, theater, restaurant and all; and now, at three o'clock in the morning, after having seen his womenfolks safely home, the grandfather of Toopy, with a pair of particularly bright eyes in his seamed and purpled countenance, was ready to finish the night.

The king shook hands warmly with his old friend and sat down by the table, looking moodily out at the window, while Jimmy resumed his explanation of certain plans he had for the invasion.

Polecon turned to the king presently and laid a bony hand upon his arm.

"You can't stand the pace like us young fellows," he laughingly bantered.

"I am worried," responded the king. "It is a family matter, and yet, after all, it is a matter of state. The Princess Bezzanna insists that she is going to marry Onalyon."

Jimmy felt a painful clutch at his heart as if a hot brand had suddenly been placed upon it.

"What did you tell her?" he asked, clearing his throat, for a spasmodic contraction there had rendered his voice husky.

"That I forbade it," replied the king, raising his head and compressing his lips.

Polecon turned upon him sharply.

"Why?" he demanded.

"Because it is too late. I can allow neither the prince's treason nor the death of Birrquay to go unpunished."

"Pride and revenge!" commented Polecon. "We are face to face with a sacrifice now, and it is only a question of choosing. Shall you sacrifice your resentment that a man has armed himself against you, and shall your Cabinet, in whose hands this latter matter lies, sacrifice its desire for vengeance? Or shall we sacrifice thousands of lives?"

The king was silent. He was struggling with himself and his responsibilities.

"One life would do it!" declared Teddy savagely. "If I could only lay hands on Onalyon ——"

Jimmy, who was very quiet, stopped him with the barest trace of a touch.

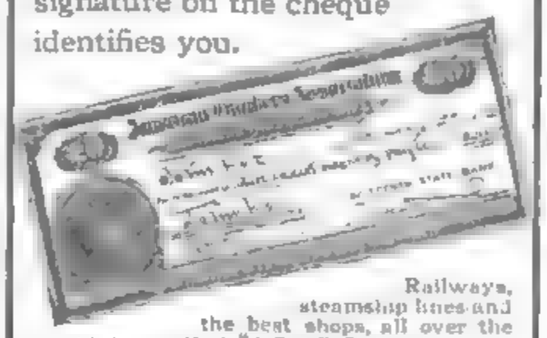
"You, a human being like your subjects even though a king, are responsible for their welfare, their happiness and their right to live," went on Polecon. "If there is any justice in the great apparent chain of accidents which we call human events you are permitted to be ruler over a hundred and fifty thousand fellow human beings because you are more wise, more powerful, more just, more kind and more above the ignoble passions. You have no right to the purely personal emotions of pride and revenge when these are weighed against the happiness of your people. You have the solution to our threatened national disaster in your own hands. If the princess will marry Onalyon let her do so."

"I fear him on the throne," persisted the king.

"Our friend Jimmy has answered that objection for us," responded Polecon. "We will pull Onalyon's teeth before he assumes the reins of government—if that time ever comes—by giving the people a constitution with which they may protect themselves. I have read the document Jimmy drew up and think it marvelous for its wisdom, its justice and its safety. I would have urged its adoption before this,

AMERICAN BANKERS ASSOCIATION TRAVELERS' CHEQUES

Pay Traveling Bills with "A.B.A." Cheques. Hotel men of all countries like to accept them from guests. Your signature on the cheque identifies you.



Railways, steamship lines and the best shops, all over the world, know that "A.B.A." Cheques are as good as gold.

Foreign money is simplified for the traveler who has a wallet of A.B.A. Cheques. The exact value of each $10, $20 and $50 Cheque is stated in the money of the principal nations.

Wm. J. Burns National Detective Agency protects holders of A.B.A. Cheques from forgery. The engraving and the special paper on which they are printed make them almost impossible to counterfeit.

"A.B.A." Cheques are the only travelers' cheques accepted under the law for United States customs entries.

Write to Bankers Trust Company, Wall Street, New York, for information as to where the Cheques may be obtained in your vicinity, and explanatory booklet.

"The Most Convenient Cheque."

BUY THEM FROM YOUR OWN BANKER OR IF HE CANNOT SUPPLY THEM ASK US

BANKERS TRUST COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY

The first Successful **Two-Speed Motorcycle**

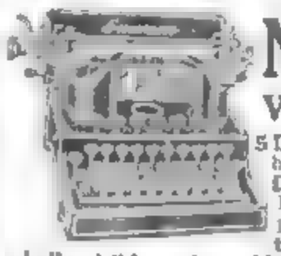
The Thiem Two-Speed Hub is ... road service. Doubles efficiency of motor. Starts at turn of crank. Flies ... over paved streets.

The **Thiem** has many other new exclusive features

... pipe and all-right motor cam make it the most reliable and cleanest of motorcycles. Strong statements, but facts. Make us prove them.

Write for Catalog describing all the many exclusive advantages of the Thiem. A few territories still open for high-... proposition.

JOERNS-THIEM MOTOR CO.
356 Cedar St. St. Paul, Minn.



No Money With Your Order

5 DAYS TRIAL in your own home, then 10 CENTS-A-DAY payable monthly. Many of our customers pronounce the EMERSON the best typewriter made, wholly visible, universal keyboard, tabulator, back spacer, two-color ribbon, rapid, strong, light touch.

Don't Pay Even $20 for any typewriter ... until after we send you an EMERSON ... YOU CAN EARN ONE for a slight service, with ... ment. We will mail you names of people ... EMERSON ... MAKE BIG MONEY ... ting us. Liberal reward for your spare time. R... — McHenry County, State Bank, Woodstock, ... al card or in a letter to us, say ...

The Emerson Typewriter Co., Box 208, Woodstock, Ill.

Chairs & Tricycles
For Invalids and Cripples
Worthington Co.
508 Cedar St., Elyria, O.

Write for *your* sample cake

Have you ever used a soap with the *real* odor of violets?

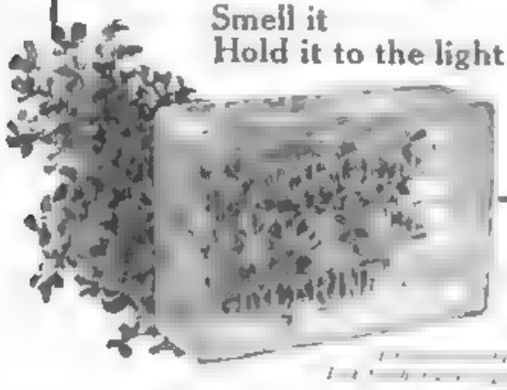
If not, you do not know how delightful a soap can be. Every time you wash with this sample cake, you will enjoy its fresh fragrance. In it we have caught the real odor of violets and the color of fresh violet leaves, a beautiful translucent green

Jergens

Violet Glycerine Soap

[illegible] Co., Dept. P

Smell it
Hold it to the light



Tubular in the center

Extra strong where the real wear comes. Slide freely through eyelets.

Flat at the ends

Always tie into neat handsome bows.

Nufashond

Patented May 7, 1907

Oxford Laces

All pure silk, in black, tan and white—[illegible] so well made that every pair is

guaranteed 3 months

25 cents per pair. In sealed boxes only at all shoe, dry goods, and men's fur[illegible]

Nufashond Shoe Lace Co.
Dept. A Reading, Pa.

except that we are safer in your judgment than in the protection of any mechanical system."

The king was deeply touched by the beautiful and sincere compliment and expressed his gratitude with becoming humility.

"There is one other objection," he presently stated, aware that he was urging the one which was the strongest with him. "The princess does not love Onalyon."

"Suppose she does not?" demanded Polecon. "It is the sacrifice of one woman as weighed against the sacrifice of a nation. It should be her privilege to make that sacrifice. She is the crown princess."

The king in his distraction turned suddenly to the adviser who had never failed him.

"Jimmy, what is your opinion?" he asked.

"I positively refuse to advise you in the matter," replied Jimmy, trying to conceal the fact that his teeth were set and that his jaws worked stiffly.

"Why ——" The king, watching Jimmy's countenance, broke off abruptly and a look of mingled pain and fear came into his own eyes. "What is this plan of action you were discussing when I came in?" he wanted to know.

The morning was well advanced, and they were deep in the discussion of a long-since-perfected but concealed device of Jimmy's, which had appalled them all by its destructiveness, when the door opened and the princess came in. She was straight as a slender, dressed in the white robe of Isola; her wide eyes burned like coals of fire and there were deep, dark circles under them; her face was waxlike in its pallor.

"Why, Bezzanna!" cried the king, rising to meet her, then he stopped, aghast at the change the night had wrought in her.

"You have been up all night!" she protested, and her voice, low, but steady and musical, had in it a strange new note of sweetness which brought the tears to the eyes of the king—and to Jimmy's.

"We have been discussing strategy," Polecon told her, eying her keenly.

"There will be no need of it," she assured him. "There is to be no war, since I am to marry the prince."

"You shall not!" cried Teddy hotly.

"I must!" insisted the princess gently. "I have already given him my word. I have just telephoned him."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

MAKING A BUSINESS WOMAN

(Continued from Page 17)

his bull's-eye. The janitor, the men that sell you your shoes, that put up your prescriptions, that hand you your mail, that take you down in the elevators, that wait on you, serve you—every single one of these men has got more in him worth diggin' for than all the books in Christendom; and any woman that's got a human-nature instinct and goes at it right can get at these men's stories and their ambitions better than a man can. A man naturally opens up to a woman—like he did as a little shaver to his mother; it's a cinch for a woman."

"And if everybody finds out that it's better to study men than books, where will your business be?"

"Don't you think you could stop 'em going to books for their know-how—the average run!" he retorted quickly. "The population generally will always get it that way—it's easier. They'll set over a situation that's fairly screechin' for an intelligent hand to handle it, offerin' all kinds of rewards, with their eyes glued on some book that will tell them how to succeed."

He paused in his whittling and looked up at me, for his head had been bent closely in a near-sighted way over his ruler. "To come down close to home again," he said, "all during that Binks' great closing act goin' on right here in this office, played out plain before every one's eyes, who knew anything unusual was goin' on? William was one that did, as I've told you; and I'm not sure there wasn't one other": he squinted hard at me. "But the other fifty-eight employees were dead to the world through it all, and they don't know yet what happened. And that's about the proportion; it's the fifty-eight that we'll always sell books to—the fifty-eights everywhere."

"But, Mr. Bittner," I protested, "it is unreasonable to condemn books altogether. Many things must be learned from books."

The Remington-Cote Automatic the only bottom ejecting Pump Gun

PUMP GUN
Solid-Breech, Hammerless, Safe.

Bottom Ejection—empty shells are thrown downward—smoke and gases must go the same way, too—insuring uninterrupted sight—rapid pointing always.

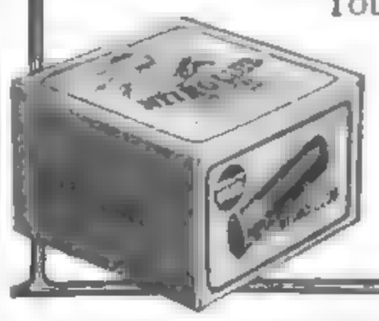
Solid Breech—Hammerless—perfectly balanced—a straight strong sweep of beauty from stock to muzzle.

Three Safety Devices—accidental discharge impossible.

Simple Take-Down—a quarter turn of the barrel does it—carrying, cleaning, interchange of barrels made easy—your fingers are your only tools.

For trap or field work the fastest natural pointer.

Your dealer has one. Look it over today.



Remington Arms-Union Metallic Cartridge Co.

299 Broadway New York City

Wear Your Heels Straight

No rundown heels with **Hedstrates** inside your shoes. Especially necessary for high heel shoes—Fit all sizes. Satisfaction or money back. Pair Postpaid 25 cents.

A. ASCHENBACH, 195 Elmwood Ave., E. Orange N. J.

Print Your Own

[illegible] THE PRESS CO., Meriden, Connecticut

50 ENGRAVED CALLING CARDS $1

[illegible] engraving of the highest [illegible] fashionable wedding invitations and announcements, [illegible] stationery, at lowest prices. We pay delivery charges. Samples free. Charles H. Elliott Co., 1836 Lehigh Ave., Philadelphia.

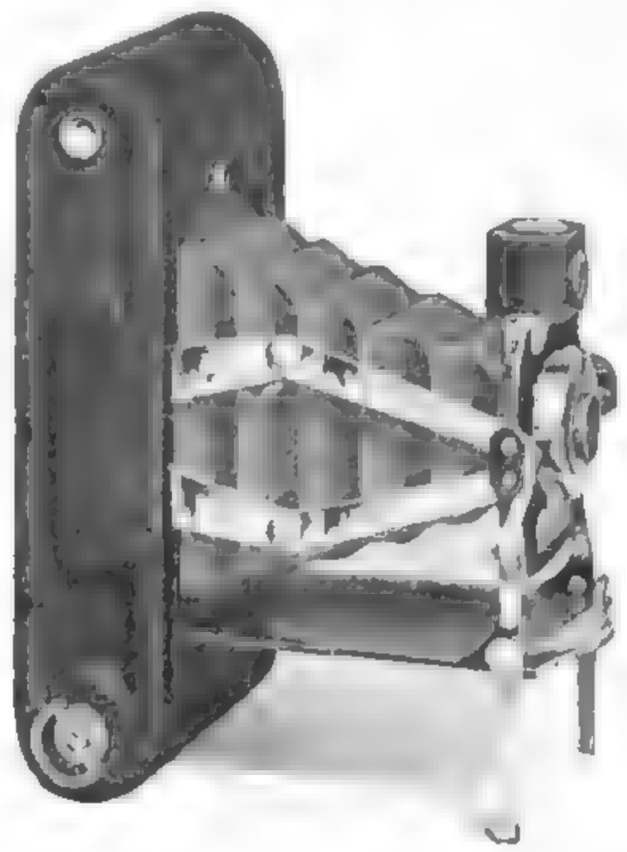
PATENTS That Protect and Pay. Send Sketch or Model for FREE SEARCH

Books Advice Searches and List of Inventions Wanted **FREE**

WATSON E. COLEMAN, [illegible] Washington, D. C.

Packard

¶ Pay yourself dividends of satisfaction by investing $500 in a Packard—style FF. Every Packard owner is a Packard booster. Terms and catalogue BB from The Packard Company, Fort Wayne, Indiana—or from better dealers everywhere.



Photography with the bother left out.

No. 1A Pocket KODAK

Slips easily in and out of an ordinary coat pocket. Snap, it is fully extended and in focus. Snap, the picture is made. Snap, and it's closed again.

Carefully tested meniscus achromatic lens, accurate shutter; daylight loading, of course. Made of aluminum, covered with fine seal grain leather. Kodak quality in every detail. Loads for twelve exposures Pictures 2½ x 4¼ inches. Price $12.00.

Other Kodaks $5.00 to $100.00 Brownie Cameras, they work like Kodaks, $1.00 to $12.00. All are fully described in the Kodak catalogue free at your dealers or by mail.

EASTMAN KODAK CO., ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*

New Business

Quick profits. No canvassing. Work all or spare time—traveling or at home.

MANDEL Post Card Machine

Unlimited field.

Photos Direct on Post Cards —No Plates—No Films

One [illegible] delivers 3 original photo post cards [illegible] THE SPOT. [illegible] this wonderful 6-pound portable post card gallery.

CHICAGO FERROTYPE COMPANY

243 Ferrotype Bldg. Chicago, Ill. or Dept 243 Public Bank Bldg. New York N. Y.

Some of Bing's Famous Walking Dogs

For sale at toy, [illegible] stores

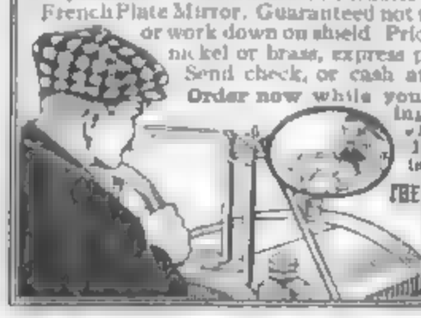
BING'S PLUSH WALKING ANIMALS

No springs to get out of order. They simply walk when led by the leash. *Genuine if* with trade mark. Go, see at [illegible] or write to [illegible] 4th Ave., New York [illegible] he will see that you [illegible]

AVOID AUTO ACCIDENTS

With the Toledo Rear Sight AUTOMOBILE MIRROR

Best and cheapest auto insurance—saves property and life. Adjusts to wind shield—shows approach of cars, vehicles, fire engines, run-aways, etc. Saves eating other fellow's dust. You can't be passed without knowing it. Driver sees all around car. Can back up clearing any obstacle without turning head. Saves cost in rear lamps alone in short time; adds style and tone to your car. Substantial and durable. Imported French Plate Mirror. Guaranteed not to jar loose or work down on shield. Price in either nickel or brass, express prepaid $5. Send check, or cash at our risk. Order now while you're thinking of it. We [illegible] day order is received.



THE ADJUSTABLE MIRROR CO. TOLEDO, O.

TEMPLE SHAKESPEARE

Red Leather 55c

Cloth 35c

Postage per vol. 3c

Printed from the Cambridge Text with Prefaces, Notes and Glossaries by [illegible] A handsome and scholarly edition in the most convenient form for Library Class, Reading Circle or Pocket. [illegible] fine hand-made paper, numbered lines. Volumes are 4 x 5⅜ inches and are printed in two colors.

Best Edition for Graduation Gifts

See it at your bookseller's or send for circular to E. P. Dutton & Co., 31 W. 23rd St., New York

"Men and books," he said, rising. "But take it from me—never waste time on a book when there's a man handy." And he sidled to his desk and began opening the heavy mail that had just been delivered.

Bittner was not in the office much more than he had been formerly, remaining merely long enough to open the mail; but he knew everything that went on and he required results. He had a genius for picking people to do his work, people who could do the particular task but were not rounded individuals, not capable of organizing their own lives, putting their abilities to work for themselves.

"No man," Bittner once said to me, "is goin' round daffy over an idea unless there's somethin' to it. I don't care about well-known writers; I want the fellow that hasn't had a chance to try out his idea. It's always worth lookin' at; he may have seen somethin' comin' and caught it first."

In the same spirit he haunted attics and dens of inventors. Every once in a while he brought to light some neat little office contrivance, something he could manufacture inexpensively and use as a comeback. He was always hunting for comebacks; and I am ashamed to say that I was slow to understand why. In a business like ours I found out it costs too much to get a customer—by advertising and letters—to make it pay if there is to be just one sale. Therefore, new offers are constantly made, new attractions thrust under his nose. He buys one set of our books, and in the set of books goes a description of a more recent set. He buys this, and with the filling of this order go descriptions of filing cabinets, automatic inkwells, stainless penholders, unbreakable lead pencils, perfection erasers, and so on. It amused me to see that Mr. Bittner would not be bothered with any of these contrivances on his own desk, but insisted that I be well supplied. He wanted to try them out.

The books for the desk were published the first of September, and without taking time to draw breath we started on other books. A new volume was planned to take the place of each of those we were now selling, books supplied in special bindings by other publishers. The plan was gradually to substitute our own for these others that we had so highly advertised. We had praised up the old books to such an extent in advertisements and circulars that it wouldn't do to drop them all at once; also there was a great deal of printed matter in the house to be used up. New plans had to be made for advertising, new circulars and booklets written, new catalogues laid out, all preparatory to getting out our own publications. In all this I was the chief executer, Bittner's brain the inspiration.

How Women are Handicapped

I was at my desk early and late and the days flew by; the work was absorbingly interesting. When I came to a hard place where I had no idea what to do or say, I would put on my hat and coat and go out and make a call on some business house where there was reason to expect an idea to be afloat. In planning the literature on filing systems I called at a large office-supplies house and asked to see their systems. I called as a purchaser and listened closely as the salesman explained each feature. I asked questions, discussed the matter in detail and returned to our office with new light on the subject. Seldom did I use the salesman's ideas, but the talk, the discussion with experts, would give me new insight into the matter. I began to appreciate what a man's club means to him, what an advantage he has in mixing with other business men, in breathing another business atmosphere; and I appreciated also how handicapped are the cleverest of business women. They have no access to this living stream of up-to-dateness; they have little chance to be more than good machines. I had to get, by pretending to be a customer, what any average man can get at lunch, at his club, anywhere and everywhere among men.

I never said to Bittner: "Give me an argument for this advertisement." I would merely remark, as I got up to go out: "I'm going in search of an argument." Sometimes he would stop me and give me an argument he had on tap; other times he merely nodded his head in approval. Many times I didn't go to a salesman of that particular book or device about which I was troubled, but to some small side-street store, where I would find an uncrowded corner and an idle clerk. As he sold me paper, mucilage or magazines I'd get him to talking, and the first thing I knew I'd have an idea. He would say something that suggested to me the salesman's problem, and that would give me a cue to an argument.

The rest of the office went on as before. Miss Krog still went handsomely and noiselessly about giving out work and taking it up; William watched over the cuts and cared for the supplies; the typists—one hundred now—clicked madly away, and the air in the place was worse even than formerly. The office was as dusty, the walls as grimy, the atmosphere as gray, the furniture as shabby; but I never suffered one moment of boredom. I saw the business growing, growing, growing. I still handled some of the correspondence and knew that people were delighted everywhere with the new books. Confidence was increasing; the firm was coming rapidly to stand for Western enterprise all the world over. Branch offices were opened in all the large cities, and in Canada, New Zealand and Japan; the books were translated into Spanish and French. It all seemed to me amazing; for, after all, what had we given the world that it should return to us such liberal reward? And then I remembered the fortunes founded on various kinds of food-stuffs. After all, wasn't our gift of some moment compared with these edibles? Was it not something to be the business accumulator, to give again to the people that which had been drawn from them—wine from the vat, freed of its dregs?

The Surprise of My Life

My salary was twenty-five dollars a week. I had never asked for a raise or mentioned the matter of money; in fact, I considered that I was getting a salary commensurate with my work. I had been so interested in the game as almost to have forgotten my own private enterprise in coming to the city—to make money. Now suddenly as my third year was winding up its last months I blinked hard, came to, woke up, opened my eyes wide, and admitted to myself that I was getting very little cash out of this enterprise that I had helped to expand. It didn't occur to me to ask Mr. Bittner for a larger salary; somehow I always took it for granted that he would do what he wanted to do, and asking would have little effect.

And so, as the gnats of restlessness tormented me more and more, I grew abstracted, and as of old my mind became filled with day dreams. There must be a future for me now that I knew something about business—a future beyond twenty-five dollars a week. I had given as much time to learning this business as a man generally gives to law or medicine; I should begin to practice what I had learned.

"There's one good paragraph in every man," Bittner had said. "Get that paragraph, then let the man go."

Had I got the whole paragraph out of Bittner? I believed I had; and I had some ideas of my own that I wanted to see have a chance. I would take a vacation; then—then I'd see.

One evening in September these dreams were flitting about in my head in pestering swarms. As the other employees began closing their desks and covering their machines for the day I sat on, my head on my hands, thinking.

I didn't realize that all the girls had gone till Mr. Bittner spoke; then I glanced up and saw that we were alone.

"Tomorrow's your third anniversary," he said, looking up from his desk. "And I wanta get some little papers fixed up as a sort of anniversary present.

"Here's some figures that bite in," he went on, putting before me a page that the bookkeeper had prepared. "You can go over it carefully; but you can see at a glance that we're pulling down five times the dough we did with Binks. I wanta make over to you a third interest," he continued, cutting the edge of the paper into fringes with a caution and an exactness that caused him to squint up his eyes and lean close over the job. "William owns a little stock—we three, that's all. And I'm just askin' one thing o' you if you're to be my partner, and that is that you promise to be permanent like a man—stick!"

"But, Mr. Bittner, this is too kind——"

"It ain't; it's business."

Editor's Note—This is the last of four articles by Anne Shannon Monroe, relating the experiences of a woman in the business world.

More than 10,000 enthusiastic owners of the 1912

Cadillac

find it all that a motor car should be

More than ten thousand completely contented and enthusiastic 1912 Cadillac owners – more than ten thousand people with no disposition or desire to own any other car—doesn't that present an impressive picture to your mind?

People are accustomed to say that the man who buys a low-priced car will some day own a better one—but the man who buys a Cadillac stops there—whether he has owned a car of higher or lower price.

A great majority of Cadillac owners are amply able to pay more money—why is it they are not tempted to do so?

Because the Cadillac owner finds his car all that a motor car should be—finds that it renders service which money could not better.

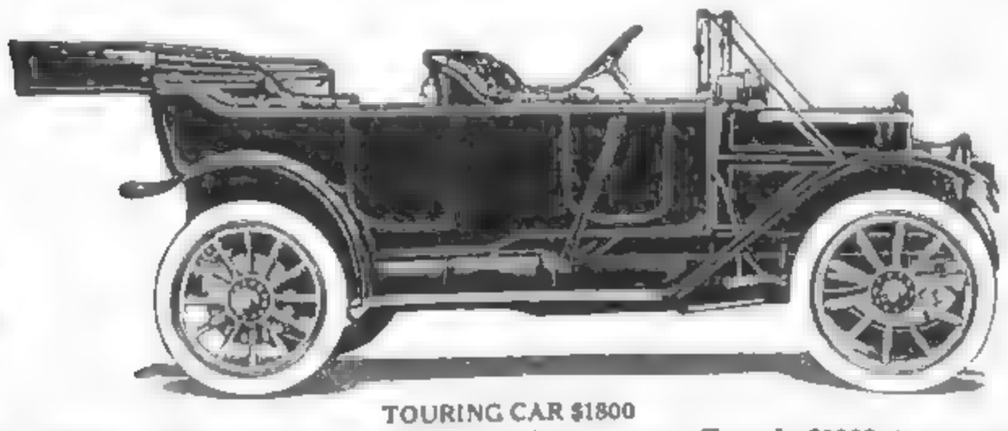
Some characteristics of the universal satisfaction of Cadillac owners

Cadillac owners begin with a dependable electrical system that automatically cranks and lights the car—features exclusive in the Cadillac. They check over everything that the Cadillac is and does—and find nothing in which they would ask for improvement.

For example: the excellence of the Cadillac engine is actually axiomatic in the engineering world. It is accepted not merely as the finest type of engine extant at the Cadillac price—but as a type and a pattern of engine excellence the world over; and at any price.

More than thirty-five thousand four-cylinder Cadillac engines have, in advance, established the unimpeachable reliability of the motor which the 1912 owner finds in his car. He knows that he may expect the superlative of service from the careful and costly principle of "built-up" and "individual-part" construction; and his expectations are not disappointed.

Cadillac methods of cylinder-and-piston measurement—reduced to the minutest accuracy known to the manufacturer of motor cars—have advertised that phase of Cadillac construction in the remotest corners of the world.



TOURING CAR $1800

Other Models:—Four passenger Phaeton $1800, four passenger Torpedo $1900, two passenger Roadster $1800, seven passenger Limousine $3250.

Prices F. O. B. Detroit, including standard equipment.

The Cadillac owner knows before he buys his car that he could not, at any price, surpass the efficiency of the engine. Is it surprising, therefore, that when this prior knowledge is exemplified in daily service, no other engine tempts him?

You have no doubt heard of Cadillac engines in use for as long as ten years without developing a deficiency.

With the copper jacketed cylinders, the Cadillac owner finds the water circulating space so uniform that with the efficient Cadillac system of radiation the cause of overheating is eliminated.

The accurate fit of cylinders, pistons and rings again demonstrates its far-reaching influence on the efficiency of the Cadillac system of lubrication—a system that eliminates the "smoke nuisance" and permits many an owner to run his car for a year or more without even removing a spark plug.

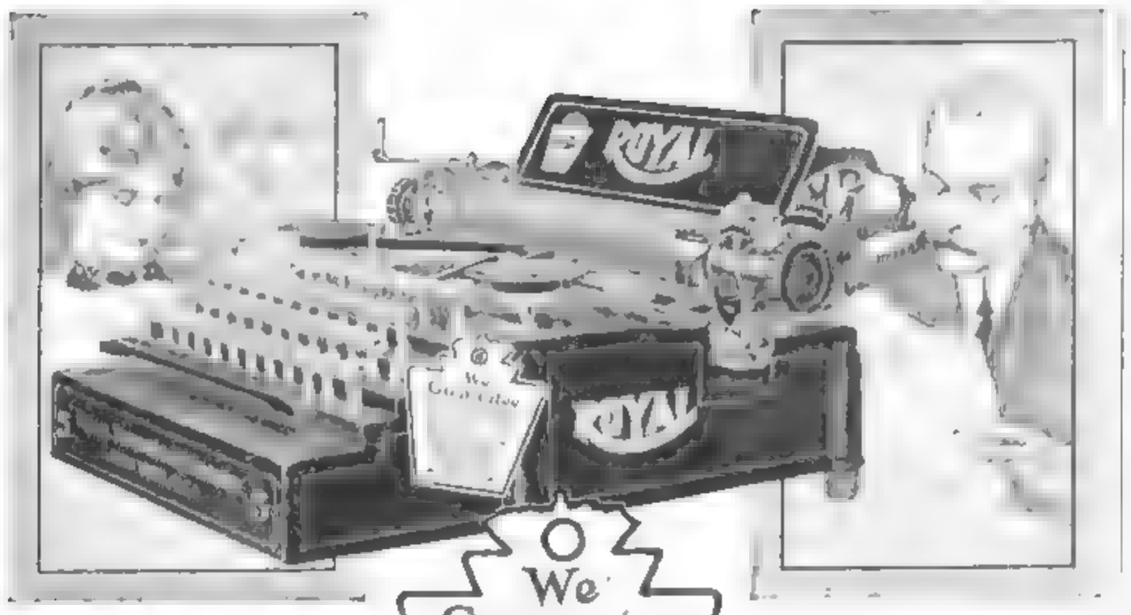
Carburetor, clutch, transmission, steering mechanism, springs, brakes and control, drive and axles—space does not permit of our discussing them all—but each and every one of them reaches that high Cadillac standard of performance which permits no higher standard.

And in that last sentence you have a glimpse of the true source of Cadillac contentment and enthusiasm—the Cadillac makes its own standard in every part and phase and function that goes to make a motor car what it should be.

The Cadillac does not aspire to an ideal set by someone else—it makes its own ideals and raises them higher and higher.

The Cadillac does not strive after the achievements of other plants—it is a school and a model in and unto itself.

Cadillac Motor Car Co., Detroit, Mich.



Greater Efficiency

We Guarantee

That the Royal Standard Typewriter is made of the highest grade of materials obtainable and by the most skilful workmen money can hire.

That it will do work of the best quality for a greater length of time and at less expense for upkeep than any other typewriter, regardless of price.

ROYAL TYPEWRITER COMPANY

Greater Economy

This Guarantee Tag is attached to every Royal. Read it. It makes good because the Royal is the

Best Built Typewriter in the World

IF speed fascinates you—the speed that never errs from clean-cut, perfect typing—by all means use the Royal.

Its ease of action, its responsiveness, its surprising versatility, make it perform wonders at the finger tips; it is the machine of effortless efficiency.

All the final touches of typewriter improvement are found at their best in the new Model 5, the latest and greatest example of typewriter engineering. It has the *Two Color Ribbon, Tabulator, Back Spacer, Tilting Paper Table, Hinged Paper Fingers*—in fact, every desirable feature found in the whole range of typewriter construction, many of them exclusively Royal!

LOOK out, or you will be paying several times for a typewriter. Not the *first* cost, but many times that amount in delayed, uncertain service. Royal economy merely *begins* with the price of the machine. Far greater economy than this lies in the *character* and the *length* of service you get from the Royal.

The Royal is built to do work of the best quality for a *greater* length of time at *less* expense for upkeep than any other typewriter, regardless of price. It has unique fitness for *any* typewriter work, however exacting.

From the economy standpoint alone, it is simply *good business* to learn about the Royal.

Price $75 ($85 in Canada)

Write today for the Royal Book

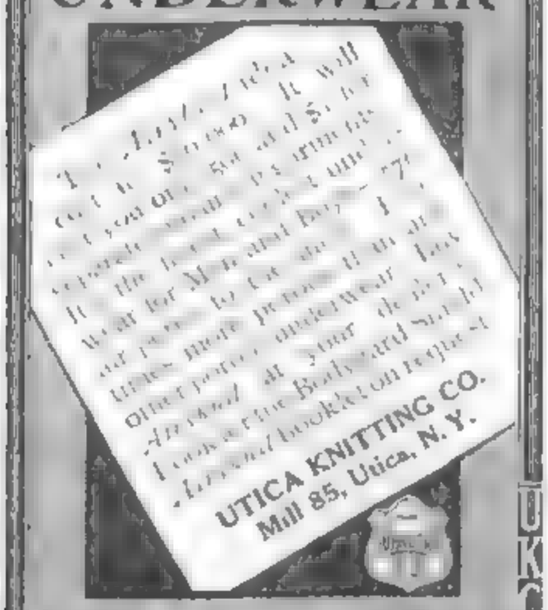
The book gives live facts on how to judge a typewriter. Get it, free. Read the Royal Guarantee. That's the basis on which our branch near you stands ready to demonstrate the Royal in your office, without charge or obligation. Write to

ROYAL TYPEWRITER CO., Room 51, Royal Typewriter Building, New York

Branch offices and agencies in all principal cities of the world

Airyknit

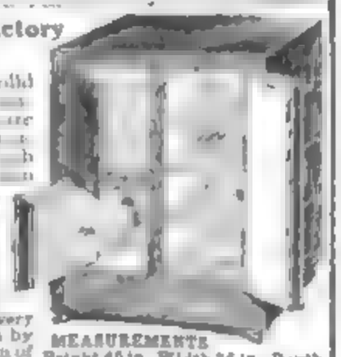
The $50,000 Underwear



UTICA KNITTING CO.
Mill 85, Utica, N.Y.

Big 1912 Model Oak Refrigerator Opal Glass Lined $31.75

Direct from Factory to User



The exterior is solid oak. The [illegible] opal glass [illegible] porcelain. Opal glass is the most sanitary substance known, as easily washed as a pane of glass. Double refrigeration from every pound of ice is given by our exclusive system of construction.

MEASUREMENTS
Height 46 in. Width 36 in. Depth 21 in. Ice Capacity, 100 lbs.

The Wickes 1912 Model No. 230, Only $31.75

[illegible] to the highest standards [illegible] Hardwood [illegible]

Our Money Back Guaranty [illegible] refunded if the Wickes is not exactly as represented

You buy the Wickes Refrigerator direct from the factory at actual factory prices

Tile Exterior—German Silver Trimmed—same size refrigerator, specially priced . $45

Send for Free Beautiful Art Catalog

[illegible] all sizes—home and club [illegible] sold by

The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co.
(Established Over 40 Years)
Dept. 39, 324-328 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago
Dept. 39, 29-35 W. 32d St., New York
130-132 E. Sixth Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio

HOME-RUN PARKINS

Continued from Page 14)

every close decision and succeeded in winning about three-quarters of them; he raged at the merest semblance of an error; snarled at every delay, flaying friend and foe alike with bitter irony—and generally acted as the pivot of his team's attack and defense. It was Parkins who figured at the live end of the Titans' most timely double plays. His bat started four out of every five of their batting rallies. As Donavan afterward expressed it: "He was the original incubator of the forlorn hope!"

The Western clubs started on their final invasion and the homestretch had at last been reached. The fans' emotions rose to the boiling point. As for the Titans, keyed up to the highest tension, they talked, ate and dreamed baseball and baseball pennants, the strain of the race showing unmistakably in their appearance and manner. Parkins alone seemed unchanged when off the diamond, consumed three huge meals a day, slept undisturbed and otherwise comported himself as usual.

The coming series of three games between the Busters and the Titans was the all-absorbing topic. The sporting pages bristled with facts and figures relative to the respective merits of the contestants. Young men and old men gravely speculated upon its probable outcome. As a topic worthy of the deepest consideration and discussion, it very nearly disrupted the city's messenger service. On only one point of the question did all agree—the series would definitely decide the ownership of the pennant.

The Busters arrived on the scene of the approaching conflict early Friday morning. Immediately they were enveloped in a cloud of those bent on discovering any new advantage or inferiority in the ranks of the enemy—representatives of the press seeking to satisfy the public's curiosity, or representatives of the public who either did not believe what they read or whose curiosity was so great that mere print could not satisfy it.

Stanch to the last, the noon editions fairly overflowed with the latest and most ominous rumors, denials of old ones reported in the morning issues, derisive accounts of the four ticket-scalpers who had been arrested—and a passing jab at the police about the four hundred others who had not; intricate calculations on the crowd's probable magnitude; statements by every notable in the city who had felt the need of a little free advertisement; and other alleged news. Among columns of such vagaries one concluding paragraph stood forth, a lucid exception. It said:

Thus, the opposing teams seem about evenly matched, with perhaps a shade of advantage in the Titans' infield. As to the pitching selections, Harrison, the ever dependable, is McFarlan's one best bet on the rubber. If One-two-three can twirl this afternoon and again on Monday the Titans have a grand chance to win the series. Ike Thornley, the Buster warhorse, will probably start the game for them today, with McBride, their new fifteen-thousand-dollar speculation, as a dark horse.

Harrison did pitch on that Friday, and when Parkins hit into the bleachers in the tenth inning the lanky twirler was credited with his twenty-eighth victory of the season; but on the following afternoon calamity fell heavily upon McFarlan's warriors, who, though supporting Riley brilliantly in the field, went down to humiliation and a 3-0 shutout at the hands of the youthful McBride, a very real dark horse indeed. The slim Buster recruit more than justified his purchase price in that one game. Untiring and unshaken, even in the face of Parkins' infamous din, he sped his sharp, puzzling curves over the plate from half a dozen different angles; the Titans swung and sweated for nine innings and made two scratch hits.

A consultation was held in the dressing room of the conquered after that game.

"What was the matter with you wooden Indians, I want to know?" stormed McFarlan. "You batted like a bunch with the hookworm!"

"Great cats, Mac!" remonstrated Wilcox, who shared with Parkins the doubtful honor of having made a hit. "That kid is the all-wool fabric—his curve is a wonder!"

"That's right, Bob! He had so much on the ball it looked like an Arctic explorer," said Parkins, contributing his modest supplement. "He's just like I would be if I was a slab-artist!"

"Say, kid, sometimes you almost make me laugh," Riley sneered.

"Oh, back into your stall, old horse!" was the soothing reply. "Don't get sore about being licked. I thought your old irrigated slants were better than usual today."

"Say, cut that Dutch-comedian wrangle, you fellows!" McFarlan interrupted sharply. "Let's get down to facts now! Suppose McBride works again on Monday. One-two-three here can hold them all right; but we've got to have runs to win, and the ball has to be hit out of the infield once in a while to get 'em."

All over the great city these same questions were being discussed. Would McBride be able to pitch again on Monday? And if he was, what would the Titans do about it? So far as known, there was but one person confident of the answer to the latter query; that person was Arthur Pemberton Parkins.

"I've got over thirty-six hours to dig up something—and you can get your bets down now that I will. I'm the unabridged edition on that subject! Why, when I get through with him Monday, that fifteen-thousand-dollar luxury will feel so small he'll bust his head trying to walk under the tables. I can hear him now—begging for a one-way ticket back to his native buckwheat!"

Thus the shortstop had volubly confided his opinion to a reporter, who had promptly confided it to a quarter of a million readers of his paper's Sunday issue. Parkins had not picked his man in vain.

Monday came, and by nine o'clock one of the greatest crowds that had ever wedged and crammed itself into a ball park was already beginning to arrive for the deciding encounter. There had not been a vacant place on the stands for over an hour when, prompt to the minute, the umpire-in-chief announced: "The batteries are—for the Busters, McBride and Mason; for the Titans, Harrison and Donavan!"

This choice had been generally anticipated; but until it was actually assured the fans had to allow for that element of chance so characteristic of the great national game and which has done so much to popularize it.

"Now, boys, go on out there and tear into them!" McFarlan urged enthusiastically as his men prepared to take the field. "We haven't had as good a crack as this at the old flag in four years; don't let's let it get away. That youngster had the Indian sign on us Saturday, but he hasn't a thing today but a near-reputation and a large-sized bundle of brass. One good solid rap and he'll go up so high he'll get old and feeble coming down! Rip 'em to pieces!"

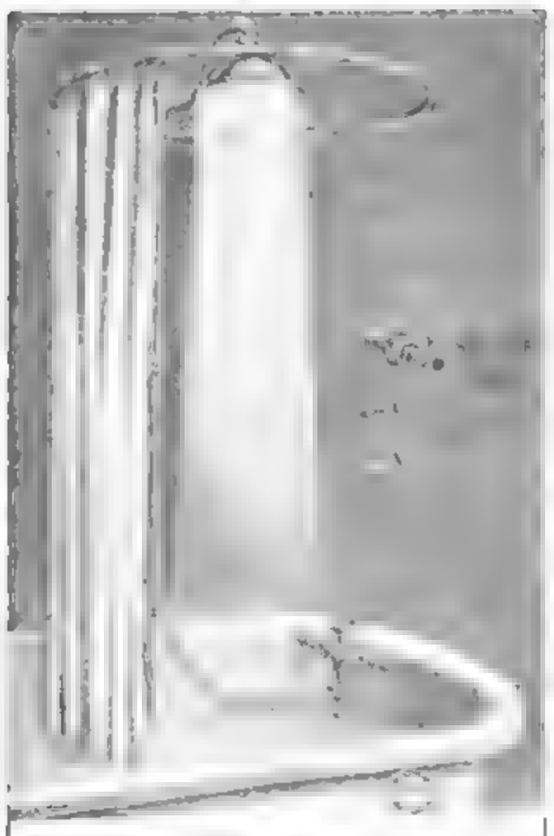
"Just sit tight and leave that little job to me, Bob!" reassured Parkins.

That game was a historical event that will be recalled for many years by fans who could not tell you offhand whether Waterloo is a place or a new drink.' Before it ended, three people had fainted from intense excitement, and from the same cause thirty thousand others were unable to speak above a whisper for a week.

Contrary to McFarlan's assertion, the Busters' pitcher had lost none of his skill. He fairly spattered his famous curve round the hapless batters, absolutely refusing to get it in their grooves; in fact, so far as the efficient Mr. McBride seemed concerned, that venerable batting institution had never existed. He was as calm and self-possessed as on Saturday, effecting the same elaborate wind-up with no one on base—a state of vacancy that was very much in evidence—and occasionally employing a return strike with speed and effect, as several Titans learned to their sorrow and chagrin.

As for Harrison, though hit harder and oftener than his youthful opponent, the veteran pitcher's steady nerve and almost perfect control, together with his splendid support, saved the Titans in many a pinch and kept their game unsullied.

Parkins was never seen to better advantage than in this veritable fog of brilliant baseball. It was the largest and most appreciative audience before which he had ever performed, and he was not one to allow such a chance to escape alive. With two out in the fourth, he had hit a slow roller to third and beaten the throw by a scant step. The speedy Titan had then thrown his opponents into a nervous chill and



Oh! The Joy of a

Speakman Shower

[illegible] ing drop carries a message of cool [illegible] – braces you for the day – refreshes you [illegible] makes for health and strength

The Speakman Shower can be put up in twenty minutes – fits any faucet in ten seconds after it's up – the Patent Clip cannot leak or [illegible] off or wear out [illegible] as long as the bathroom. Looks like a forty dollar shower and adds a hundred per cent to any bathroom.

Thousands in [illegible] all over the country.

Complete [illegible] freely to [illegible] Suttan – $4.50 (except in [illegible]), of all good dealers. If [illegible] pay us [illegible] Rivet [illegible]

[illegible] Real Bathing."

THE SPEAKMAN SHOWER

P. O. Box 991, Wilmington, Delaware

The SHIRT That "Stays With You" is

GOTHAM

"The Shirt of a Gentleman"

THE sportsman—the outdoor man, whether he finds his pleasure afield or afloat—Yachting, Golfing or Motoring, will add zest to his enjoyment if he wears a *GOTHAM* SHIRT. His comfort will be assured. COLOR-FAST Fabrics and unequaled fit and workmanship.

Ask your dealer for Gotham Shirts at **$1.00 to $7.50.** Also Gotham Summer Underwear, Pajamas and Soft Collars.

A Postal fetches your copy of the Handsome Gotham Book de luxe

Gotham Mfg. Co. [illegible] NEW YORK
Dept. A

thousands of his admirers into a high fever by proceeding to steal second and third. Clinton had accumulated two strikes during this bold operation; and, with a Titan on third for the first time since the opening game, McBride produced a curve which the outfielder failed to negotiate by many inches, to Parkins' vociferous disgust. Again, in the sixth, the shortstop had won the acclaim of friend and foe by a wonderful running backhand pick-up. This play, occurring with a Buster on third, had saved a run—and a run meant the game.

Thus Parkins shared the particular honors of the day with the opposing twirlers, and in brief lulls the sporting writers conceived new phrases with which to decorate their tributes to this trio of stars.

The ninth inning was played, leaving both sides still scoreless. The tenth duplicated it, with the scoreboard operator commencing to worry about his supply of noughts.

In the eleventh, with one out, Gurnsey, the Busters' second baseman, drove a scorching two-bagger to right. It was the first extra-base hit of the game, and even the newest fan recognized it as significant of "doin's." The next batter hit sharply to the right of Wilcox, who made a fine stop and threw to first, seeing that Gurnsey could not be headed off.

"Come on now, old kid—only one left!" Parkins encouraged. "Here's something easy! Tie a can on this somnambulist!"

He was right. Mason, the man at bat, was easy, for the best he could produce was a short fly toward left field, that barely went out of the diamond.

"This little bird is all mine!" called the shortstop, backing out of the infield to get under the ball, his gloved hand raised in a heroic pose which he considered highly effective.

And then —

It may have been mere careless overconfidence—a partisan stone or tuft of grass, or even the hand of Fate; however, as he took a last backward step, the feet of Arthur Pemberton Parkins, the "horseshoe kid," the "unabridged edition," and rated the best shortstop in his league, became entangled, and that star of the first magnitude suddenly, and to his own intense surprise, sat down—the ball falling to earth untouched!

He was up in an instant and had recovered the straying sphere—but the damage was done; Gurnsey had scored, and the splendid throw with which Parkins caught the gleeful Mason off first base for the third out was entirely lost on the maddened, derisive mob that shook steel and concrete in its great agitation.

The Titans' fallen star walked to the bench with an expression on his face that had never been seen there before. It was utter amazement—amazement at himself and his luck. For the first time in his life his doctrine had failed him completely, and at a time when he least expected it. Parkins' expression was that of one who has fired an unloaded gun or been kicked by a dead mule.

His teammates' greeting was like a breath from a suddenly opened furnace door.

"You big stiff!"

"You wooden-legged boob! You're graceful, you are!"

"I always knew you were a quitter, you clubfooted gorilla!" snarled Riley.

By a supreme effort Parkins ignored this onslaught, but he could restrain himself no longer when McFarlan asked with all the scornful sarcasm for which he was famous at such times: "Parkins, I thought you were afflicted with a chronic swelled head, but I guess the swelling has gone to your feet! If you were so crippled up and feeble that you couldn't stand why didn't you say so? I'd have provided a rolling chair for you, and a boy to fan you!"

"Well, I've won enough games for you, haven't I? I guess I can lose one once in a while if I want to!" sneered Parkins.

It was a most unfortunate declaration, spoken on the spur of a very inopportune moment. Riley's prophecy seemed about to come true, but the situation was too grave for even that arch-cynic to appreciate it.

McFarlan stood, pale with anger.

"So you threw the game on purpose, did you?" he inquired in a tone which his men seldom heard, but always respected. "You thought you were so nearly the whole show that you could do as you pleased with our chances—that, since you had put the club where it was, it was a toy of yours to be encouraged or wrecked at your will? Well,

Send for Free Sample Box

The Modern Wafer That Men Like

Made of specially milled whole-wheat flour, baked (by modern methods) in white tile ovens on the top floor of the famous "Bakery with a Thousand Windows." Buttered, salted and toasted to an appetizing brown.

Sunshine

Toasted Whole Wheat Wafers

We call them the man's wafer because they are the one cracker he is sure to like, but women and children as well delight in their unique nutty flavor.

Send for Sample Box

Use a postal and give your name and address and the name and address of your grocer and you will receive a generous box of samples.

Ask your grocer for Sunshine Toasted Whole Wheat Wafers. They are one of the Sunshine Specialties—the Quality Biscuits of America

LOOSE-WILES BISCUIT CO. 449 Causeway Street
Bakers of Sunshine Biscuits BOSTON, MASS.

1912 More Yale Facts

Every claim made for YALE reliability is based on actual performance.

YALE history is one continuous record of achievement.

The world's record for endurance, established July 9, 10, 11, 1909, at Chicago, remains unbroken.

The record for low up-keep expense, 29 cents per machine, made the same year, has never been equaled.

[illegible] at last [illegible] in the Dayton-[illegible] Day and Night Endurance [illegible] [illegible] YALE Standard [illegible] [illegible] on time and were first over the finishing line after covering 400 miles without so much as a puncture.

[illegible] shipped same day received. Room for a few more live agents.

THE CONSOLIDATED MFG. CO., 1702 Norwood Ave., Toledo, O.

Mullins Cedar Canoes Can't Sink

Each end contains a Mullins Buoyancy Pad. These pads prevent the canoe from sinking, even though it be capsized, water-filled and has two people clinging to it. The Mullins is the only canoe that has this important equipment. We also manufacture steel launches and row boats.

Write for our beautiful boat book, illustrated in colors. It's free, postpaid.

THE W. H. MULLINS CO
354 Franklin Street, Salem, Ohio

Chewing Gum Sell to dealers in your town. Be our agent. Clean, profitable business built up quickly with our new brands. Four flavors, novel packages. Write today. Reimel Gum Factory, Cincinnati. We make Vending, Slot, Premium and Special Gums.

PATENTS

MASON, FENWICK & LAWRENCE [illegible] Years' [illegible] and Practice [illegible] Washington [illegible]

There are Lots of Clever Women

who feel the lack of "pin money." There is no need of such lack. A few hours a week devoted to representing *The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* will supply you with lots of spending money. Let us tell you how thousands of other women have made successes.

Agency Division THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY Philadelphia

Sagging Screen Doors Squared Up!

You need not have troublesome screen doors this summer. Apply the

Anti-Sag Screen Door Brace

and they will be made perfectly straight and true. Enameled Steel—length 42 inches. Fits any door. Sold by all Hardware Dealers. If your dealer can't supply you, send 20 cts. for brace and screws, postpaid and guaranteed.

F. EDW. SNYDER 67 N. Erie St., Massillon, O.

Keep Your Home Cool

with a

Western Electric Fan

Don't let hot weather sap your strength. Keep cool while the mercury climbs.

With one of these little breeze makers you can sit in your home in comfort on sweltering days that would otherwise be unbearable.

Many homes have made a Western Electric fan part of their summer furnishings the same as screen doors and awnings.

One cent will give you four hours of cool breeze from the most convenient little home fan made. This fan is so light—made of pressed steel that a child can carry it from room to room.

There is a Western Electric agent near you. If you do not know him drop us a card, and we will put you in touch with his store. Ask for Fan Booklet No. 8278.

WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY

Manufacturers of the 6,000,000 "Bell" Telephones

New York	Chicago	Kansas City	San Francisco	Montreal	London
[illegible]	Milwaukee	Oklahoma City	Oakland	Toronto	Berlin
[illegible]	Pittsburgh	Minneapolis	Los Angeles	Winnipeg	Paris
[illegible]	Cincinnati	St. Paul	Salt Lake City	Calgary	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Denver	Seattle	Vancouver	Johannesburg
[illegible]	St. Louis	Omaha	Dallas Portland	Antwerp	Sydney
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Tokio

EQUIPMENT FOR EVERY ELECTRICAL NEED

The Thos. Maddock's "All White" China Bathroom

Thos. Maddock's White China Fixtures completely change the appearance of your bathroom.

They are so white and clean and dainty!

They cost no more than brass, glass or nickel and their clean, white surface will last as long as the bathroom itself.

Simply wipe them off with a damp cloth and they are as clean as when new.

You yourself can put them up

Write for our free booklet—"Why White."

THOS. MADDOCK'S SONS CO.
TRENTON, N. J.
Oldest Sanitary Potters in America.

You—yourself—can give your razor a keen, velvety edge, without pulling or smarting if you use the

New Torrey Honing Strop

Our invention of a new sharpening preparation made this wonderful strop possible. Anyone can keep a razor in perfect condition with it. Just give the razor a stroke or two on the sharpening side once a week, and run it up and down the finishing side before and after using, and you [illegible] $1.00 $1.25 $1.50 $2.00 $3.00 [illegible] New Torrey Honing Strop—write us for full information. Booklet, all about shaving sent free on request.

DEALERS—If you are not now selling the New Torrey Honing Strop, write for our special proposition.

Get a Torrey Razor—the best made

J. R. TORREY & CO., Dept. A, WORCESTER, MASS.

Twin Grip PAPER FASTENERS

Simple—easily adjusted and detached
Secure—hold every sheet—top, bottom, middle.
Cheap—cost little, can be used over and over.
Samples, 5 sizes, free on request.

THE De LONG HOOK AND EYE CO., 654-658 N. Broad Street, Philadelphia

now ——" The manager laughed harshly. "No—now is not the time!" he continued. "We'll settle this later—you and I. You ought to be suspended right here, but I'm not going to do it. No; I'm going to let you go out there and take your turn at bat. I'll give you another chance to show thirty thousand people how you've laid down on us, like the conceited quitter you are!"

On the Busters' bench an equally serious but less heated conversation had taken place as that sturdy team prepared to take the field.

"Only three more now! Hustle it as much as you can—and save the youngster's arm," their manager instructed Mason as that wielder of mask and mitt fastened on his protector. "Nineteen scoreless innings in three days against a bunch like the Titans is some record, but it's taken a heavy toll!"

"You bet it has!" agreed the catcher, nodding toward McBride. "And he's had to use his curve too much. It's enough to put crape on a steel wing!"

"Well, use it as little as possible and sneak a strike over whenever you get the chance," admonished the Busters' leader. "He's got to last out!"

Lane was at bat and he received a base on balls. With the victory that meant a pennant and a chance at the World's Series only three outs away, McBride seemed to become overanxious. Wilcox was retired on a high foul, which Mason gathered in against the grandstand.

Parkins' appearance at the plate was the signal for a scattering of hoots and other pleasantries implying disgust and derision. A large majority of the vast throng, however, recalling the shortstop's previous deeds in that and many other games, merely received him in oppressive silence. The idol had been shattered, but his memory still lingered!

The Busters' greeting was not so generous.

"This is him! This is the free and open-handed giver!" shrieked the infield. "Look out for his feet, Jimmy, old fox; they're friends of ours!"

Parkins smiled and waited abstractedly while a strike and a ball were called on him.

"So you're the unabridged edition of 'How to Dig Up Something to Beat 'em With'—huh?" Mason inquired ironically. "The only thing you've dug up is a little sod out there. Say, what was that trick anyhow? It sure got past me!"

The next offering was another ball.

It was not customary for even so great a verbal performer as Parkins to talk while at bat, and the Busters' catcher received a surprise when the shortstop replied:

"Be patient, old fellow! I'm still sporting my little shovel—and I might dig it up yet."

"I've got both eyes on you, little fresh-every-hour; but I guess some nice green grass will about be your limit," chuckled Mason as he carelessly returned the ball to McBride who was awaiting it with equal unconcern. Parkins observed this posing and barely stifled an expression of triumph.

On their bench the Titans had been breathing imprecations.

"What's got into that young mutt today?" Donavan queried wrathfully. "Talking at bat is one of the few things he hasn't done."

"Huh! His fool head has swelled and swelled till it just had to bust wide open!" sneered Riley. "Next thing they'll sneak another strike over on him and have him in a hole!"

And that was exactly what the Buster battery intended, and tried to do. The theory and practice of the return strike, however, rely on the fact that the batter does not expect it. Parkins was not only expecting it—he was actually depending on that very method of procedure, for he knew that such a delivery would be straight and swift, and not the curve he and his teammates had found so difficult.

As the ball, returning from the catcher, touched McBride's hands, he turned swiftly and pitched it without preliminary; but it did not speed past a disconcerted batter, tricked by the conversational Mason. As quick as the twirler, Parkins had set himself for the pitch. It came—a high fast ball over the inside corner; and, stepping out, the Titans' shortstop hit it with that easy, powerful swing for which he had become feared and famous. And the ball soared far over the head of the left-fielder and into those same distant bleachers where his final and deciding hit in the opening game of that series, and fourteen others, had already gone that season.

The Florsheim SHOE

The Flexsole

Are Your Feet Tender?

The Florsheim Flexsole, a light, flexible, specially designed shoe for tender and aching feet, gives the protection of an ordinary sole; hard pavements and cobble stones will never bother you. No breaking in—gives buoyancy to the step like a cushion.

If you have foot troubles ask your shoeman about The Florsheim Flexsole or send us your order and we will have it filled by our nearest dealer.

Price $6.00

Most "Florsheim" Styles $5.00

Write for illustrated loose leaf booklet containing 25 of the leading styles—it's free

The Florsheim Shoe Company
571 Adams Street Chicago, U. S. A.

Kelly-Springfield

Automobile Tires

The name "Kelly-Springfield" on an automobile tire stands for the same quality of rubber compound, the same tire-making experience, and the same care in manufacture, that have, for sixteen years, made the Kelly-Springfield solid vehicle tire the best of its kind.

KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TIRE CO.
20 Vesey Street, New York

Branch offices in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, St. Louis, Detroit, Cincinnati, San Francisco, Los Angeles, [illegible], Cleveland, Baltimore, Washington, Seattle, Atlanta and Akron, Ohio.

Hoos Rubber Co., Denver, Colo.
Appel & Burwell Rubber & Tire Co., Dallas, Texas
Todd Rubber Co. [illegible]

Only $25 [illegible]

BROOKS MANUFACTURING CO
3406 Rust Avenue Saginaw Mich

If coming to New York Why Pay Excessive Hotel Rates?

THE CLENDENING, 190 W. 103 St., New York
Sweet Home [illegible] $4.00 [illegible]

TIRENEW TRADE MARK

"Makes tires look new and last longer"

TIRENEW is a scientific preservative of automobile tires—a liquid unvulcanized rubber compound made of pure para gum.

Protects Tires from Water, Oil and Light

Tires, in service, quickly become a mass of cuts through which moisture enters, causing the inner fabric to rot. Tirenew will flow into these cuts, ***waterproof*** the exposed fabric, ***prevent decay,*** and increase the life of the tires.

Tirenew will also give the whole car a well-groomed appearance.

Insist upon getting Tirenew. Avoid imitations that contain injurious ingredients. ***Tirenew*** has received the endorsement of automobile tire manufacturers.

Made in two shades—White and Tire Gray.

Send us $1.00

and your dealer's name and we will send you a trial can of ***Tirenew*** (enough for 12 tires), prepaid or through your dealer. Canadian orders $1.25.

Our booklet "Tire Care" sent FREE to motorists upon application.

Dealers

who are not stocked up with ***Tirenew*** are losing business every day. Go to your jobber, or write for price list f.o.b. any trade center.

Manufactured only by

NATIONAL RUBBER CO.
4402 Papin St.
ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.

Practical Bungalows

Instead of the old fashioned cottage with its steep roof, closed cornice, small porch, high windows and square, box-like rooms—build an artistic, modern bungalow designed for pure comfort and the saving of steps for the housewife.

Suited to Any Climate

This attractive 6 room home is one of the 153 shown in our 2 Big Practical Bungalow Books.

It can be built for only $2150

SPECIAL OFFER Either book 50c Both books 90c postpaid

Each of our big new bungalow books has 100 pages, 200 illustrations, with exterior and interior views, elevations, floor plans, accurate costs, descriptions, valuable hints, etc.

Book "A" shows 70 homes costing $1250 and up.
Book "B" shows 83 homes costing from $1000 to $2250.

Complete architect's blue print plans of any home only $5 a set. **WRITE TODAY. Send 50c for either book or 90c for both—postpaid.**

LOS ANGELES INVESTMENT COMPANY
336 G. Hill St., Los Angeles, California

Have You a Baby?

Some mothers think that adding sugar to milk is modifying it. To really modify milk so that it may be made suitable for your baby's tender digestion, you should use

RIDGE'S FOOD

The Correct Milk Modifier

It will actually break up the hard, tough curds and make cow's milk like the milk nature furnishes for babies.

Ridge's Food has been the standby of doctors for nearly 60 years.

A large trial package, free, for your druggist's name.

RIDGE'S FOOD CO., Station A, Boston, Mass.

CHALLENGE Brand WATERPROOF COLLARS & CUFFS

REAL MONEY SAVERS

Entirely different from the ordinary waterproof collar in style and appearance. You can't tell them from linen. Collars 25c—Cuffs 50c. *At dealers—Style Book Free.*

The Arlington Co.
Established 1885. **725 Broadway, N. Y.**

Pleasures and Profits in Bee Keeping

All about the art, the work, how to make it pay, told in "*Gleanings in Bee Culture*"—six months trial subscription 25c. Free book on Bees and supply catalog sent on request.

THE A. I. ROOT CO. Box 270, Medina, Ohio

The stands sprang into animation as if convulsed by some mighty explosion, the roar of applause growing louder and louder until it boomed across the great field and out into the city for many blocks, as thousands realized that almost certain defeat was averted and the game over—and won! Then, casting hats, coats and care to the winds, the monster throng commenced to surge toward the diamond.

Lane sped round the bases until slowed up by a jubilant coacher. Many yards behind him Parkins trotted leisurely, relieving himself of some sarcastic gem as he passed each astounded Buster infielder. McBride stood aghast, gazing at the spot where the ball and his victory had last been seen together. Between bases the shortstop addressed his remarks to him.

"Oh, you fifteen-thousand-dollar kid!" he jeered. "You've got a wild and woolly curve, but me for your straight ball every day in the year! . . . I knew you had a good one, but you were too modest to show it; so I had to kid it out of you! I'm the creamy little kidder, I am! . . . Back to the pastures with that speed strike! You sure had your nerve with you to try that trick on me! Why, I could take a time-exposure of you doing it!"

Then Parkins crossed the plate and was ingulfed in a great eddy of the howling mob of delirious men and boys. They hoisted him on willing shoulders and began a triumphal procession over the course he had just completed. The air was fairly clouded with flying articles of apparel. They slapped him on the back, they wrung his hands and hoarsely promised him innumerable automobiles, houses and other gifts of lesser degree but greater probability.

His cap gone the way of many another souvenir, his shirt all but reduced to shreds, Parkins entered the Titans' dressing room.

"Well, I've been in the hands of my friends!" he announced. "And they didn't all let go of me at the same time."

The Titans replied with an uproarious enthusiasm they had never before accorded their shortstop. Forgotten were the months of systematic torture; forgotten was his blunder, though it had occurred less than a quarter of an hour before; they remembered only that final hit as they had seen it vanish into those bleachers.

"Oh, you maneater!"

"Oh, you friend of the people!"

"To pull off a stunt like that, with the park full of cops! You ought to get ninety days!" laughed Harrison from the rub-down table where the club's trainer was massaging his arm.

"Ninety days?" queried Wilcox as he pumped the shortstop's much-abused hand. "You mean three years!"

"And to think none of us caught on till they commenced to haul away the killed and wounded!" mourned Donavan.

"Well, we turned a few of Mr. McBride's tricks for him anyhow—what?" Parkins inquired with a ninety-degree grin.

Then, as he triumphantly scanned the room, he caught sight of McFarlan for the first time. His manner changed abruptly; he seemed to assume an older expression as, with the look of one who has suddenly been reminded of a last uncompleted task, he walked over to the manager, his hand extended. And there, in the moment of his greatest triumph and probably for the first time in his life, Arthur Pemberton Parkins proved that even tact and diplomacy were included among his attainments.

"Bob, I guess we were both pretty well up in the air out there. I know I spoke like a peevish kid," he said frankly; "but I think I've shown that it wasn't meant just the way it sounded. We understand each other—don't we?"

McFarlan stared at his star for a minute in surprised silence, trying in vain to look grave. Then he laughed and shook hands.

"Sure we do, Art!" he exclaimed. "All the way down to the ground!"

"Say, I'll take my hat off to that youngster. He never starts anything that he can't finish!" Donavan chuckled.

"Yes," agreed Riley, wrenching at a shoelace, "and he's got nerve enough to start anything he happens to think of! Why, I'll bet he'd ask Congress for a subtreasury if somebody'd suggest it to him!"

"And he'd about get away with it too!"

Riley glanced across the dressing room to where Parkins was indulging one of his heart's earliest desires by slapping his leader on the back, and the spitball expert grinned in spite of himself.

"Get away with it!" he echoed. "Why, Larry, that kid could do it sound asleep!"

You have a right to know how the wheat in your flour affects your bread

You should insist on knowing, just as you insist on knowing that your milk is *pure*, that your butter is *sweet* and *rich*, that your eggs are strictly fresh. For not all flour is made from the *best bread-making* wheat.

OCCIDENT Flour is made entirely from the *Hard Glutinous Spring Wheat* of North Dakota—the strongest, most nutritious bread wheat in the world.

The Guaranteed

OCCIDENT FLOUR

Costs More —Worth It

Eight of the OCCIDENT Flour Mills with their eighty Grain Elevators are located in the midst of the wonderful North Dakota wheat farms and we get *First Choice* of this famous wheat for OCCIDENT Flour.

OCCIDENT *quality never varies.* The bread is *always* whiter, lighter, tastier and *more nutritious* than any other. It stays sweet and moist longer. And OCCIDENT goes *further* than any other flour. You can make *more* bread to the sack. It costs a little more than ordinary flour but it is the *most economical* in your baking.

In Every Sack Is Our Written Money-Back Guarantee

Write for our *Free* Booklet, "*Better Baking.*"
Every housewife should read it.

RUSSELL-MILLER MILLING CO., Minneapolis, U. S. A.

Every Home

Should have at least one closet made MOTH PROOF by lining it with MO-EX

Neat in appearance and a perfect protection to your clothes.

Clothes come out of a MO-EX closet the same way they go in. There are no wrinkles for the tailor to iron out. Think what this means! Your clothes are always ready to wear.

MO-EX is easily tacked to the plaster or studding. The instructions on the back of the sheet of MO-EX tell you how to do it.

Costs but **$2 to $3** to line a closet like that shown in picture—saves you many dollars—lasts for years—made in sheets 32 x 40 inches. Dep't stores carry MO-EX in stock or they can easily get it for you.

Manufactured by

EUGENE CARRAINE
Established 1869
1618-20-22 Mifflin St., Philadelphia, Pa., U.S.A.

New Typewriter

$18 In U. S. A.

A mechanical wizard perfected this remarkable typewriter with the use of only 250 parts. Other machines have 1700 to 3700. This sensational simplicity of the Bennett Typewriter enables us to sell it, brand new, at the unheard-of price of $18. It couldn't be better made or more durable. It is built in the famous Elliott-Fisher Billing Machine Factory and sold on a *money-back-unless-satisfied guaranty.*

The $18 Bennett

Does the Work of High-Priced Typewriters—and is portable.

Every desirable improvement is found on the **Bennett Portable $18 Typewriter.** Visible writing, standard keyboard, reversible ribbon, etc. It is the one really portable typewriter. Weighs only 7½ oz. Slips into grip or pocket like a book. Easily carried for use at business, home or trips.

Write for Catalog giving full description of this remarkable little typewriter and proof of how it pleases. Over 25,000 in every day use. *Write for catalog today.*

C. K. BENNETT TYPEWRITER CO.
366 Broadway New York

Foreign Address: 75 Cannon St. London, E. C.

We can use a few live agents

He Who Gives Most Will Get Most

That's the sole reason why No-Rim-Cut tires outsell all other tires.

That's why the sales have trebled in the past 12 months.

That's why these tires are used today on some 200,000 cars.

Just because we gave so much that average tire bills have been greatly reduced. And men have found it out.

The Tire That Became the King

This is the tire which stands today as Tiredom's king.

A tire which is now in its 13th year. But ten of those years were spent in silent obscurity, while the tire was being perfected.

Then suddenly this new type became the sensation. Users told others about it, and the others told others. The fame of this tire spread like wildfire.

In the past two years the demand for this tire has increased by 500 per cent.

Now 1,100,000 have gone into use. Now, with a capacity of 3,800 tires daily, we run night and day, with three shifts of men, to keep anywhere near up with the calls for this tire.

Reason No. 1
Finality in Tires

One reason lies in the perfect construction.

We built a testing machine, where four tires at a time are constantly worn out under all road conditions.

There we tested some 200 fabrics, some 40 formulas for treads. There we compared every method and material, and compared rival tires with our own.

There, by metered mileage, we proved beyond question how best to build a tire. By ceaseless selection we brought them close to finality.

Reason No. 2
Rim-Cutting Ended

Then we invented this way to end rim-cutting.

We made a tire which doesn't hook to the rim flanges. So your removable flanges can be set to curve outward, not inward as with old-type tires.

The tire when wholly or partly deflated rests on a rounded edge, and rim-cutting is made impossible.

We did this by making an unstretchable tire base—by vulcanizing into the tire base six flat bands of 126 braided wires.

And this method—controlled by our patents—forms the one practical way to make a tire of this type.

Statistics show that avoidance of rim-cutting saves 23 per cent of the ruin to tires.

Reason No. 3
10% Oversize

Then we made these tires—No-Rim-Cut tires—10 per cent over the rated size, to save the blow-outs due to overloading.

That means 10 per cent more air—10 per cent added carrying capacity. And that, with the average car, adds 25 per cent to the tire mileage.

No-Rim-Cut and oversize, for armies of motorists, have cut tire bills materially.

Reason No. 4
8½% Profit

Our multiplied sales, plus our modern equipment, gradually cut the cost of production. Then we pared our profits down to the minimum, to give you the utmost one could give for the money.

Last year our profit on No-Rim-Cut tires averaged 8½ per cent. Below that, in tire making, no maker can go.

For all these reasons, 200,000 motorists have come to No-Rim-Cut tires. And you will join them when you know the facts.

Our 1912 Tire Book—based on 13 years of tire making—is filled with facts you should know. Ask us to mail it to you.

GOODYEAR
AKRON, OHIO

No-Rim-Cut Tires
With or Without Non-Skid Treads

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities
More Service Stations Than Any Other Tire

We Make All Kinds of Rubber Tires, Tire Accessories and Repair Outfits
Main Canadian Office, Toronto, Ont.—Canadian Factory, Bowmanville, Ont.

(655)

THE BEST STORES

RECOMMEND AND SELL

Everwear TRADE MARK Hosiery

$1.00 to $3.00 THE BOX Guaranteed **25c to 75c** THE PAIR

Buy a single pair

TO CONVINCE YOURSELF

Soft, shapely and stylish enough for the most particular. Firm, durable and so serviceable as to be preferred by the economical.

SILK—LISLE—COTTON

ALL SIZES—FOR MEN, WOMEN, CHILDREN

The First Pair Will Prove the Quality

Every Box of Everwear contains a specific Guarantee of Wear

Then when you have need of hosiery, buy Everwear by the box and get a specific guarantee of service—softest for those with tender feet—most durable for those who are hard on their hosiery.

LIGHT AND MEDIUM WEIGHT COTTON	MEN'S	WOMEN'S	CHILDREN'S	
	25c pair $1.50 box 6 pair	35c pair $2.00 box 6 pair	25c pair Sizes 5 to 7½ $1.00 box 4 pair	35c pair Sizes 8 to 11 $1.00 box 3 pair

GAUZE, LIGHT AND MEDIUM WEIGHT SILK LISLE	MEN'S	WOMEN'S	CHILDREN'S	
	35c pair $1.00 box 3 pair	50c pair $3.00 box 6 pair	35c pair Sizes 5 to 7½ $1.00 box 3 pair	50c pair Sizes 8 to 11 $1.50 box 3 pair

PURE THREAD SILK—Men's, 50c pair, $1.50 box 3 pair. Women's, 75c pair, $2.25 box 3 pair

Most of the stores sell Everwear—in the red box. If yours don't we'll send what you want, charge prepaid, on receipt of price.

EVERWEAR HOSIERY CO., Dept. 11, MILWAUKEE, WIS., U. S. A.

ROXFORD

"THE UNDERWEAR THAT WON'T STICK"

Copyright 1908, By Roxford Knitting Company

YOU and every other man who wants to enjoy *positive underwear comfort* this summer should go to the nearest Roxford dealer and buy an outfit of Roxford Knitted Summer Underwear.

Roxford is the finest of good old-fashioned *balbriggan* made in the *modern styles* for Men and Boys.

As you know, balbriggan is used by more people, ten times over, than all the other underwear fabrics put together.

Nothing else ever invented is so elastic—so soft and comfortable to the skin—so durable.

To get balbriggan at its finest and best you must insist on Roxford Knitted Summer Underwear.

And especially if you want the up-to-date *comfort-styles*—full, generous models—class and distinction in the way the garments are made and finished.

Here are the *Roxford Styles for Men and Boys:*

Long-sleeve Shirts	Ankle-length Drawers
Short-sleeve Shirts	Knee-length Drawers
Sleeveless Shirts (no buttons)	Short-stout Drawers
	Long-slim Drawers

Ribbed and Flat Union Suits

Copyright 1911, By Roxford Knitting Company

Roxford sells at 50c., 75c. and $1.00 a garment

Don't be misled by novelties or fads. Don't accept the first underwear that is shown you in the first store you come to. Look for the Roxford Dealer—the reliable haberdasher or department store that displays Roxford Underwear. It's a matter of getting full value for your money—and a summer of such comfort as you'll never know until you wear Roxford Knitted Summer Underwear. Write *us* for the little *Roxford Book*.

ROXFORD KNITTING COMPANY, Dept. H, Philadelphia